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POET'S WALK.

Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,  
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares,  
The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs  
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!

*W. Wordsworth.*

# POET'S WALK

AN INTRODUCTION TO ENGLISH POETRY.

CHOSEN AND ARRANGED

BY

MOWBRAY MORRIS.



POET'S WALK, ETON.

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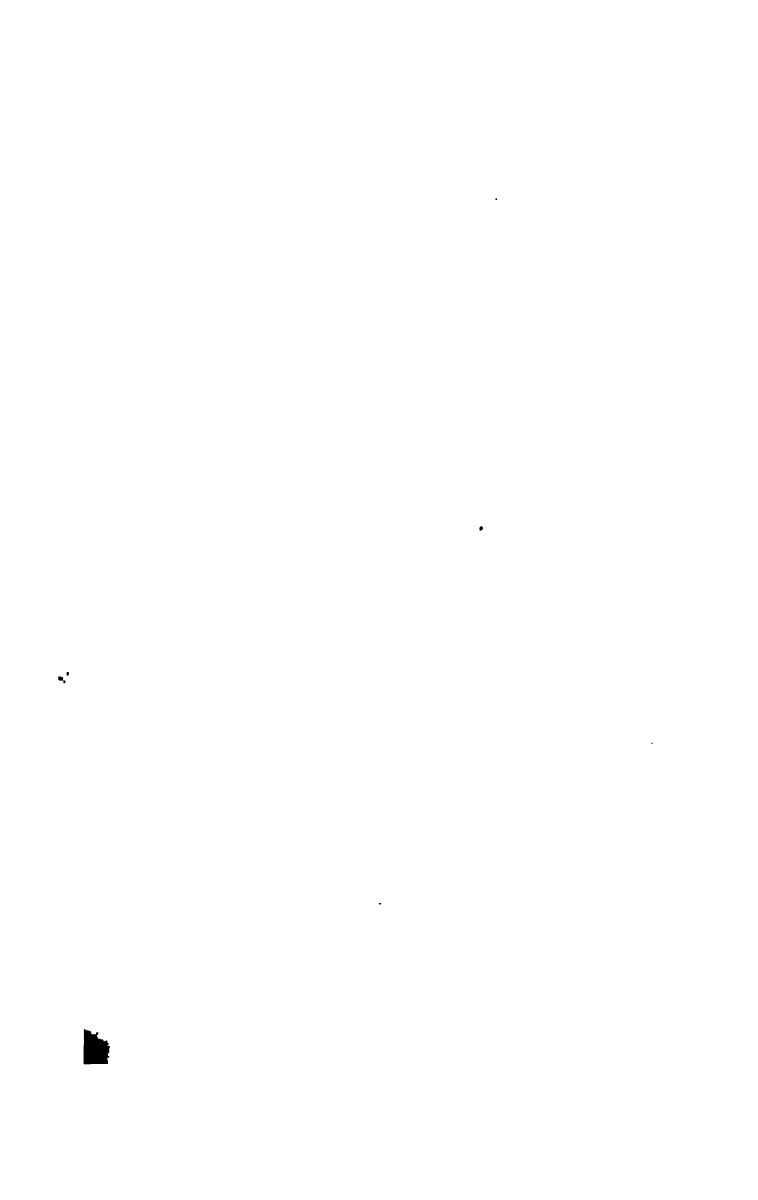


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**TO ETON**  
**FROM**  
**AN OLD ETONIAN.**



## P R E F A C E.

---

I CAME the other day upon a volume of poetry, the gift, as the inscription ran, of an Eton tutor to a pupil 'who was fond of poetry, and was expected to gain some wisdom from this, the best kind of reading.' There are not many things one would sooner hear a boy, in whom one was interested, praised for than this, a love of poetry; though one would wish also, of course, that he should find from his reading so much at least of wisdom, as, with honest Dogberry, to 'give God thanks and make no boast of it.' But as I wondered, for I had known something of the boy, whether the promise thus foreshadowed had been or was ever to be realised, I began to ask myself why it was that this fondness for poetry should be so rare a quality in boyhood as to deserve this so particular record. Let me here be permitted to waive the possibility—the probability, if my reader pleases—that in this quality the tutor found the only occasion for the meed of praise which his good nature prompted him to bestow on a departing pupil. I could not, then, but ask myself whence it comes that to so many boys, not otherwise unintelligent nor averse to books, the reading of English poetry is regarded rather as a task than a pleasure; a task, less irksome, to be sure, from the more familiar form of the

language than their more orthodox studies of the Greek and Latin writers, but, none the less surely, a task. I suppose this is so; at least one continually hears it said, and what one continually hears said must count, of course, for something; not for so much, perhaps, as many of us are apt to think, but no doubt for something.

But are we then to lay the blame for this wholly on the emptiness or indolence of boyish minds? Might we not refer it a little also to the form in which poetry is too commonly offered or prescribed to them? Take, for example, the custom, familiar doubtless to so many of us, which insists that some breach of school discipline, not grave enough for the last penalty, shall be repaired by transcribing long passages from *Paradise Lost*. Is this, I would ask—would ask indeed

With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness, .

for far be it from me to dash violently against the seat of order—is this the way to endear the name of Milton to boys, or induce them to search for pleasure those pages which have cost them, however justly, so many hours of playtime? Offences will come, no doubt, and must be punished, certainly; but could not some other means of punishment be devised, not less effectual and, if I may be permitted the expression, more legitimate; means recognised and allowed by the offenders themselves to exist as 'instruments to plague them'? The Furies of the old world were no fair and loveable creatures, but hateful and odious to look upon, as well as strong and terrible to punish. The associations of boyhood last long, nor is it everyone who has the candour to say with Byron,

Then farewell Horace whom I hated so,  
*Not for thy faults, but mine.*

Again, the compulsory learning of a speech from Shakespeare, a passage from *Childe Harold* or *Marmion*, is hardly, I would submit, the way with most boys to open their young minds to the true beauty and usefulness of poetry, for the simple reason, unworthy as that reason may be, that it *is* compulsory. It may be said, of course, that with the majority of boys compulsion is the only method of directing them to such studies. If this is so—and I cannot think that it is, to the extent that is commonly supposed—then were it not perhaps as well to let these studies be? to let compulsion be exercised only on such subjects as we are all agreed to consider, or suffer, for the present, to be considered, necessary and indispensable civilisation of the young idea? As an exercise of memory such a course of study is no doubt very wholesome; and certainly it is better that the memory should be exercised by beautiful and noble means than by common ones or worthless. But as certainly, save in very exceptional cases, the poetry suffers; the poetic patrimony of the human race, to borrow M. Scherer's fine phrase, is degraded to a mere 'schoolboy's tale,' not the wonder, but the tediousness, the drudgery of an hour. There are exceptions, of course. Some boys, no doubt, there are who have, as one may say, been 'cradled into poetry by wrong,' have survived the grim ordeal, and learnt at last to love the hand that has chastised them; others again who have within them some dim and fleeting glimpses of the vision, if haply they are never fated to lay hands upon the faculty divine. But, broadly speaking, we shall not perhaps go far astray if we assume that all poetry, English no less than Greek and Latin, is thrown by the schoolboy pell-mell into one odious heap and labelled *lessons*. And indeed how should it be otherwise? Lessons they are, and lessons to him they have been since that fatal day when the sun was shining without, the breeze

blowing, the birds singing, and within a poor puzzled child was vainly striving to commit to memory, 'To be or not to be,' or 'These are thy glorious works, Parent of Good!' And still as the years go on it is the same. The moment English poetry begins to be viewed with suspicion, as a possible instrument of torture in any shape, then will Shakespeare and Milton, Scott and Wordsworth, take their place in the boy's heart side by side with Homer and Horace, with a proposition of Euclid and an equation in Algebra. There must, surely there must be 'something rotten in the state' which can degrade the great spirits who have done so much to make us wiser and happier into so many sources of lamentation and mourning and woe!

And yet, natural as one cannot but regard this feeling in the conditions which foster it, it is not in itself a growth of nature. For in all very young minds, or certainly in most, we shall find, I think, the germ of a love of poetry. Little children, for example, when petitioning their mother or nurse to 'read something,' are, as a rule, best pleased when that 'something' takes the form of rhyme. What, says Pope, after Horace,

What will a child learn sooner than a song?

Most of us, I suppose, can remember with what delight we first listened to such flowing buoyant verse as *Lochinvar* or *The Battle of the Baltic*. Such poetry, set to the tune of a familiar voice, had in those days all the charm of music, the charm of a natural sedative. The easy cadence of the rhythm, the beat of the rhyme, pleased and soothed our ears, and through that easy channel stole with soft and gradual step upon our young unconscious minds. A distinguished Frenchman, Count Joseph de Maistre, writing from Russia to his daughter at home, illustrates this feeling very happily. He *wishes her to press upon her brother the usefulness of the*

study of good poetry, of learning it by heart in particular as a sure standard of reference in such matters. Above all he recommends 'the inimitable Racine, *never mind whether he understands him or not.*' And he goes on, 'I did not understand him when my mother used to come and sit on my bed, and repeat from him, and put me to sleep with her beautiful voice to the sound of this incomparable music. I knew hundreds of lines of him before I could read.' Perhaps our English ears are not conscious of any very great power of attraction in the melody of the French Alexandrine; but there, in De Maistre's words, we have at any rate the principle, the 'beautiful voice,' and what seemed to the little listener the 'incomparable music.' In selecting poetry for children, smoothness of rhythm, and directness, simplicity of rhyme, are the first qualities to look for. Even intelligibility is, up to a certain point, a matter of secondary importance. For what their little intellects can really take hold of and entertain must necessarily be so very small and fragmentary, that to ensure perfect intelligibility, intelligibility of the very letter, one would have to narrow one's range almost to the limits of nothingness. One of the most fertile and eloquent of living poets has recently made public proclamation of his faith, that 'metre is the crowning question of poetry.' Perhaps some of us are still hardly ready to accept this as the last word on the matter, though we are many of us, no doubt, tending very rapidly that way: but with children it is certainly so.

Whence then arises, and how is perfected the process of disillusion? How comes it that the pleasure, welcomed so freely and gladly in our infancy, too often sinks, as our faculties enlarge, and our eyes grow clearer, into an odious and insipid task? It arises in the first place, no doubt, from the causes already mentioned; but it is also fostered, I cannot but think,



by a certain narrowness and infelicity of method that one too often finds employed even by those who have the wit to see that poetry should be gently offered, not violently thrust upon the young.

Let me quote a passage from Mr. Matthew Arnold's introduction to those admirable selections from English poetry lately published under the supervision of Mr. Humphry Ward. He is treating of the true study of poetry, and the real nature of the benefit to be got from it—a clearer sense and deeper enjoyment of what is truly excellent, without which, for a definite purpose all critical and historical study of poets and their poetry is mere 'literary dilettantism.' Then he says :—' It may be said that the more we know about a classic the better we shall enjoy him ; and if we lived as long as Methuselah, and had all of us heads of perfect clearness, and wills of perfect steadfastness, this might be true in fact as it is plausible in theory. *But the case here is much the same as with the Greek and Latin studies of our schoolboys.* The elaborate philological groundwork which we require them to lay is in theory an admirable preparation for appreciating the Greek and Latin authors worthily. The more thoroughly we lay the groundwork, the better we shall be able, it may be said, to enjoy the authors. *True, if time were not so short, and schoolboys' wits so soon tired, and their powers of attention exhausted ;* only as it is, the elaborate philological preparation goes on, but the authors are little known and less enjoyed.'

The case here—with English poetry—is, I would say, much the same as with these Greek and Latin studies. Of them it is not in my commission to speak. We can all see of course how excellent a thing it would be for every boy to find himself capable of enjoying, as well as of construing, his Homer and *Thucydides*, his Virgil and his Cicero. But it is not so easy to

see how, in the existing order of things, this most desirable consummation is to be achieved. So long as the standards of a classical education are what they now are, it will be impossible for a boy, even of the quickest parts, to satisfy them without a philological preparation of more or less elaborateness. And with this preparation it is, perhaps, no less impossible, while the mental constitution of boyhood is such as it has hitherto been, that any real enjoyment should exist. However, some boys do manage to come through the ordeal unscathed; and with so much, or so little, we must contrive to comfort ourselves; so many of us, at least, as still believe that from the great writers of antiquity mankind may win as helpful and sustaining knowledge as from the study of the binomial theorem or the properties of acids, far indeed as I would be from seeming to sneer at those most salutary sources of wisdom. And for the others—they too may console themselves with the thought that even now, perhaps, the day is at hand for which, from the mountain-peaks of their new Atlantis, their eyes are straining with so hungry joy—the day when ‘the glory that was Greece, and the grandeur that was Rome,’ shall be to our schoolboys no more than

the secret hid  
Under Egypt’s pyramid.

But with English poetry the case is different. In the course of English education, poetry is, as the French schoolmasters say, not an obligatory but a facultative matter. In the case of a boy to be specially prepared for a soldier’s life some course of poetic reading—I know not clearly what or why—is, I believe, prescribed. But as a general rule, one may, I think, take it that when a boy has left the ballad-days of nurse or mother behind him, and passed through his preliminary training into the little world of the public school, unless it be his lot to

figure in those dreary and rather fruitless ceremonies known as 'Speech-days,' unless it be for punishment, he need never, save of his own free-will, take a volume of English poetry into his hand from the first day of his school-time to the last. Yet we may also, I think, take it, that it rarely happens but at some period of that time the advantages of such reading are sought to be impressed on him either at home or abroad.

And since one can hardly expect a boy, however eager his desire, to devote many hours of his playtime to a search through the vast storehouse of English poetry; nor indeed would such a form of industry be in all ways desirable, even though he should be gifted with a taste and discrimination beyond his years, it follows that the best way to induce him to prove for himself how real and various are the pleasures poetry is capable of providing, must be to place within his reach such examples as may assure him of this fact, and at the same time fit him by wholesome and gradual degrees to study and select for himself—may lead him, in short, to the true end of the study of poetry—the clearer sense and deeper enjoyment of what is truly excellent.

To this good purpose much admirable work has within recent years been done. The days of *Elegant Extracts*, those grim and barren days which many of us can still remember, have passed away. 'The gentle yet certain method of allurement to the paths of learning and virtue,' which the compiler of those ponderous tomes so justly claimed for poetry, no longer finds expression in dreary tracts of lumbering blank verse from Young's *Night Thoughts* and Blair's *Grave*; in odes on the *Recovery of a Lady of Quality from the Small-pox*; in Mrs. Smith's sonnets to *Night*, or Miss Williams' sonnets to the *Moon*. The appearance of Mr. Palgrave's so fitly named *Golden Treasury* inaugurated a new and happier era. And

this has been followed by other volumes, less complete and lofty in their aim, but each after its kind enlarging and stimulating in its influence. Mr. Palgrave's own *Book for Children*, for example, Mr. Coventry Patmore's *Children's Garland*, the Archbishop of Dublin's *Household Book of English Poetry*, and the like. With so much that is excellent to choose from it may at first sight appear idle to suppose there can be room for yet another work of the same class, presumptuous in me to appear to set myself in competition with such distinguished men,

Older in practice, abler than *myself*  
To make conditions.

But I would hope it is not so. Admirable as in their various degrees the works I have mentioned are, they yet none of them seem to me exactly to hit the mark at which I would aim. *The Golden Treasury* one may set aside; that stands alone and unrivalled of its kind, a kind altogether of another and a higher class. But of the others, they none of them, I say, seem to me just to hit the mean of boyhood, that time so difficult to understand, so difficult to define, when the boy has thrown aside the frock of childhood, nor yet assumed the *toga* of the man. In these books there is much admirably adapted to the fancies of that time, but mingled with it, and thereby in a measure obstructing it, there is much, and perhaps necessarily much, that might, I think, repel that fancy, that might blind it to the good that is also there. Some of them, as their names imply, are mainly designed for readers of a tenderer, some, again, for readers of a riper growth. Some, therefore, by their baldness (if I may be suffered to use in no discourteous sense a word that might be so construed) might perhaps offend, as presuming still too much of childishness in the reader; others, by their too great seriousness or abstruseness might

weary. Sometimes, too, one meets in them—let me be understood to speak in all reverence—pieces of perhaps too purely devotional a turn to attract the class of tastes I aim at. Let me again quote Mr. Arnold's words—*Schoolboys' wits*—nor, perhaps, need the charge be confined to schoolboys—*are so soon tired, and their powers of attention exhausted*. In preparing a book that one would wish to see young hands take up of their own will, that one would wish to be enjoyed as well as read, one cannot, I think, do better than remember these words. True, as Mr. Longfellow has written, 'A boy's will is the wind's will,' and he would be a bold man indeed who should think to bend that will and keep it to his own in such a matter as this; to assume the voice of Sir Oracle, and fix once for all what poetry will attract, and what repel a boy's taste. Yet certain broad principles one may, I hope, lay down without presumption, and to strive to clear the ground of such work as may seem opposed to these principles may perhaps be permitted me.

Poetry must first please to teach. 'Sin,' once said Sydney Smith of long sermons, 'cannot be taken out of a man, as Eve was out of Adam, by casting him into a deep slumber;' nor can the love of poetry be got into a boy by wearying his head and vexing his heart. The love of poetry must indeed, no less surely than the poet himself, be born, not made; but the infant love needs careful nursing and a generous diet before it can attain the perfect growth, *the clear sense and deep enjoyment of what is truly excellent*. The Muse must first become our friend if we are to find her, as find her we so surely shall if we use her friendship right, our philosopher and guide. I do not say it is desirable that boys should look on poets only as

The idle singers of an empty day,

should have no higher ideal than

To find huge wealth in one pound one,  
Vast wit in broken noses.

But he who would preach the beautiful gospel of poetry to the young must, as Mr. Arnold has said of teachers in an older school, not make war but persuade. Of the two cardinal virtues of poetry, *moral profundity* and *natural magic*,—to borrow again from the same sure and delicate critic—he will do best, I think, to build his doctrine mainly on the last. With all its truth, with all its straightforwardness and simplicity, that other phrase of Mr. Arnold's, a *criticism of life*, seems so strangely to have puzzled clearer heads than grow on school-boys' shoulders, that he who preaches to them will do wisely perhaps to put it by for the time. Let him then not take as his text,

Men must endure  
Their going hence, even as their coming hither;  
Ripeness is all.

but rather the

Daffodils,  
That come before the swallow dares, and take  
The winds of March with beauty.

or,

I saw young Harry, with his beaver on.

Not,

The world is too much with us; late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers,

but rather

I saw her singing at her work,  
And o'er the sickle bending.

'Nature,' wrote Sir Philip Sidney, 'never set the Earth in so rich tapestry as diverse poets have done; neither with so

pleasant rivers, fruitful trees, sweet-smelling flowers, nor whatsoever may make the Earth more lovely.' And again—who does not remember it?—'I never heard the old song of *Percie and Douglas*, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet!' Those who wish to see their boys fond of poetry will do well, I think, to bear in mind these words; to set before them not what shall burden their young imaginations with

the heavy and the weary weight  
Of all this unintelligible world,

but rather gladden them with

Joy in widest commonalty spread.

Too soon, indeed, they cannot learn that in the best poetry there must always be a seriousness, not abstruseness, not austerity, not gloom, and least of all dulness; in true poetry there lies no more of dulness, than of real mirth, of real cheerfulness of heart, there lies in such empty laughter as tickled Spenser's damsel of 'the Idle Lake'

who did assay  
To laugh at shaking of the leaves light.

No; the seriousness of poetry is that noble truth and seriousness in which, as the Greeks saw, lies the great value of poetry as a teacher. 'Didactic poetry,' wrote Shelley, 'is my abhorrence;' and in the sense in which he took the epithet, the sense in which it is generally taken, didactic poetry is indeed an unlovely and an impossible thing. The best poetry will always teach; but it will not teach with the lumbering persistence of a Young or a Blair, nor, as in truth one must say, of a Wordsworth sometimes. It will not *make war*, let me say again, but *persuade*; as has been so happily said of the light and graceful wisdom of Horace, it will

Win unfelt an entrance to the heart,

and when the entrance is won, then felt indeed it will be, as the truest, the surest, the most gracious of all earthly friends and consolers, never, when once known, to be put aside or forgotten. Yes; in the best poetry this seriousness will always be found by those who look for it, but it will be found in light things as in grave, a seriousness

Which without hardness will be sage,  
And gay without frivolity.

‘To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven.’ The poet of *Paradise Lost* was also the poet of *L’Allegro*; he could sing of

Eternal Providence,  
And justify the ways of God to men,

and he could sing too of

Many a youth, and many a maid  
Dancing in the chequered shade.

But never will it take that form, so prevalent among the young Pelagians around us, the form of ineffectual wailings that all

Glory and loveliness have passed away—

Passed away indeed! from how much of the so-called poetry of to-day have they not passed away! But they will not be brought back to us by those who sit idle in the market-place, piping little songs to each other in praise of their own beauty and worth, in scorn of the workers around them. Amid all the ignoble growths of vanity and ignorance which to-day so sadly hamper the true striving after light, how invigorating it is to come across such words as these,—‘I neither, when I



think of what history has been, am inclined to lament the past, to despise the present, or despair of the future; I believe all the change and stir about us is a sign of the world's life, and that it will lead—by ways, indeed, of which we have no guess—to the bettering of all mankind.\* As one has sung, one who knew 'the mighty minds of old,' and loved, and learned of them, far more truly and deeply than our modern professors of Paganism—I mean, Elizabeth Barrett Browning,

What is true and just and honest,  
What is lovely, what is pure,  
All of praise that hath admonisht,  
All of virtue, shall endure;  
These are themes for poets' uses,  
Stirring nobler than the Muses,  
Ere Pan was dead.

Some such I hope may be found in this little book, which I offer not in rivalry to abler men and worthier books, but as a humble contribution to the greatest of charities, to the making human beings wiser and happier.

Among thy mightier offerings here are mine!

That—which so rarely happens even to the best of us—my performance will be found equal to my promise, I may hardly dare to hope. Many things have no doubt been omitted which a larger knowledge might have suggested; many things included which a nicer judgment, or one more experienced in the fancies and feelings of boyhood, might have rejected. Its form—and this also has been part of my design, for, nor only with young readers, will the book which is easiest to hold in the hand be perhaps most often found there—its form, I say has necessarily restricted

\* *Hopes and Fears for Art*, by William Morris, author of 'The Life and Death of Jason,' &c.

me. Yet the restriction has not been without its advantages. So vast and various is the wealth of English poetry, that picking and choosing is hard work indeed. Poem after poem comes before one, favourites of one's own boyhood, favourites of one's manhood, here a stanza one has not the heart to set aside, there a thought one dare not miss, till one may well cry with Macbeth, 'What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?' Representative of English poetry, representative even of the poets whose work it has touched, the book does not profess to be, could not, by very reason of its existence, be. Nor, though I shall be glad to think that there is nothing here that is not after its kind good, may I dare to claim with Mr. Palgrave that my little collection includes nothing *beside the best*. But the tastes of boys are various in their degree as are the tastes of men, and some of them at least let me hope I have been so fortunate as to hit. My aim has been to let boys see, if they will, for themselves, that poetry is really

Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,  
But musical as is Apollo's lute,  
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets.

And if for love of any good and beautiful thing he may find herein one reader may be moved to turn for further pleasure—and pleasure in the things that are beautiful and good is the highest and surest profit—if for such he shall be moved, I say, to turn to the great fountain-heads from which these streams are drawn, I shall feel my pleasant labour has not been in vain.

I should be glad to think this little 'posy of other men's flowers' may find its way to the hands of other than Eton boys, yet to Eton I have wished to dedicate it in grateful memory of that beautiful place. Despite the inevitable change that everywhere must come when the old order shall have done its appointed work; despite of Public Schools Commissions, of

letters from indignant *Patresfamilie*, of many other things, ordained, no doubt, and salutary, if at the time unpleasing, the memory of Eton must still be nourished with peculiar fondness by all who have ever been under the spell of her enchantments. Those venerable buildings so lovingly touched by Time, those incomparable playing-fields shaded by their immemorial brotherhood of elms, and kissed by 'the silver-winding' river, will still stand undimmed and unforgotten, when the memory of many a more famous, many a more splendid scene has passed away. No son of Eton need be shamed to record, though never so poorly, his love for that beautiful and kindly mother. To her then I dedicate this little offering, to her and to those whom now she holds under her gentle charge; hoping only that they may receive it with the spirit in which it is made, not as one more contribution to the eternal tale of lessons, not as an unbidden intruder on the lawful pleasures of their play-time, but as a companion and a friend anxious and, I hope, able to stir them

Not only with the sense  
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts  
That in this moment there is life and food  
For future years.

Cricket and football, the river, the fives-court, and the running-ground, are, in their own degrees, a necessary and a wholesome part of education: the hours passed in the playing-fields should go hand in hand with those of pupil-room and class-time if our schools are to be all that they should and can be. Yet sometimes a relaxation from the more tumultuous pleasures of boyhood is not disdained. A rainy holiday, a sprained ankle, or some other of those lesser ills that boy's flesh is heir to, may paint the solitude of his own little room, the 'warm *precincts*' of a cheerful fire and a Windsor chair in no ungra-

cious colours. Then, if haply curiosity, or a love of change, may turn him for a moment from the more stirring society of Scott or Marryatt, Mayne Reid or Ainsworth, to the sober little volume I now offer him ; and if some kindlier and deeper feeling may keep it for awhile in his hands, may bring it back to them once and again, my task will be done—it will be done if, in the school that still among its traditions keeps green the memory of ‘Poet’s Walk,’ it has encouraged in one boy a fondness for poetry, and led him *to gain some wisdom from this, the best kind of reading.*

It remains for me only to acknowledge my obligations to the following gentlemen—to Mr. Matthew Arnold, Mr. Browning, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. William Morris, Sir Francis Doyle, and Mr. Locker, as also the Messrs. Longmans, Blackwood, Smith and Elder, and Macmillan ; without whose courtesy my fourth book would have been but a scanty affair indeed. How large a gap the absence of Mr. Tennyson’s name must make I am but too conscious ; that however arises from circumstances over which none but his publishers have any control.



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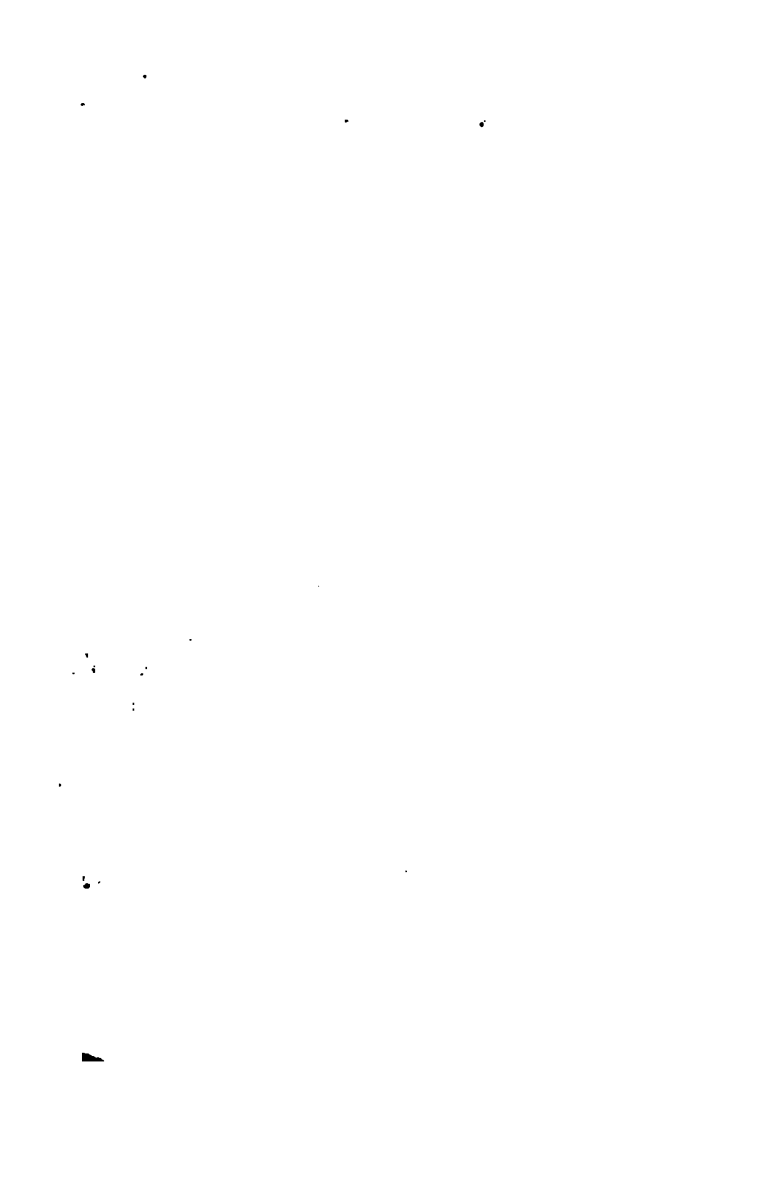
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**BOOK THE FIRST.**



## A MORNING SONG.

(*Cymbeline*, Act ii., sc. 3.)

HARK, hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,  
And Phœbus 'gins arise,  
His steeds to water at those springs  
On chaliced flowers that lies ;  
And winking Mary-buds begin  
To ope their golden eyes :  
With every thing that pretty is,  
My lady sweet, arise :  
Arise, arise.

*W. Shakespeare.*

## A GREETING.

PACK clouds, away, and welcome day,  
With night we banish sorrow ;  
Sweet air blow soft, mount larks aloft  
To give my Love good-morrow ;  
Wings from the wind to please her mind  
Notes from the lark I'll borrow ;  
Bird prune thy wing, nightingale sing,  
To give my Love good-morrow ;  
To give my Love good-morrow,  
Notes from them both I'll borrow.



Wake from thy nest, Robin Redbreast,  
 Sing birds in every furrow ;  
 And from each hill, let music shrill  
 Give my fair Love good-morrow !  
 Blackbird and thrush in every bush,  
 Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow !  
 You pretty Elves, amongst yourselves  
 Sing my fair Love good-morrow :  
 To give my Love good-morrow  
 Sing birds in every furrow !

*T. Heywood.*

## THE CONSOLATIONS OF POETRY.

*(Written in the Marshalsea Prison.)*

SHE doth tell me where to borrow  
 Comfort in the midst of sorrow ;  
 Makes the desolatest place  
 To her presence be a grace ;  
 And the blackest discontents  
 Be her fairest ornaments.  
 In my former days of bliss  
 Her divine skill taught me this,  
 That from everything I saw,  
 I could some invention draw ;  
 And raise pleasure to her height,  
 Through the meanest object's sight,  
 By the murmur of a spring,  
 Or the least bough's rusteling,  
 By a daisy, whose leaves spread,  
 Shut when Titn goes to bed ;

Or a shady bush or tree,  
She could more infuse in me,  
Than all Nature's beauties can  
In some other wiser man.  
By her help I also now  
Make this churlish place allow  
Some things that may sweeten gladness  
In the very gall of sadness.  
The dull lonesome, the black shade,  
That these hanging vaults have made :  
The strange music of the waves,  
Beating on these hollow caves :  
This black den which rocks emboss,  
Overgrown with eldest moss :  
The rude portals that give light  
More to terror than delight :  
This my chamber of neglect,  
Wall'd about with disrespect :  
From all these and this dull air,  
A fit object for despair,  
She hath taught me by her might  
To draw comfort and delight.  
Therefore, thou best earthly bliss,  
I will cherish thee for this.  
Poesie, thou sweet'st content  
That ere Heaven to mortals lent :  
Though they as a trifle leave thee  
Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee :  
Though thou be to them a scorn,  
That to nought but earth are born :  
Let my life no longer be  
Than I am in love with thee.  
Though our wise ones call thee madness,  
Let me never taste of sadness,

If I love not thy maddest fits,  
Above all their greatest wits.  
And though some too seeming holy,  
Do account thy raptures folly,  
Thou dost teach me to contemn  
What makes knaves and fools of them.  
*G. Wither.*

### THE COUNTRY LIFE.

SWEET country life, to such unknown,  
Whose lives are others', not their own!  
But serving courts and cities, be  
Less happy, less enjoying thee.  
Thou never plough'st the ocean's foam  
To seek and bring rough pepper home :  
Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove  
To bring from thence the scorched clove :  
Nor, with the loss of thy loved rest,  
Bring'st home the ingot from the West.  
No, thy ambition's master-piece  
Flies no thought higher than a fleece ;  
Or how to pay thy hinds, and clear  
All scores : and so to end the year :  
But walk'st about thine own dear bounds,  
Not envying others' larger grounds :  
For well thou know'st, 'tis not th' extent  
Of land makes life, but sweet content.  
When now the cock (the ploughman's horn)  
Calls forth the lily-wristed morn ;

Then to thy corn-fields thou dost go,  
Which though well soiled, yet thou dost know  
That the best compost for the lands  
Is the wise master's feet, and hands.  
There at the plough thou find'st thy team,  
With a hind whistling there to them :  
And cheer'st them up, by singing how  
The kingdom's portion is the plough.  
This done, then to th' enamelled meads  
Thou go'st ; and as thy foot there treads,  
Thou seest a present God-like power  
Imprinted in each herb and flower :  
And smell'st the breath of great-eyed kine,  
Sweet as the blossoms of the vine.  
Here thou behold'st thy large sleek neat  
Unto the dew-laps up in meat :  
And, as thou look'st, the wanton steer,  
The heifer, cow, and ox draw near,  
To make a pleasing pastime there.  
These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks  
Of sheep, safe from the wolf and fox,  
And find'st their bellies there as full  
Of short sweet grass, as backs with wool :  
And leav'st them, as they feed and fill,  
A shepherd piping on a hill.

For sports, for pageantry, and plays,  
Thou hast thy eves, and holydays :  
On which the young men and maids meet,  
To exercise their dancing feet :  
Tripping the comely country Round,  
With daffadils and daisies crowned.  
Thy wakes, thy quintels, here thou hast,  
Thy May-poles too with garlands graced ;  
Thy Morris-dance ; thy Whitsun-ale ;  
Thy shearing-feast, which never fail.

Thy harvest home ; thy wassail bowl,  
 That's toss'd up after Fox i'th' hole :  
 Thy mummeries ; thy Twelve-tide kings  
 And queens ; thy Christmas revellings :  
 Thy nut-brown mirth, thy russet wit,  
 And no man pays too dear for it.—  
 To these, thou hast thy times to go  
 And trace the hare i'th' treacherous snow :  
 Thy witty wiles to draw, and get  
 The lark into the trammel net :  
 Thou hast thy cockrood, and thy glade  
 To take the precious pheasant made :  
 Thy lime-twigs, snares, and pit-falls then  
 To catch the pilfering birds, not men.

—Oh happy life ! if that their good  
 The husbandmen but understood !  
 Who all the day themselves do please,  
 And younglings, with such sports as these :  
 And lying down, have nought t' affright  
 Sweet Sleep, that makes more short the night.

*Cætera desunt*—

*R. Herrick.*

## THE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

COME live with me, and be my love ;  
 And we will all the pleasures prove  
 That hills and valleys, dales and fields,  
 Woods or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,  
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks  
By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,  
And a thousand fragrant posies ;  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle  
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle ;

A gown made of the finest wool,  
Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;  
Fair lined slippers for the cold,  
With buckles of the purest gold ;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds  
With coral clasps, and amber-studs :  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing  
For thy delight each May morning :  
If these delights thy mind may move,  
Then live with me, and be my love.

*C. Marlowe.*

## THE NYMPH'S REPLY TO THE SHEPHERD.

If all the world and love were young,  
And truth in every Shepherd's tongue,  
Those pretty pleasures might me move  
To live with thee and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,  
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold,  
And Philomel becometh dumb,  
The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields  
To wayward winter reckoning yields :  
A hony tongue, a heart of gall,  
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,  
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,  
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,  
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,  
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,  
All these in me no means can move,  
To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed ;  
Had joys no date, nor age no need ;  
Then these delights my mind might move  
To live with thee and be thy love.

*Sir W. Raleigh.*



## A PROPER MAN.

OF your trouble, Ben, to ease me,  
I will tell what man would please me.  
I would have him if I could  
Noble ; or of greater blood ;  
Titles, I confess, do take me,  
And a woman God did make me ;  
French to boot, at least in fashion,  
And his manners of that nation.

Young I'd have him too, and fair,  
Yet a man ; with crispèd hair,  
Cast in thousand snares and rings,  
For love's fingers and his wings :  
Chestnut colour, or more slack,  
Gold upon a ground of black.  
Venus and Minerva's eyes,  
For he must look wanton-wise.

Eyebrow's bent like Cupid's bow,  
Front, an ample field of snow ;  
Even nose, and cheek withal,  
Smooth as is the billiard-ball :  
Chin as woolly as the peach ;  
And his lip should kissing teach,  
Till he cherished too much beard,  
And made Love or me afeard.

He should have a hand as soft  
As the down, and show it oft ;  
Skin as smooth as any rush,  
And so thin to see a blush



Rising through it, ere it came ;  
All his blood should be a flame,  
Quickly fired, as in beginners  
In Love's school, and yet no sinners.

'Twere too long to speak of all :  
What we harmony do call  
In a body should be there.  
Well he should his clothes, too, wear,  
Yet no tailor help to make him ;  
Drest, you still for man should take him,  
And not think h' had eat a stake,  
Or were set up in a brake.

Valiant he should be as fire,  
Shewing danger more than ire.  
Bounteous as the clouds to earth,  
And as honest as his birth ;  
All his actions to be such,  
As to do no thing too much :  
Nor o'er praise, nor yet condemn,  
Nor out-value, nor contemn ;  
Nor do wrongs, nor wrongs receive,  
Nor tie knots, nor knots unweave ;  
And from baseness to be free,  
As he durst love Truth and me.

Such a man, with every part,  
I could give my very heart ;  
But of one if short he came,  
I can rest me where I am.

*B. Jonson.*

## A PROPER WOMAN.

HE that loves a rosy cheek  
Or a coral lip admires,  
Or from star-like eyes doth seek  
Fuel to maintain his fires ;  
As old time makes these decay,  
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,  
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,  
Hearts with equal love combined,  
Kindle never dying fires ;—  
Where these are not, I despise  
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

*T. Carew.*

## TRUE FRIENDSHIP AND FALSE.

As it fell upon a day  
In the merry month of May,  
Sitting in a pleasant shade  
Which a grove of myrtles made,  
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,  
Trees did grow, and plants did spring ;  
Everything did banish moan,  
Save the nightingale alone :  
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,  
Leaned her breast up-till a thorn,  
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,  
That to hear it was great pity :

'Fie, fie, fie,' now would she cry ;  
'Teru, teru!' by and by ;  
That to hear her so complain,  
Scarce I could from tears refrain ;  
For her griefs, so lively shown,  
Made me think upon mine own.  
Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain !  
None takes pity on thy pain :  
Senseless trees they cannot hear thee ;  
Ruthless beasts they will not cheer thee :  
King Pandion he is dead ;  
All thy friends are lapped in lead ;  
All thy fellow birds do sing,  
Careless of thy sorrowing.  
Even so, poor bird, like thee,  
None alive will pity me.  
Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled,  
Thou and I were both beguiled.

Every one that flatters thee  
Is no friend in misery.  
Words are easy, like the wind ;  
Faithful friends are hard to find :  
Every man will be thy friend  
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend ;  
But if store of crowns be scant,  
No man will supply thy want.  
If that one be prodigal,  
Bountiful they will him call,  
And with such-like flattering,  
'Pity but he were a king ;'—  
But if Fortune once do frown,  
Then farewell his great renown ;  
They that fawned on him before  
Use his company no more.

He that is thy friend indeed,  
He will help thee in thy need :  
If thou sorrow, he will weep ;  
If thou wake, he cannot sleep ;  
Thus of every grief in heart  
He with thee doth bear a part.  
These are certain signs to know  
Faithful friend from flattering foe.  
*E. Barnfield.*

## ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.

*(Hamlet.)*

— THERE, my blessing with thee !  
And these few precepts in thy memory  
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,  
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.  
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.  
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel ;  
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment  
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware  
Of entrance to a quarrel : but, being in,  
Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.  
Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice :  
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.  
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not expressed in fancy ; rich, not gaudy :  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,  
And they in France of the best rank and station  
Are of a most select and generous sheaf in that.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be ;  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,  
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.  
This above all : to thine own self be true,  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.  
Farewell ; my blessing season this in thee !  
*W. Shakespeare.*

## THE ASSEMBLING OF THE HOSTS OF HELL.

*(Paradise Lost.)*

ALL these and more came flocking ; but with looks  
Downcast and damp ; yet such wherein appeared  
Obscure some glimpse of joy to have found their Chief  
Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost  
In loss itself : which on his countenance cast  
Like doubtful hue. But he, his wonted pride  
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore  
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised  
Their fainting courage, and dispelled their fears.  
Then straight commands, that, at the warlike sound  
Of trumpets loud and clarions, be upreared  
His mighty standard. That proud honour claimed  
Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall :  
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled  
The imperial ensign ; which, full high advanced,  
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,  
With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,  
Seraphic arms and trophies ; all the while  
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds :

At which the universal host up-sent  
A shout, that tore hell's concave, and beyond  
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.  
All in a moment through the gloom were seen  
Ten thousand banners rise into the air  
With orient colours waving : with them rose  
A forest huge of spears ; and thronging helms  
Appeared, and serried shields in thick array  
Of depth immeasurable : anon they move  
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood  
Of flutes and soft recorders ; such as raised  
To height of noblest temper heroes old  
Arming to battle ; and instead of rage,  
Deliberate valour breathed, firm and unmoved  
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat :  
Nor wanting power to mitigate and 'suage  
With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase  
Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain  
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,  
Breathing united force, with fixed thought,  
Moved on in silence to soft pipes, that charmed  
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil : and now  
Advanced in view they stand ; a horrid front  
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise  
Of warriors old with ordered spear and shield !  
Awaiting what command their mighty chief  
Had to impose : he through the armed files  
Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse  
The whole battalion views, their order due,  
Their visages and stature as of gods ;  
Their number last he sums. And now his heart  
Distends with pride, and hardening in his strength  
Glories ; for never since created man  
Met such embodied force, as named with these  
Could merit more than that small infantry

Warred on by cranes : though all the giant brood  
Of Phlegra with the heroic race were joined  
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side  
Mixed with auxiliar gods ; and what resounds  
In fable or romance of Uther's son  
Begirt with British and Armoric knights ;  
And all who since, baptized or infidel,  
Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalban,  
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisonde,  
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,  
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell  
By Fontarabia. Thus far these beyond  
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed  
Their dread commander ; he, above the rest  
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,  
Stood like a tower ; his form had yet not lost  
All her original brightness, nor appeared  
Less than archangel ruined, and the excess  
Of glory obscured ; as when the sun, new risen,  
Looks through the horizontal misty air  
Shorn of his beams ; or from behind the moon,  
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds  
On half the nations, and with fear of change  
Perplexes monarchs. Darkened so, yet shone  
Above them all the archangel ; but his face  
Deep scars of thunder had intrenched ; and care  
Sat on his faded cheek ; but under brows  
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride  
Waiting revenge ; cruel his eyes, but cast  
Signs of remorse and passion, to behold  
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather  
(Far other once beheld in bliss), condemned  
For ever now to have their lot in pain :  
Millions of spirits for his fault amerced  
Of heaven, and from eternal splendours flung

For his revolt ; yet faithful how they stood,  
 Their glory withered : as when heaven's fire  
 Hath scathed the forest oaks, or mountain pines,  
 With singèd top their stately growth, though bare,  
 Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepared  
 To speak ; whereat their doubled ranks they bend  
 From wing to wing, and half enclose him round  
 With all his peers : attention held them mute.  
 Thrice he assayed, and thrice, in spite of scorn,  
 Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth : at last  
 Words interwove with sighs found out their way.

*J. Milton.*

## FIGHT BETWEEN PRINCE ARTHUR AND THE SOLDAN.

*(Faery Queen.)*

WHEREWITH the soldan all with fury fraught,  
 Swearing and banning most blasphemously,  
 Commanded straight his armour to be brought ;  
 And, mounting straight upon a charet high,  
 (With iron wheels and hooks armed dreadfully,  
 And drawn of cruel steeds which he had fed  
 With flesh of men, whom through fell tyranny  
 He slaughtered had, and ere they were half dead  
 Their bodies to his beasts for provender did spread ;)

So forth he came all in a coat of plate  
 Burnished with bloody rust ; whiles on the green  
 The Briton prince him ready did await  
 In glistening arms right goodly well beseen,



That shone as bright as doth the heaven sheen ;  
And by his stirrup Talus did attend,  
Playing his page's part as he had been  
Before directed by his lord ; to th' end  
He should his flail to final execution bend.

Thus go they both together to their gear  
With like fierce minds, but meanings different :  
For the proud soldan, with presumptuous cheer  
And countenance sublime and insolent,  
Sought only slaughter and avengement ;  
But the brave prince for honour and for right,  
Gainst tortuous power and lawless regiment,  
In the behalf of wrongèd weak did fight :  
More in his cause's truth he trusted than in might.

Like to the Thracian tyrant, who they say  
Unto his horses gave his guests for meat,  
Till he himself was made their greedy prey,  
And torn in pieces by Alcides great ;  
So thought the soldan, in his folly's threat,  
Either the prince in pieces to have torn  
With his sharp wheels in his first rage's heat,  
Or under his fierce horses' feet have borne,  
And trampled down in dust his thoughts' disdainèd scorn.

But the bold Child that peril well espying,  
If he too rashly to his charet drew,  
Gave way unto his horses' speedy flying,  
And their restless rigour did eschew :  
Yet, as he passèd by, the pagan threw  
A shivering dart with so impetuous force,  
That, had he not it shunned, with heedful view,  
It had himself transfixèd or his horse,  
Or made them both one mass withouten more remorse.

Oft drew the prince unto his charet nigh,  
In hope some stroke to fasten on him near ;  
But he was mounted in his seat so high,  
And his wing-footed coursers him did bear  
So fast away, that, ere his ready spear  
He could advance, he far was gone and past :  
Yet still he him did follow everywhere,  
And followed was of him likewise full fast.  
So long as in his steeds the flaming breath did last.

Again the pagan threw another dart,  
Of which he had with him abundant store  
On every side of his embattled cart,  
And of all other weapons less or more  
Which warlike uses had devised of yore :  
The wicked shaft, guided through th' airy wide  
By some bad spirit that it to mischief bore,  
Stayed not, till through his cur'et it did glide,  
And made a griesly wound in his enriven side.

Much was he grievèd with that hapeless throe,  
That opened had the well-spring of his blood ;  
But much the more that to his hateful foe  
He mote not come to wreak his wrathful mood :  
That made him rave, like to a lion wood,  
Which being wounded of the huntsman's hand  
Cannot come near him in the covert wood,  
Where he with boughs hath built his shady stand,  
And fenced himself about with many a flaming brand.

Still when he sought t'approach unto him nigh  
His charet wheels about him whirlèd round,  
And made him back again as fast to fly ;  
And eke his steeds, like to an hungry hound

That hunting after game hath carrion found,  
So cruelly did him pursue and chase,  
That his good steed, all were he much renowned  
For noble courage and for hardy race,  
Durst not endure their sight, but fled from place to place.

Thus long they traced and traversed to and fro :  
Seeking by every way to make some breach ;  
Yet could the prince not nigh unto him go,  
That one sure stroke he might unto him reach,  
Whereby his strength's assay he might him teach :  
At last, from his victorious shield he drew  
The veil, which did his powerful light empeach ;  
And coming full before his horses' view,  
As they upon him pressed, it plain to them did shew.

Like lightning flash that hath the gazer burned,  
So did the sight thereof their sense dismay,  
That back again upon themselves they turned,  
And with their rider ran perforce away :  
Ne could the soldan them from flying stay  
With reins or wonted rule, as well he knew :  
Nought feared they what he could do or say,  
But th' only fear that was before their view ;  
From which like mazèd deer dismayfully they flew.

Fast did they fly as them their feet could bear  
High over hills, and lowly over dales,  
As they were followed of their former fear :  
In vain the pagan bans, and swears, and rails,  
And back with both his hands unto him hales  
The resty reins, regarded now no more :  
He to them calls and speaks, yet nought avails ;  
They hear him not, they have forgot his lore ;  
*But go which way they list ; their guide they have forlore.*

As when the fiery-mouthèd steeds, which drew  
The sun's bright wain to Phaëton's decay,  
Soon as they did the monstrous scorpion view  
With ugly crapples crawling in their way,  
The dreadful sight did them so sore affray,  
That their well-knowen courses they forwent ;  
And, leading th' ever burning lamp astray,  
This lower world nigh all to ashes brent,  
And left their scorchèd path yet in the firmament.

Such was the fury of these headstrong steeds,  
Soon as the Infant's sunlike shield they saw,  
That all obedience both to words and deeds  
They quite forgot, and scorned all former law  
Through woods, and rocks, and mountains they did draw  
The iron charet, and the wheels did tear,  
And tossed the paynim without fear or awe ;  
From side to side they tossed him here and there,  
Crying to them in vain that nould his crying hear.

Yet still the prince pursued him close behind,  
Oft making offer him to smite, but found  
No easy means according to his mind :  
At last they have all overthrown to ground  
Quite topside turvey, and the pagan hound  
Amongst the iron hooks and grapples keen  
Torn all to rags, and rent with many a wound ;  
That no whole piece of him was to be seen,  
But scattered all about, and strowed upon the green.

Like as the cursèd son of Thesëus,  
That following his chase in dewy morn,  
To fly his stepdame's love outrageous,  
Of his own steeds was all to pieces torn,

And his fair limbs left in the woods forlorn ;  
 That for his sake Diana did lament,  
 And all the woody nymphs did wail and mourn :  
 So was this soldan rapt and all to rent,  
 That of his shape appeared no little monument.  
*E. Spenser.*

## ENGLAND UNDER A BAD KING.

*(Richard the Second.)*

His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,  
 For violent fires soon burn out themselves ;  
 Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short ;  
 He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes ;  
 With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder :  
 Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,  
 Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.  
 This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,  
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
 This other Eden, demi-paradise,  
 This fortress built by Nature for herself  
 Against infection and the hand of war,  
 This happy breed of men, this little world,  
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
 Which serves it in the office of a wall  
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
 Against the envy of less happier lands,  
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,  
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,  
 Feared by their breed and famous by their birth,

Renowned for their deeds as far from home,  
 For Christian service and true chivalry,  
 As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry  
 Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son,  
 This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,  
 Dear for her reputation through the world,  
 Is now leased out, I die pronouncing it,  
 Like to a tenement or pelting farm :  
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea,  
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege  
 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,  
 With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds :  
 That England, that was wont to conquer others,  
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.

*W. Shakespeare.*

## THE TRIUMPH OF BOLINGBROKE.

*(Richard the Second).*

THEN, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,  
 Flouted upon a hot and fiery steed  
 Which his aspiring rider seemed to know,  
 With slow but stately pace kept on his course,  
 Whilst all tongues cried ' God save thee, Bolingbroke !'  
 Thou wouldst have thought the very windows spake,  
 So many greedy looks of young and old  
 Through casements darted their desiring eyes  
 Upon his visage, and that all the walls

With painted imagery had said at once  
'Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!'  
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,  
Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed's neck,  
Bespake them thus : 'I thank you, countrymen :'  
And thus still doing, thus he passed along.

As in a theatre, the eyes of men,  
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,  
Are idly bent on him that enters next,  
Thinking his prattle to be tedious ;  
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes  
Did scowl on Richard ; no man cried 'God save him!'  
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home :  
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head ;  
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,  
His face still combating with tears and smiles,  
The badges of his grief and patience,  
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steeled  
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted  
And barbarism itself have pitied him.

*W. Shakespeare.*

## PRINCE ARTHUR.

*(Faery Queen.)*

At last she chanced by good hap to meet  
A goodly knight, fair marching by the way,  
Together with his squire, arrayed meet :  
His glittering armour shined far away,

Like glancing light of Phœbus' brightest ray ;  
From top to toe no place appearèd bare,  
That deadly dint of steel endanger may :  
Athwart his breast a baldrick brave he ware,  
That shined, like twinkling stars, with stones most precious rare :

And, in the midst thereof, one precious stone  
Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous might,  
Shaped like a lady's head, exceeding shone,  
Like Hesperus amongst the lesser lights,  
And strove for to amaze the weaker sights :  
Thereby his mortal blade full comely hung  
In ivory sheath, yearved with curious sleights,  
Whose hilts were burnisht gold ; and handle strong  
Of mother perle ; and buckled with a golden tongue.

His haughty helmet, horrid all with gold,  
Both glorious brightness and great terror bred :  
For all the crest a dragon did enfold  
With greedy paws, and over all did spread  
His golden wings ; his dreadful hideous head  
Close crouchèd on the beaver, seemed to throw  
From flaming mouth bright sparkles fiery red,  
That sudden hororr to faint hearts did show,  
And scaly tail was stretched adown his back full low.

Upon the top of all his lofty crest,  
A bunch of hairs discoloured diversely,  
With sprinkled pearl and gold full richly drest,  
Did shake, and seemed to dance for jollity ;  
Like to an almond tree ymounted high  
On top of green Selinis all alone,  
With blossoms brave bedeckèd daintily ;  
Whose tender locks do tremble every one  
At every little breath, that under heaven is blown.



His warlike shield all closely covered was,  
 Ne might of mortal eye be ever seen :  
 Not made of steel, nor of enduring brass,  
 (Such earthly metals soon consumèd been,)  
 But all of diamond perfect pure and clean  
 It framèd was, one massy entire mould,  
 Hewn out of adamant rock with engines keen,  
 That point of spear it never percen could,  
 Ne dint of direful sword divide the substance would.  
*E. Spenser.*

## PRINCE HENRY.

*(Henry the Fourth)*

HOTSPUR—SIR RICHARD VERNON.

*Hotspur.* HE shall be welcome too. Where is his son,  
 The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,  
 And his comrades, that daffèd the world aside,  
 And bid it pass ?

*Vernon.* All furnished, all in arms ;  
 All plumed, like estridges that with the wind  
 Baited ; like eagles having lately bathed ;  
 Glittering in golden coats, like images ;  
 As full of spirit as the month of May,  
 And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer ;  
 Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.  
 I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,  
 His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly armed,  
 Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,  
 And vaulted with such ease into his seat,  
 As if an angel dropped down from the clouds,  
 To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus  
 And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

*W. Shakespeare.*

## TRUTH.

*(Henry the Fourth.)*

HOTSPUR—OWEN GLENDOWER—MORTIMER.

*Glendower.* Sit, cousin Percy ; sit, good cousin Hotspur,  
For by that name as oft as Lancaster  
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale and with  
A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven.

*Hotspur.* And you in hell, as oft as he hears Owen  
Glendower spoke of.

*Glendower.* I cannot blame him : at my nativity  
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,  
Of burning cressets ; and at my birth  
The frame and huge foundation of the earth  
Shaked like a coward.

*Hotspur.* Why, so it would have done at the same season,  
if your mother's cat had but kittened, though yourself had  
never been born.

*Glendower.* I say the earth did shake when I was born.

*Hotspur.* And I say the earth was not of my mind,  
If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

*Glendower.* The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

*Hotspur.* O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,  
And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth  
In strange eruptions ; oft the teeming earth  
Is with a kind of colic pinched and vexed  
By the imprisoning of unruly wind  
Within her womb ; which, for enlargement striving,  
Shakes the old beldam earth and topples down  
Steeple and moss-grown towers. At your birth

Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,  
In passion shook.

*Glendower.* Cousin, of many men  
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave  
To tell you once again that at my birth  
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,  
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds  
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.  
These signs have marked me extraordinary ;  
And all the courses of my life do show  
I am not in the roll of common men.  
Where is he living, clipped in with the sea  
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,  
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me ?  
And bring him out that is but woman's son  
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art  
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

*Hotspur.* I think there's no man speaks better Welsh. I'll  
to dinner.

*Mortimer.* Peace, cousin Percy ; you will make him mad.

*Glendower.* I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

*Hotspur.* Why, so can I or so can any man ;  
But will they come when you do call for them ?

*Glendower.* Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command  
The devil.

*Hotspur.* And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil  
By telling truth : tell truth and shame the devil.  
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,  
And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence.  
O, while you live, tell truth and shame the devil !

*W. Shakespeare.*

## UNA AND THE LION.

*(Faery Queen.)*

YET she, most faithful lady, all this while  
Forsaken, woful, solitary maid,  
Far from all people's preace, as in exile,  
In wilderness and wasteful deserts strayed,  
To seek her knight; who, subtilely betrayed  
Through that late vision which th' enchanter wrought,  
Had her abandoned; she of nought afraid,  
Through woods and wastnes wide him daily sought,  
Yet wishèd tidings none of him unto her brought.

One day, nigh weary of the irksome way,  
From her unhasty beast she did alight;  
And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay  
In secret shadow, far from all men's sight:  
From her fair head her fillet she undight,  
And laid her stole aside: Her angel's face,  
As the great eye of heaven, shinèd bright,  
And made a sunshine in the shady place;  
Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.

It fortunèd, out of the thickest wood  
A ramping lion rushèd suddenly,  
Hunting full greedy after savage blood.  
Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,

With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,  
To have at once devoured her tender corse ;  
But to the prey when as he drew more nigh,  
His bloody rage assaugèd with remorse  
And, with the sight amazed, forgot his furious force.

Instead thereof, he kissed her weary feet,  
And licked her lily hands with fawning tongue ;  
As he her wrongèd innocence did weet.  
O how can beauty master the most strong,  
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong !  
Whose yielded pride and proud submission,  
Still dreading death, when she had markèd long,  
Her heart gan melt in great compassion ;  
And drizzling tears did shed for pure affection.

'The lion, lord of every beast in field,'  
Quoth she, 'his princely puissance doth abate,  
And mighty proud to humble weak does yield,  
Forgetful of the hungry rage, which late  
Him pricked in duty of my sad estate :—  
But he, my lion, and my noble lord,  
How does he find in cruel heart to hate  
Her, that him loved, and ever most adored  
As the god of my life ? why hath he me abhorred ?'

Redounding tears did choke th' end of her plaint,  
Which softly echoed from the neighbouring wood ;  
And, sad to see her sorrowful constraint,  
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood ;  
With pity calmed, down fell his angry mood.  
At last, in close heart shutting up her pain,  
Arose the virgin, born of heavenly brood,  
And to her snowy palfrey got again,  
To seek her strayèd champion if she might attain.

The lion would not leave her desolate,  
But with her went along, as a strong guard  
Of her chaste person, and a faithful mate  
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard ;  
Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and ward ;  
And, when she waked, he waited diligent,  
With humble service to her will prepared :  
From her fair eyes he took commandement,  
And ever by her looks conceived her intent.

*E. Spenser.*

## THE NIGHT BEFORE AGINCOURT.

*(Henry the Fifth.)*

Now entertain conjecture of a time  
When creeping murmur and the poring dark  
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.  
From camp to camp through the foul womb of night  
The hum of either army stilly sounds,  
That the fixed sentinels almost receive  
The secret whispers of each other's watch :  
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames  
Each battle sees the other's umbered face :  
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs  
Piercing the night's dull ear, and from the tents  
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,  
With busy hammers closing rivets up,  
Give dreadful note of preparation :  
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,  
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.  
Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,  
The confident and over-lusty French  
Do the low-rated English play at dice ;

And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night  
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp  
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,  
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires  
Sit patiently and inly ruminate  
The morning's danger, and their gesture sad  
Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats  
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon  
So many horrid ghosts. O now, who will behold  
The royal captain of this ruined band  
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,  
Let him cry ' Praise and glory on his head !'  
For forth he goes and visits all his host,  
Bids them good-morrow with a modest smile  
And calls them brothers, friends and countrymen.  
Upon his royal face there is no note  
How dread an army hath enrounded him ;  
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour  
Unto the weary and all-watchèd night,  
But freshly looks and over-bears attaint  
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty ;  
That every wretch, pining and pale before,  
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks :  
A largess universal like the sun  
His liberal eye doth give to every one,  
Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all,  
Behold, as may unworthiness define,  
A little touch of Harry in the night.

*W. Shakespeare.*

## THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

FAIR stood the wind for France,  
When we our sails advance,  
Nor now to prove our chance  
    Longer will tarry ;  
But putting to the main,  
At Caux, the mouth of Seine,  
With all his martial train,  
    Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,  
Furnished in warlike sort,  
Marcheth towards Agincourt.  
    In happy hour ;  
Skirmishing day by day  
With those that stopped his way,  
Where the French General lay  
    With all his power.

Which in his height of pride,  
King Henry to deride,  
His ransom to provide  
    To the king sending.  
Which he neglects the while,  
As from a nation vile,  
Yet with an angry smile  
    Their fall portending.



And turning to his men,  
Quoth our brave Henry then,  
‘Though they be one to ten,  
    Be not amazèd ;  
Yet have we well begun,  
Battles so bravely won  
Have ever to the sun  
    By fame been raisèd.

‘ And for myself,’ quoth he,  
‘ This my full rest shall be  
England ne’er mourn for me,  
    Nor more esteem me.  
Victor I will remain,  
Or on this earth lie slain,  
Never shall she sustain  
    Loss to redeem me.

‘ Poitiers and Cressy tell,  
When most their pride did swell,  
Under our swords they fell,  
    No less our skill is,  
That when our grandsire great,  
Claiming the regal seat,  
By many a warlike feat  
    Lopped the French lilies.’

The Duke of York so dread  
The eager va’ward led ;  
With the main Henry sped,  
    Amongst his henchmen.  
Exeter had the rear,  
A braver man not there :  
Heavens ! how hot they were  
    On the false Frenchmen !

They now to fight are gone,  
Armour on armour shone,  
Drum now to drum did groan,  
    To hear was wonder :  
That with the cries they make,  
The very earth did shake ;  
Trumpet to trumpet spake,  
    Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,  
O, noble Erpingham,  
Which didst the signal aim  
    To our hid forces ;  
When from a meadow by,  
Like a storm suddenly,  
The English archery  
    Struck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,  
Arrows a cloth-yard long,  
That like to serpents stung,  
    Piercing the weather ;  
None from his fellow starts,  
But playing manly parts,  
And like true English hearts,  
    Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,  
And forth their bilbos drew,  
And on the French they flew,  
    Not one was tardy ;  
Arms were from shoulders sent,  
Scalps to the teeth were rent,  
Down the French peasants went,  
    Our men were hardy.

This while our noble King,  
His broad sword brandishing,  
Down the French host did ding,  
    As to o'erwhelm it ;  
And many a deep wound lent,  
His arms with blood besprent,  
And many a cruel dent  
    Bruisèd his helmet.

Gloucester, that duke so good,  
Next of the royal blood,  
For famous England stood,  
    With his brave brother,  
Clarence, in steel so bright,  
Though but a maiden knight,  
Yet in that furious fight  
    Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,  
Oxford the foe invade,  
And cruel slaughter made,  
    Still as they ran up ;  
Suffolk his axe did ply,  
Beaumont and Willoughby  
Bare them right doughtily,  
    Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day  
Fought was this noble fray,  
Which fame did not delay  
    To England to carry ;  
O, when shall English men  
With such acts fill a pen,  
Or England breed again  
    Such a King Harry ?

*M. Drayton.*

## ROME AFTER THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.

*(Julius Cæsar.)**The Forum.**Enter* BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.*Citizens.* WE will be satisfied : let us be satisfied.*Brutus.* Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.

Cassius, go you into the other street,

And part the numbers.

Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here ;

Those that will follow Cassius, go with him ;

And public reasons shall be rendered

Of Cæsar's death.

*First Citizen.* I will hear Brutus speak.*Second Citizen.* I will hear Cassius ; and compare their reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

*[Exit CASSIUS with some of the Citizens.**BRUTUS goes into the pulpit.**Third Citizen.* The noble Brutus is ascended : silence !*Brutus.* Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers ! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear : believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe : censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose

against Cæsar, this is my answer :—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

*All.* None, Brutus, none.

*Brutus.* Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

*Enter ANTONY and others with CÆSAR'S body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

*All.* Live, Brutus! live, live!

*First Citizen.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

*Second Citizen.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

*Third Citizen.* Let him be Cæsar.

*Fourth Citizen.* Cæsar's better parts

Shall be crowned in Brutus.

*First Citizen.* We'll bring him to his house

With shouts and clamours.

*Brutus.* My countrymen,—

*Second Citizen.* Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

*First Citizen.*

Peace, ho!

*Brutus.* Good countrymen, let me depart alone,  
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech

Tending to Cæsar's glories: which Mark Antony,

By our permission, is allowed to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [Exit

*First Citizen.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

*Third Citizen.* Let him go up into the public chair;

We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

*Antony.* For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

[Goes into the pulpit.]

*Fourth Citizen.* What does he say of Brutus?

*Third Citizen.* He says, for Brutus' sake,

He finds himself beholding to us all.

*Fourth Citizen.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus  
here.

*First Citizen.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

*Third Citizen.* Nay, that's certain:

We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

*Second Citizen.* Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

*Antony.* You gentle Romans,—

*Citizens.* Peace, ho! let us hear him.

*Antony.* Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them;

The good is oft interred with their bones:

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—

For Brutus is an honourable man;

So are they all, all honourable men—  
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.  
He was my friend, faithful and just to me :  
But Brutus says he was ambitious ;  
And Brutus is an honourable man.  
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,  
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :  
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?  
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept ;  
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :  
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;  
And Brutus is an honourable man.  
You all did see that on the Lupercal  
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
Which he did thrice refuse : was this ambition ?  
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;  
And, sure, he is an honourable man.  
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,  
But here I am to speak what I do know.  
You all did love him once, not without cause :  
What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him ?  
O judgement ! thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me ;  
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,  
And I must pause till it come back to me.

*First Citizen.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

*Second Citizen.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,  
Cæsar has had great wrong.

*Third Citizen.* Has he, masters ?

I fear there will be a worse come in his place.

*Fourth Citizen.* Marked ye his words ? He would not take  
the crown ;

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

*First Citizen.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

*Second Citizen.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

*Third Citizen.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

*Fourth Citizen.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

*Antony.* But yesterday the word of Cæsar might  
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,  
And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters, if I were disposed to stir  
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,  
Who, you all know, are honourable men:  
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose  
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,  
Than I will wrong such honourable men.  
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;  
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:  
Let but the commons hear this testament—  
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—  
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds  
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,  
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,  
And, dying, mention it within their wills,  
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy  
Unto their issue.

*Fourth Citizen.* We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

*All.* The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

*Antony.* Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;  
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.  
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;  
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,  
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:  
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;  
For, if you should, O, what would come of it!



*Fourth Citizen.* Read the will ; we'll hear it, Antony ;  
You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

*Antony.* Will you be patient ? will you stay awhile ?  
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it :  
I fear I wrong the honourable men  
Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar ; I do fear it.

*Fourth Citizen.* They were traitors : honourable men !

*All.* The will ! the testament !

*Second Citizen.* They were villains, murderers : the will !  
read the will.

*Antony.* You will compel me, then, to read the will ?  
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,  
And let me show you him that made the will.  
Shall I descend ? and will you give me leave ?

*Several Citizens.* Come down.

*Second Citizen.* Descend.

*Third Citizen.* You shall have leave.

[ANTHONY comes down.]

*Fourth Citizen.* A ring : stand round.

*First Citizen.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

*Second Citizen.* Stand back ; room ; bear back.

*Antony.* If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.  
You all do know this mantle : I remember  
The first time ever Cæsar put it on :  
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,  
That day he overcame the Nervii :  
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through :  
See what a rent the envious Casca made :  
Through this the well-belovèd Brutus stabbed ;  
And as he plucked his cursèd steel away,  
Mark how the blood of Cæsar's followed it,  
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved  
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no ;  
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :  
*Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him !*

This was the most unkindest cut of all ;  
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,  
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,  
 Quite vanquished him : then burst his mighty heart ;  
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,  
 Even at the base of Pompey's statua,  
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.  
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !  
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,  
 Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.  
 O, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel  
 The dint of pity : these are gracious drops.  
 Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold  
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here,  
 Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

*First Citizen.* O piteous spectacle !

*Second Citizen.* O noble Cæsar !

*Third Citizen.* O woful day !

*Fourth Citizen.* O traitors, villains !

*First Citizen.* O most bloody sight !

*Second Citizen.* We will be revenged.

*All.* Revenge ! About ! Seek ! Burn ! Fire ! Kill ! Slay !  
 Let not a traitor live !

*Antony.* Stay, countrymen.

*First Citizen.* Peace there ! hear the noble Antony.

*Second Citizen.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll  
 die with him.

*Antony.* Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you  
 up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honourable :

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do it : they are wise and honourable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts :

I am no orator, as Brutus is ;  
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,  
That love my friend ; and that they know full well  
That gave me public leave to speak of him :  
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,  
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,  
To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;  
I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;  
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,  
And bid them speak for me : but were I Brutus,  
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony  
Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue  
In every wound of Cæsar that should move  
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

*All.* We'll mutiny.

*First Citizen.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

*Third Citizen.* Away then ! come, seek the conspirators.

*Antony.* Yet hear me, countrymen ; yet hear me speak.

*All.* Peace, oh ! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony !

*Antony.* Why, friends, you go to do you know not what :  
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves ?

Alas, you know not : I must tell you, then :

You have forgot the will I told you of.

*All.* Most true. The will ! Let's stay and hear the will.

*Antony.* Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

*Second Citizen.* Most noble Cæsar ! We'll revenge his death.

*Third Citizen.* O royal Cæsar !

*Antony.* Hear me with patience.

*All.* Peace, ho !

*Antony.* Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,  
His private arbours and new planted orchards,  
On this side Tiber ; he hath left them you,  
And to your heirs for ever, common pleasures,

To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.  
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

*First Citizen.* Never, never! Come, away, away!  
We'll burn his body in the holy place.  
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.  
Take up the body.

*Second Citizen.* Go fetch fire.

*Third Citizen.* Pluck down benches.

*Fourth Citizen.* Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

[*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*]

*Antony.* Now let it work: Mischief thou art afoot,  
Take thou what course thou wilt!

*W. Shakespeare.*

## THE MURDER OF DUNCAN.

(*Macbeth.*)

MACBETH—LADY MACBETH.

*Lady Macbeth.* That which hath made them drunk hath  
made me bold;  
What hath quenched them hath given me fire. Hark!  
Peace!

It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman,  
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:  
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms  
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugged their  
possets,  
That death and nature do contend about them,  
Whether they live or die.

*Macbeth.* (*Within.*) Who's there? what, ho!

*Lady Macbeth.* Alack, I am afraid they have awaked,  
And 'tis not done. The attempt, and not the deed,  
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;

He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled  
My father as he slept, I had done't.

*Enter MACBETH.*

My husband!

*Macbeth.* I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a  
noise?

*Lady Macbeth.* I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.  
Did not you speak?

*Macbeth.* When?

*Lady Macbeth.* Now.

*Macbeth.* As I descended?

*Lady Macbeth.* Ay.

*Macbeth.* Hark!

Who lies i' the second chamber?

*Lady Macbeth.* Donalbain.

*Macbeth.* (*Looking on his hands.*) This is a sorry sight.

*Lady Macbeth.* A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

*Macbeth.* There's one did laugh in 's sleep, and one cried,  
'Murder!'

That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:  
But they did say their prayers, and addressed them  
Again to sleep.

*Lady Macbeth.* There are two lodged together.

*Macbeth.* One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen,' the  
other:

As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.

Listening their fear, I could not say 'Amen,'

When they did say 'God bless us!'

*Lady Macbeth.* Consider it not so deeply.

*Macbeth.* But wherefore could not I pronounce 'Amen?'  
I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'  
Stuck in my throat.

*Lady Macbeth.* These deeds must not be thought  
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

*Macbeth.* Methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more!'

**Macbeth** does murder sleep,' the innocent sleep,  
 Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,  
 The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,  
 Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
 Chief nourisher in life's feast.

*Lady Macbeth.* What do you mean ?

*Macbeth.* Still it cried, 'Sleep no more !' to all the house :  
 ' Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor  
 Shall sleep no more ; Macbeth shall sleep no more !'

*Lady Macbeth.* Who was it that thus cried ? Why, worthy  
 thane,  
 You do unbend your noble strength, to think  
 So brainsickly of things. Go, get some water,  
 And wash this filthy witness from your hand.  
 Why did you bring these daggers from the place ?  
 They must lie there : go, carry them ; and smear  
 The sleepy grooms with blood.

*Macbeth.* I'll go no more :  
 I am afraid to think what I have done ;  
 Look on 't again, I dare not.

*Lady Macbeth.* Infirm of purpose !  
 Give me the daggers : the sleeping and the dead,  
 Are but as pictures : 'tis the eye of childhood  
 That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,  
 I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal ;  
 For it must seem their guilt. [Exit. Knocking within.

*Macbeth.* Whence is that knocking ?  
 How is 't with me, when every noise appals me ?  
 What hands are here ? Ha ! they pluck out mine eyes,  
 Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood  
 Clean from my hand ? No, this my hand will rather  
 The multitudinous seas incarnadine,  
 Making the green one red.

*Re-enter LADY MACBETH.*

*Lady Macbeth.* My hands are of your colour : but I shame

To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking within.*] I hear a knocking  
 At the south entry: retire we to our chamber:  
 A little water clears us of this deed:  
 How easy is it, then! Your constancy  
 Hath left you unattended. [*Knocking within.*] Hark! more  
 knocking.

Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,  
 And show us to be watchers. Be not lost  
 So poorly in your thoughts.

*Macbeth.* To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.

[*Knocking within.*]

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!

*W. Shakespeare.*

## IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding joys,  
 The brood of Folly without father bred!  
 How little you bested,  
 Or fill the fixèd mind with all your toys!  
 Dwell in some idle brain,  
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,  
 As thick and numberless  
 As the gay motes that people the sunbeams;  
 Or likest hovering dreams,  
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.  
 But hail, thou goddess sage and holy,  
 Hail, divinest Melancholy!  
 Whose saintly visage is too bright  
 To hit the sense of human sight,  
 And therefore to our weaker view  
 O'erlaid with black, staid wisdom's hue;  
 Black, but such as in esteem  
*Prince Memnon's* sister might beseeem,

Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove  
To set her beauty's praise above  
The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended :  
Yet thou art higher far descended ;  
Thee bright-haired Vesta, long of yore,  
To solitary Saturn bore ;  
His daughter she ; in Saturn's reign  
Such mixture was not held a stain :  
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades  
He met her, and in secret shades  
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,  
Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.

Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,  
Sober, steadfast, and demure,  
All in a robe of darkest grain,  
Flowing with majestic train,  
And sable stole of cypress lawn,  
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.  
Come, but keep thy wonted state,  
With even step, and musing gait ;  
And looks commercing with the skies,  
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes :  
There, held in holy passion still,  
Forget thyself to marble, till  
With a sad leaden downward cast  
Thou fix them on the earth as fast ;  
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,  
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,  
And hears the Muses in a ring  
Aye round about Jove's altar sing :  
And add to these retired Leisure,  
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure.  
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,  
Him that yon soars on golden wing,



Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,  
The cherub Contemplation ;  
And the mute Silence hied along,  
'Less Philomel will deign a song,  
In her sweetest saddest plight,  
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,  
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,  
Gently o'er the accustomed oak :  
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,  
Most musical, most melancholy !  
Thee, chantress, oft the woods among  
I woo, to hear thy even-song ;  
And, missing thee, I walk unseen  
On the dry smooth-shaven green,  
To behold the wand'ring moon,  
Biding near her highest noon,  
Like one that has been led astray  
Through the heaven's wide pathless way ;  
And oft, as if her head she bowed,  
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

Oft, on a plat of rising ground,  
I hear the far-off curfew sound,  
Over some wide watered shore,  
Swinging slow with sullen roar :  
Or, if the air will not permit,  
Some still removèd place will fit,  
Where glowing embers through the room  
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom ;  
Far from all resort of mirth,  
Save the cricket on the hearth,  
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,  
To bless the doors from nightly harm.

Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,  
Be seen in some high lonely tower,

Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,  
With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere  
The spirit of Plato, to unfold  
What worlds or what vast regions hold  
The immortal mind that hath forsook  
Her mansion in this fleshly nook :  
And of those demons that are found  
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,  
Whose power hath a true consent  
With planet or with element.  
Sometime let gorgeous tragedy  
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,  
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,  
Or the tale of Troy divine ;  
Or what (though rare) of later age  
Ennobled hath the buskined stage.

But, O sad virgin, that thy power  
Might raise Musæus from his bower !  
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing  
Such notes as, warbled to the string,  
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,  
And made hell grant what love did seek :  
Or call up him that left half told  
The story of Cambuscan bold,  
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,  
And who had Canace to wife,  
That owned the virtuous ring and glass ;  
And of the wondrous horse of brass,  
On which the Tartar king did ride :  
And if aught else great bards beside  
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,  
Of turneys and of trophies hung,  
Of forests, and enchantments drear,  
Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Thus, night, oft see me in thy pale career,  
Till civil-suited morn appear,  
Not tricked and frownced as she was wont  
With the Attic boy to hunt,  
But kerchieft in a comely cloud,  
While rocking winds are piping loud,  
Or ushered with a shower still,  
When the gust hath blown his fill,  
Ending on the rustling leaves,  
With minute drops from off the eaves.  
And, when the sun begins to fling  
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring  
To arched walks of twilight groves,  
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,  
Of pine, or monumental oak,  
Where the rude axe, with heaved stroke,  
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,  
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.  
There in close covert by some brook,  
Where no profaner eye may look,  
Hide me from day's garish eye,  
While the bee with honeyed thigh,  
That at her flowery work doth sing,  
And the waters murmuring,  
With such concert as they keep,  
Entice the dewy-feathered sleep;  
And let some strange mysterious dream  
Wave at his wings in airy stream  
Of lively portraiture displayed,  
Softly on my eyelids laid.  
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe  
Above, about, or underneath,  
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,  
Or the unseen genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail  
To walk the studious cloister's pale,  
And love the high-embow'd roof,  
With antique pillars massy proof,  
And storied windows richly dight,  
Casting a dim religious light :  
There let the pealing organ blow,  
To the full-voiced quire below,  
In service high and anthems clear,  
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,  
Dissolve me into extasies,  
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

And may, at last my weary age  
Find out the peaceful hermitage,  
The hairy gown and mossy cell,  
Where I may sit and rightlly spell  
Of every star that heaven doth show,  
And every herb that sips the dew ;  
Till old experience do attain  
To something like prophetic strain.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,  
And I with thee will choose to live.

*J. Milton.*

## THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL.

*(Old Ballad.)*

THERE lived a wife at Usher's Well,  
And a wealthy wife was she ;  
She had three stout and stalwart sons,  
And sent them o'er the sea.

They hadna been a week from her,  
A week but barely ane,  
When word come to the carline wife,  
That her three sons were gane.

They hadna been a week from her,  
A week but barely three,  
When word came to the carline wife,  
That her sons she'd never see.

'I wish the wind may never cease,  
'Nor fish be in the flood,  
'Till my three sons come home to me,  
'In earthly flesh and blood!'

It fell about the Martinmas,  
When nights are lang and mirk,  
The carline wife's three sons came home,  
And their hats were o' the birk.

It neither grew in dyke nor ditch,  
Nor yet in any sheugh ;  
But at the gates o' Paradise,  
That birk grew fair eneugh.

'Blow up the fire, my maidens !  
'Bring water from the well !  
'For a' my house shall feast this night,  
'Since my three sons are well.'

And she has made to them a bed,  
She's made it large and wide ;  
And she's ta'en her mantle her about,  
Sate down at the bedside.

Up then crew the red red cock,  
And up and crew the gray ;  
The eldest to the youngest said,  
' 'Tis time we were away.'

The cock he hadna crawled but once,  
And clapped his wings at a',  
When the youngest to the oldest said,  
' Brother, we must awa.

' The cock doth crawl, the day doth daw  
' The channerin' worm doth chide ;  
' Gin we be mist out o' our place  
' A sair pain we maun bide.'

' Fare ye well, my mother dear !  
' Farewell to barn and byre !  
' And fare ye well, the bonny lass,  
' That kindles my mother's fire !'

### SIR PATRICK SPENS.

*(Old Ballad.)*

THE king sits in Dumfermline town,  
Drinking the blude-red wine ;  
' O whare will I get a skeely skipper,  
' To sail this new ship of mine !'

O up and spake an eldern knight,  
Sat at the king's right knee,—  
'Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor,  
'That ever sailed the sea!'

Our king has written a braid letter,  
And sealed it with his hand;  
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,  
Was walking on the strand.

'To Noroway, to Noroway,  
'To Noroway o'er the faem;  
'The king's daughter of Noroway,  
'Tis thou maun bring her hame.'

The first word that Sir Patrick read,  
Sae loud loud laughed he;  
The neist word that Sir Patrick read,  
The tear blinded his e'e.

'O wha is this has done this deed,  
'And tauld the king o' me,  
'To send us out, at this time of year,  
'To sail upon the sea?'

'Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,  
'Our ship must sail the faem;  
'The king's daughter of Noroway,  
'Tis we must fetch her hame.'

'Make ready, make ready, my merry men a'!  
'Our gude ship sails the morn!  
'Now ever alack, my master dear,  
'I fear a deadly storm!

'I saw the new moon, late yestreen,  
    'Wi' the auld moon in her arm ;  
'And, if we gang to sea, master,  
    'I fear we'll come to harm.'

They hadna sailed a league, a league,  
    A league but barely three,  
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,  
    And gurly grew the sea.

O laith, laith, were our gude Scots lords  
    To wet their cork-heeled shoon ;  
But long or a' the play was played,  
    They wat their hats aboon.

O lang, lang may their ladyes sit  
    Wi' their fans into their hand,  
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens  
    Come sailing to the strand !

And lang, lang may the maidens sit,  
    Wi' their goud kaims in their hair,  
Awaiting for their ain dear loves,  
    For them they'll see na mair.

Half o'er, half o'er to Abdour,  
    'Tis fifty fathom deep :  
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,  
    Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.



## FORESTER'S SONG.

*(As you Like It.)*

· UNDER the greenwood tree  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And turn his merry note  
Unto the sweet bird's throat,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither :  
Here shall he see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun  
And loves to live i' the sun,  
Seeking the food he eats  
And pleased with what he gets,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither ;  
Here shall he see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.

*W. Shakespeare.*

## A CRY OF HOUNDS.

*(A Midsummer Night's Dream.)*

THESEUS—HIPPOLYTA.

*Theseus.* Go, one of you, find out the forester ;  
For now our observation is performed ;  
And since we have the vaward of the day,  
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.

Uncouple in the western valley ; let them go :  
 Dispatch, I say, and find the forester. [*Exit on attendant.*]  
 We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top  
 And mark the musical confusion  
 Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

*Hippolyta.* I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,  
 When in a wood of Crete they bayed the bear  
 With hounds of Sparta : never did I hear  
 Such gallant chiding ; for, besides the groves,  
 The skies, the fountains, every region near  
 Seemed all one mutual cry : I never heard  
 So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

*Theseus.* My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,  
 So flewed, so sanded, and their heads are hung  
 With ears that sweep away the morning dew ;  
 Crook-kneed, and dew-lapped like Thessalian bulls ;  
 Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouth like bells,  
 Each under each. A cry more tuneable  
 Was never holla'd to, nor cheered with horn,  
 In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly ;  
 Judge, when you hear.

*W. Shakespeare.*

## THE HORSE.

(*Venus and Adonis.*)

LOOK, when a painter would surpass the life,  
 In limning out a well-proportioned steed,  
 His art with nature's workmanship at strife,  
 As if the dead the living should exceed ;  
 So did this horse excel a common one  
 In shape, in courage, colour, pace and bone.

Round-hoofed, short-joined, fetlocks shag and long,  
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,  
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,  
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide :

Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,  
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

*W. Shakespeare.*

## THE GARDEN OF ADONIS.

*(Faery Queen.)*

THERE is continual spring, and harvest there  
Continual, both meeting at one time :  
For both the boughs do laughing blossoms bear,  
And with fresh colours deck the wanton prime,  
And eke at once the heavy trees they climb,  
Which seem to labour under their fruits load :  
The whiles the joyous birds make their pastime  
Amongst the shady leaves their sweet abode,  
And their true loves without suspicion tell abroad.

Right in the midst of that Paradise  
There stood a stately mount, on whose round top  
A gloomy grove of myrtle trees did rise,  
Whose shady boughs sharp steel did never lop,  
Nor wicked beasts their tender buds did crop,  
But like a garland compassèd the height,  
And from their fruitful sides sweet gum did drop,  
That all the ground, with precious dew bedight,  
*Threw forth most dainty odours and most sweet delight.*

And in the thickest covert of that shade  
 There was a pleasant arbour, not by art  
 But of the trees' own inclination made,  
 Which knitting their rank branches, part to part,  
 With wanton ivy-twine entrail'd athwart,  
 And eglantine and caprifole among,  
 Fashioned above within their inmost part,  
 That neither Phœbus' beams could through them throng  
 Nor Eolus' sharp blast could work them any wrong.

And all about grew every sort of flower,  
 To which sad lovers were transformed of yore ;  
 Fresh Hyacinthus, Phœbus' paramour  
 And dearest love ;  
 Foolish Narcisse, that likes the watery shore ;  
 Sad Amaranthus, made a flower but late,  
 Sad Amaranthus, in whose purple gore  
 Meseems I see Amintas' wretched fate,  
 To whom sweet poet's verse hath given endless date.  
*E. Spenser.*

### L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE, loathèd Melancholy,  
 Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born,  
 In Stygian cave forlorn,  
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy !  
 Find out some uncouth cell,  
 Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,  
 And the night-raven sings ;  
 There under ebon shades, and low-browed rocks,  
 As ragged as thy locks,  
 In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

But come, thou goddess fair and free,  
In heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,  
And by men, heart-easing Mirth ;  
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,  
With two sister Graces more,  
To ivy-crownèd Bacchus bore :  
Or whether (as some sager sing)  
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,  
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,  
As he met her once a-Maying ;  
There on beds of violets blue,  
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,  
Filled her with thee a daughter fair,  
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee  
Jest, and youthful jollity,  
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,  
Nods, and becks, and wreathèd smiles,  
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
And love to live in dimple sleek :  
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,  
And Laughter holding both his sides.  
Come, and trip it as you go,  
On the light fantastic toe ;  
And in thy right hand lead with thee  
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty ;  
And, if I give thee honour due,  
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,  
To live with her, and live with thee,  
In unprovèd pleasures free ;  
To hear the lark begin his flight,  
And singing startle the dull night,  
From his watch-tower in the skies,  
Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;

Then to come, in spite of sorrow,  
And at my window bid good-morrow,  
Through the sweet briar, or the vine :  
Or the twisted eglantine ;  
While the cock, with lively din,  
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,  
And to the stack, or the barn-door,  
Stoutly struts his dames before :  
Oft listening how the hounds and horn  
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,  
From the side of some hoar hill,  
Through the high wood echoing shrill.

Sometime walking, not unseen,  
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,  
Right against the eastern gate,  
Where the great sun begins his state,  
Robed in flames and amber light,  
The clouds in thousand liveries dight ;  
While the ploughman, near at hand,  
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,  
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,  
And the mower whets his scythe,  
And every shepherd tells his tale,  
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,  
While the landscape round it measures ;  
Russet lawns, and fallows grey,  
Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;  
Mountains, on whose barren breast  
The labouring clouds do often rest ;  
Meadows trim, with daisies pied,  
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide ;  
Towers and battlements it sees  
Bosomed high in tufted trees,

Where perhaps some beauty lies,  
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.

Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes  
From betwixt two aged oaks,  
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,  
Are at their savoury dinner set  
Of herbs, and other country messes,  
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses :  
And then in haste her bower she leaves,  
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves ;  
Or, if the earlier season lead,  
To the tanned haycock in the mead.

Sometimes with secure delight  
The upland hamlets will invite,  
When the merry birds ring round,  
And the jocund rebecks sound  
To many a youth and many a maid,  
Dancing in the chequered shade,  
And young and old come forth to play  
On a sunshine holy-day,  
Till the live long day-light fail :  
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,  
With stories told of many a feat,  
How faery Mab the junkets eat ;  
She was pinched, and pulled, she said ;  
And he, by friar's lantern led,  
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat  
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,  
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,  
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn,  
That ten day-labourers could not end ;  
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,  
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,  
Basks at the fire his hairy strength ;

And crop-full out of doors he flings,  
Ere the first cock his matin rings.  
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,  
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.

Towered cities please us then,  
And the busy hum of men,  
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,  
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,  
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes  
Rain influence, and judge the prize  
Of wit or arms, while both contend  
To win her grace, whom all commend.  
There let Hymen oft appear  
In saffron robe, with taper clear,  
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,  
With mask and antique pageantry ;  
Such sights as youthful poets dream  
On summer eves by haunted stream.  
Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
If Jonson's learnèd sock be on,  
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,  
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever, against eating cares,  
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,  
Married to immortal verse ;  
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,  
In notes with many a winding bout  
Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out,  
With wanton heed and giddy cunning ;  
The melting voice through mazes running,  
Untwisting all the chains that tie  
The hidden soul of harmony ;  
That Orpheus' self may heave his head  
From golden slumber on a bed



Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear  
Such strains as would have won the ear  
Of Pluto, to have quite set free  
His half-regained Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,  
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

*J. Milton.*

### MAY-DAY.

GET up, get up for shame! the blooming morn  
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.  
See how Aurora throws her fair  
Fresh-quilted colours through the air:  
Get up, sweet-slug-a-bed, and see  
The dew bespangling herb and tree.  
Each flower has wept, and bowed toward the east,  
Above an hour since; yet you not drest,  
Nay! not so much as out of bed?  
When all the birds have matins said,  
And sung their thankful hymns: 'tis sin,  
Nay, profanation, to keep in,—  
Whenas a thousand virgins on this day,  
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise; and put on your foliage, and be seen  
To come forth, like the Spring-time, fresh and green,  
And sweet as Flora. Take no care  
For jewels for your gown, or hair:  
Fear not; the leaves will strew  
Gems in abundance upon you:

Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,  
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept :  
    Come, and receive them while the light  
    Hangs on the dew-locks of the night :  
    And Titan on the eastern hill  
    Retires himself, or else stands still  
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying :  
Few beads are best, when once we go a Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come ; and coming, mark  
How each field turns a street ; each street a park  
    Made green, and trimmed with trees : see how  
    Devotion gives each house a bough  
    Or branch : each porch, each door, ere this,  
    An ark, a tabernacle is  
Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove ;  
As if here were those cooler shades of love.  
    Can such delights be in the street,  
    And open fields, and we not see't ?  
    Come, we'll abroad : and let's obey  
    The proclamation made for May :  
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying ;  
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a Maying.

There's not a budding boy, or girl, this day,  
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.  
    A deal of youth, ere this, is come  
    Back, and with white-thorn laden home.  
    Some have dispatched their cakes and cream,  
    Before that we have left to dream :  
And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted troth,  
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth :  
    Many a green-gown has been given ;  
    Many a kiss, both odd and even :

Many a glance, too, has been sent  
 From out the eye, love's firmament :  
 Many a jest told of the keys betraying  
 This night, and locks picked :—yet we're not a Maying.

—Come, let us go, while we are in our prime ;  
 And take the harmless folly of the time !  
     We shall grow old apace, and die  
     Before we know our liberty.  
 Our life is short ; and our days run  
 As fast away as does the sun :—  
 And as a vapour, or a drop of rain  
 Once lost, can ne'er be found again :  
     So when or you or I are made  
     A fable, song, or fleeting shade :  
     All love, all liking, all delight  
     Lies drowned with us in endless night.  
 —Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,  
 Come, my Corinna ! come, let's go a Maying.

*R. Herrick.*

## THE SHEARING-FEAST.

*(A Winter's Tale.)*

FLORIZEL—POLIXENES—CAMILLO—SHEPHERD—PERDITA.

*Shepherd.* Fie, daughter ! when my old wife lived, upon  
 This day she was both pantler, butler, cook,  
 Both dame and servant ; welcomed all, served all :  
 Would sing her song and dance her turn ; now here,  
 At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle ;

On his shoulder, and his ; her face o' fire  
 With labour and the thing she took to quench it,  
 She would to each one sip. You are retired,  
 As if you were a feasted one and not  
 The hostess of the meeting : pray you, bid  
 These unknown friends to a welcome ; for it is  
 A way to make us better friends, more known.  
 Come, quench your blushes and present yourself  
 That which you are, mistress o' the feast : come on,  
 And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,  
 As your good flock shall prosper.

*Perdita.* [To *Polixenes.*] Sir, welcome :  
 It is my father's will I should take on me  
 The hostess-ship o' the day. [To *Camillo.*] You're welcome,  
 sir.

Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. Reverend sirs,  
 For you there's rosemary and rue ; these keep  
 Seeming and savour all the winter long :  
 Grace and remembrance be to you both,  
 And welcome to our shearing !

*Polixenes.* Shepherdess,—  
 A fair one are you—well you fit our ages  
 With flowers of winter.

*Perdita.* Sir, the year growing ancient,  
 Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth  
 Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o' the season  
 Are our carnations, and streaked gillyvors,  
 Which some call nature's bastards ; of that kind  
 Our rustic garden's barren ; and I care not  
 To get slips of them.

*Polixenes.* Wherefore, gentle maiden,  
 Do you neglect them ?

*Perdita.* For I have heard it said  
 There is an art which in their piedness shares  
 With great creating nature.

*Polixenes.* Say there be ;  
 Yet nature is made better by no mean  
 But nature makes that mean : so, over that art  
 Which you say adds to nature, is an art  
 That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry  
 A gentler scion to the wildest stock,  
 And make conceive a bark of baser kind  
 By bud of nobler race ; this is an art  
 Which does mend nature, change it rather ; but  
 The art itself is nature.

*Perdita.* So it is.

*Polixenes.* Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,  
 And do not call them bastards.

*Perdita.* I'll not put  
 The dibble in earth to set one slip of them ;  
 No more than were I painted I would wish  
 This youth should say 'twere well and only therefore  
 Desire to breed by me. Here's flowers for you ;  
 Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram ;  
 The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,  
 And with him rises weeping : these are flowers  
 Of middle summer, and, I think they are given  
 To men of middle age. You're very welcome.

*Camillo.* I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,  
 And only live by gazing.

*Perdita.* Out, alas !  
 You'd be so lean, that blasts of January  
 Would blow you through and through. Now, my fair'st friend,  
 I would I had some flowers o' the spring that might  
 Become your time of day ; and yours, and yours,  
 That wear upon your virgin branches yet  
 Your maidenheads growing ; O Proserpina,  
 For the flowers now, that, frighted thou let'st fall  
 From Dis's waggon ! daffodils,  
 That come before the swallow dares, and take

The winds of March with beauty ; violets dim,  
 But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes  
 Or Cytherea's breath ; pale primroses,  
 That die unmarried, ere they can behold  
 Bright Phœbus in his strength—a malady  
 Most incident to maids ; bold oxlips, and  
 The crown imperial ; lilies of all kinds,  
 The flower-de-luce being one ! O, these I lack,  
 To make you garlands of ; and my sweet friend,  
 To strew him o'er and o'er !

*Florizel.*

What, like a corse ?

*Perdita.* No, like a bank for love to lie and play on ;  
 Not like a corse ; or if, not to be buried,  
 But quick and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers :  
 Methinks I play as I have seen them do  
 In Whitsun pastorals : sure this robe of mine  
 Doth change my disposition.

*Florizel.*

What you do

Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,  
 I'd have you do it ever : when you sing,  
 I'd have you buy and sell so, so give alms,  
 Pray so ; and, for the ordering your affairs,  
 To sing them too : when you do dance, I wish you  
 A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do  
 Nothing but that ; move still, still so,  
 And own no other function : each your doing,  
 So singular in each particular,  
 Crowns what you are doing in the present deed,  
 That all your acts are queens.

*Perdita.*

O Doricles,

Your praises are too large : but that your youth,  
 And the true blood which peepeth fairly through 't,  
 Do plainly give you out an unstained shepherd,  
 With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,  
 You wooed me the false way.

*Florizel.* I think you have  
As little skill to fear, as I have purpose  
To put you to 't. But, come ; our dance, I pray ;  
Your hand, my Perdita ; so turtles pair,  
That never mean to part.

*Perdita.* I'll swear for 'em.

*Polixenes.* This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever  
Ran on the green-sward : nothing she does or seems  
But smacks of something greater than herself,  
Too noble for this place.

*Camillo.* He tells her something,  
That makes her blood look out : good sooth, she is  
The queen of curds and cream.

*W. Shakespeare.*

### A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

So now is come our joyfulest feast ;  
Let every man be jolly,  
Each room with ivy leaves is drest  
And every post with holly.  
Though some churls at our mirth repine,  
Round your foreheads garlands twine,  
Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,  
And let us all be merry.

Now every lad is wondrous trim,  
And no man minds his labour ;  
Our lasses have provided them  
A bag-pipe and a tabor.

Young men and maids and girls and boys  
Give life to one another's joys,  
And you anon shall by their noise  
Perceive that they are merry.

Rank misers now do sparing shun,  
Their hall of music soundeth ;  
And dogs thence with whole shoulders run,  
So all things here aboundeth.  
The country folk themselves advance,  
For Crowdy-mutton's come out of France,  
And Jack shall pipe, and Jill shall dance,  
And all the town be merry.

Ned Swash hath fetched his bands from pawn,  
And all his best apparel ;  
Brisk Nell hath bought a ruff of lawn  
With droppings of the barrel.  
And those that hardly all the year  
Had bread to eat or rags to wear,  
Will have both clothes and dainty fare  
And all the day be merry.

. . . . .  
The wenches with their wassail-bowls  
About the street are singing,  
The boys are come to catch the owls,  
The wild-mare in is bringing.  
Our kitchen-boy hath broke his box,  
And to the dealing of the ox  
Our honest neighbours come by flocks,  
And here they will be merry.

. . . . .



Then wherefore in these merry days  
 Should we I pray be duller ?  
 No let us sing our roundelays  
 To make our mirth the fuller :  
 And whilest thus inspired we sing  
 Let all the streets with echoes ring :  
 Woods, and hills, and everything  
 Bear witness we are merry.

*G. Wither.*

## WINTER.

*(Love's Labour's Lost.)*

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,  
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,  
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
 And milk comes frozen home in pail,  
 When blood is nipped and ways be foul,  
 Then nightly sings the staring owl.

Tu-whit ;

Tu-who, a merry note,  
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,  
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,  
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw,  
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,  
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,

Tu-whit ;

Tu-who, a merry note,  
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

*W. Shakespeare.*

## SUNRISE.

*(Faery Queen.)*

By this the northern waggoner had set  
His sevenfold team behind the steadfast star  
That was in ocean waves yet never wet,  
But firm is fixt, and sendeth light from far  
To all that in the wide deep wandering are ;  
And cheerful chanticleer with his note shrill  
Hath warnèd once, that Phœbus' fiery car  
In haste was climbing up the eastern hill,  
Full envious that Night so long his room did fill.

*E. Spenser.*

## MORNING SONG OF THE PRIEST OF PAN

*(The Faithful Shepherdess.)*

SHEPHERDS, rise, and shake off sleep !  
See the blushing morn doth peep  
Through the windows, while the sun  
To the mountain-tops is run,  
Gilding all the vales below  
With his rising flames which grow  
Greater by his climbing still.  
Up, ye lazy grooms, and fill  
Bag and bottle for the field !  
Clasp your cloaks fast, lest they yield

To the bitter north-east wind.  
Call the maidens up, and find  
Who lay longest, that she may  
Go without a friend all day ;  
Then reward your dogs, and pray  
Pan to keep you from decay :  
So unfold, and then away !

*G. Fletcher.*

## EVENING SONG OF THE PRIEST OF PAN.

*(The Same.)*

SHEPHERDS all, and maidens fair,  
Fold your flocks up, for the air  
'Gins to thicken, and the sun  
Already his great course hath run.  
See the dew-drops how they kiss  
Every little flower that is ;  
Hanging on their velvet heads,  
Like a rope of crystal beads,  
See the heavy clouds low falling,  
And bright Hesperus down calling  
The dead Night from underground ;  
At whose rising mists unsound,  
Damps and vapours fly apace,  
Hovering o'er the wanton face  
Of these pastures, where they come,  
Striking dead both bud and bloom :  
Therefore, from such danger lock  
*Everyone his lovèd flock ;*

And let your dogs lie loose without,  
Lest the wolf come as a scout  
From the mountain, and, ere day,  
Bear a lamb or kid away ;  
Or the crafty thievish fox  
Break upon your simple flocks.  
To secure yourselves from these,  
Be not too secure in ease ;  
Let one eye his watches keep,  
While the other eye doth sleep ;  
So shall you good shepherds prove,  
And for ever have the love  
Of our great god. Sweetest slumbers,  
And soft silence fall in numbers  
On your eye-lids ! So, farewell !  
Thus I end my evening's knell.

*G. Fletcher.*

## THE STUDIOUS LIFE.

*(Lycidas.)*

ALAS ! what boots it with incessant care  
To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,  
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse ?  
Were it not better done, as others use,  
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,  
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair ?  
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise  
(That last infirmity of noble minds)  
To scorn delights and live laborious days :  
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,

And think to burst out into sudden blaze,  
 Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,  
 And slits the thin-spun life. 'But not the praise,'  
 Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears;  
 'Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,  
 Nor in the glistening foil  
 Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies:  
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,  
 And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;  
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,  
 Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.'

*J. Milton.*

### THE EASY LIFE.

Is this a life, to break thy sleep,  
 To rise as soon as day doth peep?  
 To tire thy patient ox or ass  
 By noon, and let thy good days pass,  
 Not knowing this, that Joves decrees  
 Some mirth, t' adulce man's miseries?  
 —No: 'tis a life to have thine oil  
 Without extortion from thy soil;  
 Thy faithful fields to yield thee grain,  
 Although with some, yet little pain;  
 To have thy mind, and nuptial bed,  
 With feares and cares uncumbered;  
 A pleasing wife, that by thy side  
 Lies softly panting like a bride;  
 —This is to live, and to endear  
 Those minutes Time has sent us here.

Then, while fates suffer, live thou free,  
As is that air that circles thee ;  
And crown thy temples too ; and let  
Thy servant, not thy own self, sweat,  
To strut thy barns with sheaves of wheat.  
—Time steals away like to a stream,  
And we glide hence away with them :  
No sound recalls the hours once fled,  
Or roses, being witherèd ;  
Nor us, my friend, when we are lost,  
Like to a dew, or melted frost.  
—Then live we mirthful while we should,  
And turn the iron age to gold ;  
Let's feast and frolic, sing and play,  
And thus less last, than live our day.  
Whose life with care is overcast,  
That man's not said to live, but last ;  
Nor is't a life, seven years to tell,  
But for to live that half seven well ;  
And that we'll do, as men who know,  
Some few sands spent, we hence must go,  
Both to be blended in the urn,  
From whence there's never a return.

*R. Herrick.*

## AN APOLOGY FOR HIS LIFE.

*(Sonnets.)*

ALAS, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,  
And made myself a motley to the view,  
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,  
Made old offences of affections new.



TO  
THE MEMORY OF MASTER W. SHAKESPEARE.

WE wondered, Shakespeare, that thou went'st so soon  
From the world's stage to the grave's tiring-room :  
We thought thee dead : but this thy printed worth  
Tells thy spectators, that thou went'st but forth  
To enter with applause : an actor's art  
Can die, and live to act a second part :  
That's but an exit of mortality,  
This a re-entrance to a plaudite.

*J. Marston.*

TO BEN JONSON.

AH Ben !  
Say how or when  
Shall we, thy guests,  
Meet at those lyric feasts,  
Made at the Sun,  
The Dog, the Triple Tun ;  
Where we such clusters had,  
As made us nobly wild, not mad ?  
And yet each verse of thine  
Out-did the meat, out-did the frolic wine.



My Ben !  
 Or come again,  
 Or send to us  
 Thy wit's great overplus ;  
 But teach us yet  
 Wisely to husband it,  
 Lest we that talent spend :  
 And having once brought to an end  
 That precious stock,—the store  
 Of such a wit the world should have no more.  
*R. Herrick.*

## TO THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

REMEMBRANCE of that most heroic spirit,  
 The heaven's pride, the glory of our days,  
 Which now triumpheth (through immortal merit  
 Of his brave virtues,) crowned with lasting bays,  
 Of heavenly bliss and everlasting praise;  
 Who first my Muse did lift out of the floor,  
 To sing his sweet delights in lowly lays ;  
 Bids me, most noble Lady, to adore  
 His goodly image living evermore  
 In the divine resemblance of your face ;  
 Which with your virtues ye embellish more,  
 And native beauty deck with heavenly grace ;  
 For his, and for your own especial sake,  
 Vouchsafe from him this token in good worth to take.  
*E. Spenser.*

## EPITAPH ON THE SAME.

UNDERNEATH this sable herse  
 Lies the subject of all verse,  
 Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;  
 Death ! ere thou hast slain another,  
 Learned, and fair, and good as she,  
 Time shall throw a dart at thee.

*B. Jonson.*

## TO CROMWELL.

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud  
 Not of war only, but detractions rude,  
 Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,  
 To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,  
 And on the neck of crownèd Fortune proud  
 Hast reared God's trophies, and his work pursued,  
 While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbrued,  
 And Dunbar field, resounds thy praises loud,  
 And Worcester's laureate wreath : yet much remains  
 To conquer still ; peace hath her victories  
 No less renowned than war : new foes arise,  
 Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains.  
 Help us to save free conscience from the paw  
 Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

*J. Milton.*

## ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent,  
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,  
And that one talent, which is death to hide,  
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent  
To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
My true account, lest he, returning, chide;  
'Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?'  
I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent  
That murmur, soon replies, 'God doth not need  
Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best  
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state  
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,  
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;  
They also serve who only stand and wait.'

*J. Milton.*

## FAIR HELEN.

*(Old Ballad.)*

I WISH I were where Helen lies;  
Night and day on me she cries;  
O that I were where Helen lies  
On fair Kirconnell lea!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,  
And curst the hand that fired the shot,  
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,  
And died to succour me !

O think na but my heart was sair  
When my Love dropt down and spak nae mair !  
I laid her down wi' meikle care  
On fair Kirconnell lea.

As I went down the water-side,  
None but my foe to be my guide,  
None but my foe to be my guide,  
On fair Kirconnell lea ;

I lighted down my sword to draw,  
I hachèd him in pieces sma',  
I hachèd him in pieces sma',  
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare !  
I'll make a garland of thy hair  
Shall bind my heart for ever mair  
Until the day I die.

O that I were where Helen lies !  
Night and day on me she cries ;  
Out of my bed she bids me rise,  
Says, ' Haste and come to me !'

O Helen fair ! O Helen chaste !  
If I were with thee, I were blest,  
Where thou lies low and takes thy rest  
On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish my grave was growing green,  
A winding-sheet, drawn ower my een,  
And I in Helen's arms lying,  
On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish I were where Helen lies :  
Night and day on me she cries ;  
And I am weary of the skies,  
Since my Love died for me.

## DIRGE.

*(Cymbeline.)*

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,  
Nor the furious winter's rages :  
Thou thy worldly task has done,  
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages :  
Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,  
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;  
Care no more to clothe, and eat :  
To thee the reed is as the oak :  
The sceptre, learning, physic must  
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,  
 Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone :  
 Fear not slander, censure rash ;  
 Thou hast finished joy and moan :  
 All lovers young, all lovers must  
 Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee !  
 Nor no witchcraft charm thee !  
 Ghost unlaid forbear thee !  
 Nothing ill come near thee !  
 Quiet consummation have ;  
 And renownèd be thy grave !

*W. Shakespeare.*

### LAST LINES.

*(Verses believed to have been written in his Bible the night  
 before his Execution, Oct. 29, 1618.)*

EVEN such is time, that takes in trust  
 Our youth, our joys, our all we have,  
 And pays us but with earth and dust ;  
 Who, in the dark and silent grave,  
 When we have wandered all our ways,  
 Shuts up the story of our days ;  
 But from this earth, this grave, this dust,  
 My God shall raise me up I trust.

*Sir W. Raleigh.*



## BOOK THE SECOND.





## THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

(II. 3, *to the end.*)

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,  
 Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,  
 Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,  
 Or where Mæander's amber waves  
 In lingering lab'rinth creep,  
 How do your tuneful echoes languish,  
 Mute, but to the voice of anguish!  
 Where each old poetic mountain  
 Inspiration breathed around;  
 Every shade and hallowed fountain  
 Murmured deep a solemn sound:  
 Till the said Nine, in Greece's evil hour,  
 Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.  
 Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,  
 And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.  
 When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,  
 They sought, oh Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

Far from the sun and summer-gale,  
 In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid,  
 What time, where lucid Avon strayed,  
 To him the mighty mother did unveil  
 Her awful face: the dauntless child  
 Stretched forth his little arm and smiled.  
 'This pencil take (she said), whose colours clear  
 Richly paint the vernal year:

Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy !  
 This can unlock the gates of joy ;  
 Of horror that, and thrilling fears,  
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.'

Nor second He, that rode sublime  
 Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,  
 The secrets of th' abyss to spy.

He passed the flaming bounds of place and time :  
 The living throne, the sapphire blaze,  
 Where angels tremble while they gaze,  
 He saw ; but, blasted with excess of light,  
 Closed his eyes in endless night.  
 Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,  
 Wide o'er the field's of glory bear  
 Two coursers of ethereal race,  
 With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding pace.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore !  
 Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,  
 Scatters from her pictured urn  
 Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.  
 But ah ! 'tis heard no more——

Oh ! lyre divine, what daring spirit  
 Wakes thee now ? Tho' he inherit

Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,

That the Theban eagle bear,

Sailing with supreme dominion

Thro' the azure deep of air :

Yet oft before his infant eyes would run

Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,

With orient hues, unborrowed of the sun :

Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way

Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,

Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great.

*T. Gray.*

## THE TRIUMPH OF DULNESS.

*(The Dunciad.)*

IN vain, in vain—the all-composing hour  
Resistless falls : the Muse obeys the power.  
She comes ! she comes ! the sable throne behold  
Of Night primeval, and of Chaos old !  
Before her Fancy's gilded clouds decay,  
And all its varying rain-bows die away.  
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,  
The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.  
As one by one, at dread Medea's strain,  
The sickening stars fade off th' ethereal plain ;  
As Argus' eyes, by Hermes, wand oppressed,  
Closed one by one to everlasting rest ;  
Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,  
Art after Art goes out, and all is night.  
See skulking Truth to her old cavern fled,  
Mountains of Casuistry heaped o'er her head !  
Philosophy, that leaned on heaven before,  
Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.  
Physic of Metaphysic begs defence,  
And Metaphysic calls for aid on Sense !  
See Mystery to Mathematics fly !  
In vain ! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.  
Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,  
And unawares Morality expires.

Nor public flame nor private dares to shine ;  
 Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine !  
 Lo ! thy dread empire, Chaos, is restored !  
 Light dies before thy uncreating word ;  
 Thy hand, great Anarch, lets the curtain fall,  
 And universal darkness buries all !

*A. Pope.*

## ALEXANDER'S FEAST ;

OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.

*(A Song in honour of St. Cecilia's Day, 1697.)*

'TWAS at the royal feast for Persia won  
 By Philip's warlike son :  
 Aloft in awful state  
 The godlike hero sate  
 On his imperial throne ;  
 His valiant peers were placed around ;  
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound :  
 (So should desert in arms be crowned.)  
 The lovely Thais, by his side,  
 Sate like a blooming Eastern bride,  
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride.  
 Happy, happy, happy pair !  
 None but the brave,  
 None but the brave,  
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

*Chorus.*

Happy, happy, happy pair !  
 None but the brave,  
 None but the brave,  
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus, placed on high  
 Amid the tuneful quire,  
 With flying fingers touched the lyre :  
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,  
 And heavenly joys inspire.  
 The song began from Jove,  
 Who left his blissful seats above,  
 (Such is the power of mighty love.)  
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god :  
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode,  
 When he to fair Olympia pressed ;  
 And while he sought her snowy breast,  
 Then round her slender waist he curled,  
 And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.  
 The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,  
 A present deity, they shout around ;  
 A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound :  
     With ravished ears  
     The monarch hears,  
     Assumes the god,  
     Affects to nod,  
 And seems to shake the spheres.

*Chorus.*

    With ravished ears  
     The monarch hears,  
     Assumes the god,  
     Affects to nod,  
 And seems to shake the spheres.  
 The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,  
 Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young.  
     The jolly god in triumph comes ;  
     Sound the trumpets, beat the drums ;  
     Flushed with a purple grace  
     He shows his honest face :

Now give the hautboys breath ; he comes, he comes.

Bacchus, ever fair and young,  
Drinking joys did first ordain ;  
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,  
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure ;  
Rich the treasure,  
Sweet the pleasure,  
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

*Chorus.*

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,  
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure ;  
Rich the treasure,  
Sweet the pleasure,  
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound the king grew vain ;  
Fought all his battles o'er again ;  
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain  
The master saw the madness rise,  
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;  
And while he heaven and earth defied,  
Changed his hand, and checked his pride.  
He chose a mournful Muse,  
Soft pity to infuse ;  
He sung Darius great and good,  
By too severe a fate,  
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,  
Fallen from his high estate,  
And weltering in his blood ;  
Deserted at his utmost need  
By those his former bounty fed :  
On the bare earth exposed he lies,  
With not a friend to close his eyes.  
With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,

Revolving in his altered soul  
 The various turns of chance below ;  
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole,  
 And tears began to flow.

*Chorus.*

Revolving in his altered soul  
 The various turns of chance below ;  
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole,  
 And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see  
 That love was in the next degree ;  
 'Twas but a kindred-sound to move,  
 For pity melts the mind to love.  
     Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,  
     Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.  
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;  
 Honour but an empty bubble ;  
     Never ending, still beginning,  
 Fighting still, and still destroying :  
     If the world be worth thy winning,  
 Think, O think it worth enjoying :  
     Lovely Thais sits beside thee,  
     Take the good the gods provide thee,  
 The many rend the skies with loud applause ;  
 So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.  
     The prince, unable to conceal his pain,  
     Gazed on the fair  
     Who caused his care,  
     And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,  
     Sighed and looked, and sighed again ;  
 At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,  
 The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.



*Chorus.*

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,  
Gazed on the fair  
Who caused his care,  
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,  
Sighed and looked, and sighed again ;  
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,  
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again ;  
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.  
Break his bands of sleep asunder,  
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.  
Hark, hark, the horrid sound  
Has raised up his head ;  
As awaked from the dead,  
And, amazed, he stares around.  
'Revenge, revenge!' Timotheus cries ;  
'See the Furies arise ;  
See the snakes that they rear,  
How they hiss in their hair,  
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !  
Behold a ghastly band,  
Each a torch in his hand !  
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain :  
And unburied remain  
Inglorious on the plain :  
Give the vengeance due  
To the valiant crew.  
Behold how they toss their torches on high,  
How they point to the Persian abodes,  
And glittering temples of their hostile gods,'

The princes applaud with a furious joy ;  
And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;  
    Thais led the way,  
    To light him to his prey,  
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

*Chorus.*

And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;  
    Thais led the way,  
    To light him to his prey,  
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

    Thus long ago,  
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,  
    While organs yet were mute,  
    Timotheus, to his breathing flute  
    And sounding lyre,  
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.  
    At last divine Cecilia came,  
    Inventress of the vocal frame ;  
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,  
    Enlarged the former narrow bounds,  
    And added length to solemn sounds,  
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.  
    Let old Timotheus yield the prize,  
    Or both divide the crown :  
He raised a mortal to the skies ;  
    She drew an angel down.

*Grand Chorus.*

    At last divine Cecilia came,  
    Inventress of the vocal frame ;  
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,  
    Enlarged the former narrow bounds,  
    And added length to solemn sounds,  
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,  
Or both divide the crown :  
He raised a mortal to the skies ;  
She drew an angel down.

*J. Dryden.*

### THE FORTUNE OF WAR.

*(The Vanity of Human Wishes.)*

ON what foundation stands the warrior's pride,  
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide ;  
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,  
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire ;  
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,  
Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain :  
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,  
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field ;  
Behold surrounding kings their powers combine,  
And one capitulate, and one resign ;  
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain ;  
'Think nothing gained,' he cries, 'till nought remain,  
'On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,  
'And all be mine beneath the polar sky.'  
The march begins in military state,  
And nations on his eye suspended wait ;  
Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,  
And Winter barricades the realms of Frost ;  
He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay ;—  
Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day :  
The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,  
And shows his miseries in distant lands ;

Condemned a needy suppliant to wait,  
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.  
But did not Chance at length her error mend?  
Did no subverted empire mark his end?  
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?  
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?  
His fall was destined to a barren strand,  
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;  
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,  
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

*S. Johnson.*

### THE PASSIONS.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,  
While yet in early Greece she sung,  
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,  
Thronged around her magic cell,  
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,  
Possest beyond the muse's painting:  
By turns they felt the glowing mind  
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined;  
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,  
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,  
From the supporting myrtles round  
They snatched her instruments of sound;  
And, as they oft had heard apart  
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,  
Each (for madness ruled the hour)  
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear, his hand, its skill to try,  
Amid the chords bewildered laid,  
And back recoiled, he knew not why,  
Even at the sound himself had made.  
Next Anger rushed; his eyes on fire,  
In lightnings owned his secret stings :  
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,  
And swept with hurried hands the strings,

With woful measures wan Despair  
Low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled ;  
A solemn, strange, and mingled air ;  
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,  
What was thy delightful measure ?  
Still it whispered promised pleasure,  
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail !  
Still would her touch the strain prolong ;  
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,  
She called on Echo still, through all the song ;  
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,  
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,  
And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair.

And longer had she sung ;—but, with a frown,  
Revenge impatient rose :  
He threw his blood-stained sword, in thunder, down ;  
And with a withering look,  
The war-denouncing trumpet took,  
And blew a blast so loud and dread,  
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe !  
And, ever and anon, he beat  
The doubling drum, with furious heat ;

And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,  
Dejected Pity, at his side,  
Her soul-subduing voice applied,  
Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien,  
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his head.  
Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were fixed ;  
Sad proof of thy distressful state :  
Of differing themes the veering song was mixed ;  
And now it courted love, now raving called on hate.  
With eyes upraised, as one inspired,  
Pale Melancholy sat retired :  
And, from her wild sequestered seat,  
In notes by distance made more sweet,  
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul :  
And, dashing soft from rocks around,  
Bubbling runnels joined the sound ;  
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,  
Or, o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,  
Round an holy calm diffusing,  
Love of peace, and lonely musing  
In hollow murmurs died away.  
But O ! how altered was its sprightlier tone,  
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,  
Her bow across her shoulder flung,  
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,  
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,  
The hunter's call, to faun and dryad known !  
The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,  
Satyrs and sylvan boys, were seen,  
Peeping from forth their alleys green :  
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear ;  
And Sport leapt up, and seized his beechen spear.  
Last came Joy's ecstatic trial :  
He, with viny crown advancing,  
First to the lively pipe his hand address ;  
*But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,*

Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best ;  
They would have thought who heard the strain  
They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,  
Amidst the festal sounding shades,  
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,  
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,  
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round :  
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound ;  
And he, amidst his frolic play,  
As if he would the charming air repay,  
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music ! sphere-descended maid,  
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid !  
Why, goddess ! why, to us denied,  
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside  
As, in that loved Athenian bower,  
You learned an all-commanding power,  
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endeared,  
Can well recall what then it heard ;  
Where is thy native simple heart,  
Devote to virtue, fancy, art ?  
Arise, as in that elder time,  
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime !  
Thy wonders, in that godlike age,  
Fill thy recording sister's page—  
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,  
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,  
Had more of strength, diviner rage,  
Than all which charms this laggard age ;  
E'en all at once together found,  
Cecilia's mingled world of sound—  
O bid our vain endeavour cease ;  
Revive the just designs of Greece :  
Return in all thy simple state !  
*Confirm the tales her sons relate !*

W. Collins.

## TO BOLINGBROKE.

*(Essay on Man.)*

COME then, my Friend! my Genius! come along,  
O master of the poet and the song!  
And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends, .  
To man's low passions, or their glorious ends,  
Teach me like thee, in various nature wise,  
To fall with dignity, with temper rise;  
Formed by thy converse happily to steer  
From grave to gay, from lively to severe:  
Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,  
Intent to reason, or polite to please.  
Oh, while along the stream of time thy name  
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,  
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,  
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?  
When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,  
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,  
Shall then this verse to future age pretend  
Thou wast my guide, philosopher, and friend?  
That urged by thee, I turned the tuneful art  
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;  
From Wit's false mirror held up Nature's light;  
Showed erring Pride whatever is is right;  
That Reason, Passion, answer one great aim;  
That true Self-love and Social are the same:  
That Virtue only makes our bliss below;  
And all our Knowledge is ourselves to know.

*A. Pope.*



## THE CHARACTER OF BUCKINGHAM.

*(Absalom and Achitophel.)*

SOME of their chiefs were princes of the land ;  
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand,  
A man so various that he seemed to be  
Not one, but all mankind's epitome :  
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,  
Was everything by starts and nothing long ;  
But in the course of one revolving moon  
Was chymist, fliddler, statesman, and buffoon ;  
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,  
Beside a ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.  
Blest madman, who could every hour employ  
With something new to wish or to enjoy !  
Railing and praising were his usual themes,  
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes :  
So over violent or over civil  
That every man with him was God or Devil.  
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art ;  
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.  
Beggared by fools whom still he found too late,  
He had his jest, and they had his estate.  
He laughed himself from Court ; then sought relief  
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief :  
For spite of him, the weight of business fell  
On Absalom and wise Achitophel ;  
Thus wicked but in will, of means bereft,  
He left not faction, but of that was left.

*J. Dryden.*

## THE DEATH OF THE SAME.

*(From the Epistle to Lord Bathurst.)*

IN the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,  
The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,  
On once a flock-bed, but repaired with straw,  
With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw,  
The George and Garter dangling from that bed  
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,  
Great Villiers lies—alas! how changed from him,  
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!  
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,  
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love;  
Or just as gay, at Council, in a ring  
Of mimic Statesmen, and their merry King.  
No wit to flatter, left of all his store!  
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.  
There, victor of his health, his fortune, friends,  
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends.

*A. Pope.*

## THE VILLAGE CLERGYMAN.

*(The Deserted Village.)*

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,  
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;  
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,  
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.

A man he was to all the country dear,  
And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;  
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place ;  
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,  
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;  
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,  
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.  
His house was known to all the vagrant train,  
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain ;  
The long remembered beggar was his guest,  
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;  
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,  
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed ;  
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,  
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away ;  
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,  
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.  
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,  
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;  
Careless their merits, or their faults to scan,  
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
And even his failings leaned to virtue's side ;  
But in his duty prompt at every call,  
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all.  
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries  
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,  
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,  
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,  
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,

The reverend champion stood. At his control  
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;  
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,  
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
His looks adorned the venerable place ;  
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,  
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.  
The service past, around the pious man,  
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ;  
Even children followed with endearing wile,  
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.  
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,  
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest ;  
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,  
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.  
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,  
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

*O. Goldsmith.*

## HIS OWN CHARACTER.

*(Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot.)*

Oh let me live my own, and die so too !  
(To live and die is all I have to do :)  
Maintain a poet's dignity and ease,  
And see what friends, and read what books I please ;  
Above a patron, tho' I condescend  
Sometimes to call a minister my friend.

I was not born for courts or great affairs ;  
I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers ;  
Can sleep without a poem in my head,  
Nor know if Dennis be alive or dead.

Not fortune's worshipper, nor fashion's fool,  
Not lucre's madman, nor ambition's tool,  
Not proud, nor servile ; be one poet's praise,  
That, if he pleased, he pleased by manly ways :  
That flattery, even to Kings, he held a shame,  
And thought a lie in verse or prose the same.  
That not in fancy's maze he wandered long,  
But stooped to truth, and moralized his song :  
That not for fame, but virtue's better end,  
He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,  
The damning critic, half-approving wit,  
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit ;  
Laughed at the loss of friends he never had,  
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad ;  
The distant threats of vengeance on his head,  
The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed ;  
The tale revived, the lie so oft o'erthrown,  
Th' imputed trash, and dulness not his own ;  
The morals blackened when the writings 'scape,  
The libelled person, and the pictured shape ;  
Abuse, on all he loved, or loved him, spread,  
A friend in exile, or a father dead :  
The whisper, that to greatness still too near,  
Perhaps yet vibrates on his sovereign's ear—  
Welcome for thee, fair virtue ! all the past :  
For thee, fair virtue ! welcome even the last !

*A. Pope.*

## BURKE, REYNOLDS, AND GARRICK.

*(Retaliation.)*

HERE lies our good Edmund, whose genius was *such*,  
We scarcely can praise it, or blame it, too much ;  
Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,  
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.  
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat,  
To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote :  
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,  
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining :  
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit,  
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit ;  
For a patriot too cool ; for a drudge disobedient ;  
And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.  
In short, 'twas his fate, unemployed, or in place, sir,  
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies David Garrick, describe me who can,  
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man ;  
As an actor, confessed without rival to shine :  
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line :  
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,  
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art,  
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,  
And beplastered with rouge his own natural red.  
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting ;  
'Twas only that, when he was off, he was acting.  
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,  
He turned and he varied full ten times a day :

Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick,  
If they were not his own by finessing and trick :  
He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,  
For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back.  
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came,  
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame ;  
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,  
Who peppered the highest, was surest to please.  
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,  
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.  
Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls, so grave,  
What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave !  
How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you raised,  
While he was be-Rosciused, and you were bepraised !  
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,  
To act as an angel and mix with the skies :  
Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill,  
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will,  
Old Shakspeare receive him with praise and with love,  
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,  
He has not left a wiser or better behind ;  
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand ;  
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland ;  
Still born to improve us in every part,  
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart :  
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,  
When they judged without skill, he was still hard of hearing :  
When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,  
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.

*O. Goldsmith.*

## THE KNIGHTS OF THE LAUREL.

*(The Flower and the Leaf; after Chaucer.)*

To tell this costly furniture were long,  
The summer's day would end before the song :  
To purchase but the tenth of all their store  
Would make the mighty Persian monarch poor.  
Yet what I can, I will ; before the rest  
The trumpets issued, in white mantles dressed ;  
A numerous group, and all their heads around  
With chaplets green of cerial-oak were crowned,  
And at each trumpet was a banner bound ;  
Which waving in the wind displayed at large  
Their master's coat of arms, and knightly charge.  
Broad were the banners, and of snowy hue,  
A purer web the silkworm never drew.  
The chief about their necks the scutcheons wore,  
With orient pearls and jewels powdered o'er :  
Broad were their collars too, and everyone  
Was set about with many a costly stone.  
Next these, of kings at arms a goodly train  
In proud array came prancing o'er the plain :  
Their cloaks were cloth of silver mixed with gold,  
And garlands green around their temples rolled :  
Rich crowns were on their royal scutcheons placed,  
With sapphires, diamonds, and with rubies graced :  
And as the trumpets their appearance made,  
So these in habits were alike arrayed ;  
But with a pace more sober, and more slow,  
And twenty, rank in rank, they rode a-row.



The pursuivants came next, in number more ;  
And like the heralds each his scutcheon bore :  
Clad in white velvet all their troop they led,  
With each an open chaplet on his head,

Nine royal knights in equal rank succeed,  
Each warrior mounted on a fiery steed,  
In golden armour glorious to behold ;  
The rivets of their arms were nailed with gold.  
Their surcoats of white ermine fur were made,  
With cloth of gold between, that cast a glittering shade ;  
The trappings of their steeds were of the same ;  
The golden fringe e'en set the ground on flame,  
And drew a precious trail ; a crown divine  
Of laurel did about their temples shine.

Three henchmen were for every knight assigned,  
All in rich livery clad, and of a kind :  
White velvet, but unshorn, for cloaks they wore,  
And each within his hand a truncheon bore :  
The foremost held a helm of rare device ;  
A prince's ransom would not pay the price.  
The second bore the buckler of his knight,  
The third of cornel-wood a spear upright,  
Headed with piercing steel, and polished bright.  
Like to their lords their equipage was seen,  
And all their foreheads crowned with garlands green.

And after these came, armed with spear and shield,  
An host so great as covered all the field :  
And all their foreheads, like the knights before,  
With laurels ever green were shaded o'er,  
Or oak, or other leaves of lasting kind,  
'Tenacious of the stem and firm against the wind.  
Some in their hands, besides the lance and shield,  
The boughs of woodbind or of hawthorn held,  
Or branches for their mystic emblems took,  
*Of palm, of laurel, or of cerrial-oak.*

J. Dryden.

## BELINDA.

*(The Rape of the Lock.)*

NOT with more glories, in th' ethereal plain,  
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,  
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams  
Launched on the bosom of the silver Thames.  
Fair nymphs, and well-drest youths around her shone,  
But every eye was fixed on her alone.  
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,  
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.  
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,  
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those :  
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends ;  
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.  
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,  
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.  
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,  
Might hide her faults, if Belles had faults to hide :  
If to her share some female errors fall,  
Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.

*A. Pope.*ODE ON  
A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,  
That crown the watery glade,  
Where grateful science still adores  
Her Henry's holy shade ;

And ye, that from the stately brow  
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below  
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,  
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among  
Wanders the hoary Thames along  
His silver-winding way :

Ah, happy hills ! ah, pleasing shade !  
Ah, fields beloved in vain !  
Where once my careless childhood strayed,  
A stranger yet to pain !  
I feel the gales that from ye blow  
A momentary bliss bestow,  
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,  
My weary soul they seem to soothe,  
And, redolent of joy and youth,  
To breathe a second spring.

Say, father Thames, for thou hast seen  
Full many a sprightly race  
Disporting on thy margent green,  
The paths of pleasure trace ;  
Who foremost now delight to cleave,  
With pliant arm, thy glassy wave ?  
The captive linnet which enthrall ?  
What idle progeny succeed  
To chase the rolling circle's speed,  
Or urge the flying ball ?

While some on earnest business bent  
Their murmuring labours ply  
'Gainst graver hours that bring constraint  
To sweeten liberty :  
Some bold adventurers disdain  
*The limits of their little reign,*

And unknown regions dare descry :  
Still as they run they look behind,  
They hear a voice in every wind,  
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,  
Less pleasing when possess ;  
The tear forgot as soon as shed,  
The sunshine of the breast :  
Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue,  
Wild wit, invention ever new,  
And lively cheer, of vigour born ;  
The thoughtless day, the easy night,  
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,  
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas ! regardless of their doom  
The little victims play ;  
No sense have they of ills to come,  
Nor care beyond to-day :  
Yet see, how all around them wait  
The ministers of human fate,  
And black Misfortune's baleful train !  
Ah, show them where in ambush stand,  
To seize their prey, the murderous band !  
Ah, tell them, they are men !

These shall the fury Passions tear,  
The vultures of the mind,  
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,  
And Shame that skulks behind ;  
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,  
Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,

That inly gnaws the secret heart ;  
And Envy wan, and faded Care,  
Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,  
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,  
Then whirl the wretch from high,  
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,  
And grinning Infamy.  
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,  
And hard Unkindness' altered eye,  
That mocks the tear it forced to flow ;  
And keen Remorse with blood defiled,  
And moody Madness laughing wild  
Amid severest woe.

Lo ! in the vale of years beneath  
A grisly troop are seen,  
The painful family of Death,  
More hideous than their queen :  
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,  
That every labouring sinew strains,  
Those in the deeper vitals rage :  
Lo ! Poverty, to fill the band,  
That numbs the soul with icy hand,  
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings : all are men,  
Condemned alike to groan ;  
The tender for another's pain,  
The unfeeling for his own.  
Yet, ah ! why should they know their fate,  
Since sorrow never comes too late,

And happiness too swiftly flies ?  
 Thought would destroy their paradise.  
 No more ;—where ignorance is bliss,  
 'Tis folly to be wise.

*T. Gray.*

## ON TAKING PAINS.

*(Imitations of Horace : Epistles, bk. ii. 2.)*

IN vain bad rhymers all mankind reject,  
 They treat themselves with most profound respect ;  
 'Tis to small purpose that you hold your tongue,  
 Each praised within is happy all day long.  
 But how severely with themselves proceed  
 The men, who write such verse as we can read ?  
 Their own strict judges, not a word they spare  
 That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care,  
 Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,  
 Nay tho' at Court (perhaps) it may find grace ;  
 Such they'll degrade : and sometimes in its stead  
 In downright charity revive the dead ;  
 Mark where a bold expressive phrase appears,  
 Bright thro' the rubbish of some hundred years :  
 Command old words that long have slept to wake,  
 Words that wise Bacon, or brave Raleigh spake ;  
 Or bid the new be English ages hence,  
 (For use will father what's begot by sense)  
 Pour the full tide of eloquence along,  
 Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,  
 Rich with the treasures of each foreign tongue ;

Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,  
But show no mercy to an empty line.  
Then polish all, with so much life and ease,  
You think 'tis Nature and a knack to please.  
But ease in writing flows from Art not chance,  
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.  
*A. Pope.*

## VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

*(The Deserted Village.)*

BESIDE yon straggling fence that skirts the way,  
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,  
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,  
The village master taught his little school ;  
A man severe he was, and stern to view,  
I knew him well, and every truant knew ;  
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace  
The day's disasters in his morning face ;  
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee  
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;  
Full well the busy whisper circling round,  
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned ;  
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,  
The love he bore to learning was in fault ;  
The village all declared how much he knew ;  
'Twas certain he could write and cypher too ;  
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,  
And even the story ran—that he could gauge ;  
In arguing too, the parson owned his skill,  
For even though vanquished, he could argue still ;

While words of learned length and thundering sound  
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around,  
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,  
That one small head could carry all he knew.

*O. Goldsmith.*

## THE ENGLISH THEATRE.

*(Prologue spoken by Garrick, at the opening of Drury Lane  
Theatre, 1747.)*

WHEN Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes  
First reared the stage, immortal Shakespeare rose ;  
Each change of many-coloured life he drew,  
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new :  
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,  
And panting time toiled after him in vain.  
His powerful strokes presiding Truth impressed,  
And unresisted Passion stormed the breast.

Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,  
To please in method, and invent by rule ;  
His studious patience and laborious art  
By regular approach assailed the heart :  
Cold Approbation gave the lingering bays,  
For those, who durst not censure, scarce could praise.  
A mortal born, he met the general doom,  
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,  
Nor wished for Jonson's art, or Shakespeare's flame,  
Themselves they studied, as they felt they writ ;  
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.



Vice always found a sympathetic friend ;  
They pleased their age, and did not aim to mend.  
Yet bards like these aspired to lasting praise,  
And proudly hoped to pimp in future days.  
Their cause was general, their supports were strong,  
Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long :  
Till Shame regained the post that Sense betrayed,  
And Virtue called Oblivion to her aid.

Then, crushed by rules, and weakened as refined,  
For years the power of Tragedy declined :  
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,  
Till Declamation roared, whilst Passion slept ;  
Yet still did Virtue deign the stage to tread,  
Philosophy remained, though Nature fled.  
But forced, at length, her ancient reign to quit,  
She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of Wit ;  
Exulting Folly hailed the joyful day,  
And Pantomime and Song confirmed her sway.

But who the coming changes can presage,  
And mark the future periods of the Stage ?  
Perhaps, if skill could distant times explore,  
New Behns, new Durfey's, yet remain in store ;  
Perhaps where Lear has raved, and Hamlet died,  
On flying cars new sorcerers may ride :  
Perhaps (for who can guess th' effects of chance ?)  
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance.

Hard is his lot that, here by Fortune placed,  
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste ;  
With every metor of caprice must play,  
And chase the new-blown bubbles of the day.  
Ah ! let not Censure term our fate our choice,  
The stage but echoes back the public voice ;  
The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give,  
For we that live to please, must please to live.

Then prompt no more the follies you decry,  
 As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die ;  
 'Tis Yours, this night, to bid the reign commence  
 Of rescued Nature and reviving Sense ;  
 To chase the charms of Sound, the pomp of Show,  
 For useful Mirth and salutary Woe ;  
 Bid scenic Virtue form the rising age,  
 And Truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.

*S. Johnson.*

### THE SAME.

*(Imitations of Horace ; Epistles, bk. ii. 1.)*

THERE still remains to mortify a Wit,  
 The many-headed Monster of the Pit :  
 A senseless, worthless, and unhonoured crowd,  
 Who, to disturb their betters mighty proud,  
 Clattering their sticks before ten lines are spoke,  
 Call for the farce, the bear, or the black-joke.  
 What dear delight to Britons farce affords !  
 Ever the taste of mobs, but now of lords ;  
 (Taste, that eternal wanderer, which flies  
 From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes)  
 The Play stands still ; damn action and discourse !  
 Back fly the scenes, and enter foot and horse ;  
 Pageants on pageants in long order drawn,  
 Peers, Herald, Bishops, ermine, gold, and lawn ;  
 The Champion too ! and, to complete the jest,  
 Old Edward's armour beams on Cibber's breast.  
 With laughter sure Democritus had died,  
 Had he beheld an audience gape so wide.

Let bear or elephant be e'er so white,  
 The people, sure, the people are the sight !  
 Ah luckless Poet ! stretch thy lungs and roar,  
 That bear or elephant shall heed thee more,  
 While all its throats the Gallery extends,  
 And all the thunder of the Pit ascends !  
 Loud as the wolves on Orcas' stormy steep,  
 Howl to the roarings of the northern deep ;  
 Such is the shout, the long-applauding note,  
 At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's petticoat ;  
 Or when from Court a birth-day suit bestowed,  
 Sinks the lost actor in the tawdry load.  
 Booth enters—hark ! the universal peal !  
 'But has he spoken ?' Not a syllable.  
 What shook the stage, and made the people stare ?  
 Cato's long wig, flowered gown, and lacquered chair.  
A. Pope.

## THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

(*An Ode. From the Norse Tongue.*)

UPROSE the king of men with speed,  
 And saddled straight his coal-black steed ;  
 Down the yawning steep he rode,  
 That leads to Hela's drear abode.  
 Him the dog of darkness spied ;  
 His shaggy throat he opened wide,  
 (While from his jaws, with carnage filled,  
 Foam and human gore distilled :)  
 Hoarse he bays with hideous din,  
 Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin ;

And long pursues with fruitless yell,  
The father of the powerful spell.  
Onward still his way he takes,  
(The groaning earth beneath him shakes,)  
Till full before his fearless eyes  
The portals nine of hell arise.

Right against the eastern gate,  
By the moss-grown pile he sate ;  
Where long of yore to sleep was laid  
The dust of the prophetic maid.  
Facing to the northern clime,  
Thrice he traced the Runic rhyme ;  
Thrice pronounced, in accents dread,  
The thrilling verse that wakes the dead :  
Till from out the hollow ground  
Slowly breathed a sullen sound.

## PROPHETESS.

What call unknown, what charms presume  
To break the quiet of the tomb ?  
Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,  
And drags me from the realms of night ?  
Long on these mouldering bones have beat  
The winter's snow, the summer's heat,  
The drenching dews, and driving rain !  
Let me, let me sleep again.  
Who is he, with voice unblest,  
That calls me from the bed of rest ?

## ODIN.

A traveller, to thee unknown,  
Is he that calls, a warrior's son.

Thou the deeds of light shalt know ;  
Tell me what is done below,  
For whom yon glittering board is spread,  
Dressed for whom yon golden bed ?

## PROPHETESS.

Mantling in the goblet see  
The pure beverage of the bee :  
O'er it hangs the shield of gold ;  
'Tis the drink of Balder bold :  
Balder's head to death is given.  
Pain can reach the sons of heaven !  
Unwilling I my lips uncloze :  
Leave me, leave me to repose.

## ODIN.

Once again my call obey,  
Prophetess, arise, and say,  
What dangers Odin's child await,  
Who the author of his fate ?

## PROPHETESS.

In Hoder's hand the hero's doom ;  
His brother sends him to the tomb.  
Now my weary lips I close :  
Leave me, leave me to repose.

## ODIN.

Prophetess, my spell obey,  
Once again arise, and say,  
Who th' avenger of his guilt,  
By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt ?

## PROPHETESS.

In the caverns of the west,  
By Odin's fierce embrace comprest,  
A wondrous boy shall Rinda bear,  
Who ne'er shall comb his raven hair,  
Nor wash his visage in the stream,  
Nor see the sun's departing beam,  
Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile  
Flaming on the funeral pile.  
Now my weary lips I close :  
Leave me, leave me to repose.

## ODIN.

Yet a while my call obey ;  
Prophetess, awake, and say,  
What virgins these, in speechless woe,  
That bend to earth with solemn brow,  
That their flaxen tresses tear,  
And snowy veils that float in air ?  
Tell me whence their sorrows rose :  
Then I leave thee to repose.

## PROPHETESS.

Ha ! no traveller art thou,  
King of men, I know thee now ;  
Mightiest of a mighty line——

## ODIN.

No boding maid of skill divine  
Art thou, nor prophetess of good ;  
But mother of the giant brood !

## PROPHETESS.

Hie thee hence, and boast at home,  
That never shall inquirer come  
To break my iron-sleep again ;  
Till Lok has burst his tenfold chain ;  
Never, till substantial Night  
Has reassumed her ancient right ;  
Till wrapt in flames, in ruin hurled,  
Sinks the fabric of the world.

*T. Gray.*

## BOADICEA.

WHEN the British warrior queen,  
Bleeding from the Roman rods,  
Sought with an indignant mien,  
Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath a spreading oak  
Sat the Druid, hoary chief,  
Every burning word he spoke  
Full of rage and full of grief :

'Princess! if our aged eyes  
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,  
'Tis because resentment ties  
All the terrors of our tongues.

'Rome shall perish,—write that word  
In the blood that she has spilt ;  
Perish hopeless and abhorred,  
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

‘ Rome for empire far renowned,  
Tramples on a thousand states,  
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground,—  
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates.

‘ Other Romans shall arise,  
Heedless of a soldier’s name,  
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,  
Harmony the path to fame.

‘ Then the progeny that springs  
From the forests of our land,  
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,  
Shall a wider world command.

‘ Regions Cæsar never knew,  
Thy posterity shall sway,  
Where his eagles never flew,  
None invincible as they.’

Such the bard’s prophetic words,  
Pregnant with celestial fire,  
Bending as he swept the chords  
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She with all a monarch’s pride,  
Felt them in her bosom glow,  
Rushed to battle, fought and died,  
Dying, hurled them at the foe.

Ruffians, pitiless as proud,  
Heaven awards the vengeance due ;  
Empire is on us bestowed,  
Shame and ruin wait for you !

*W. Cooper.*



**BRUCE TO HIS TROOPS ON THE EVE OF THE  
BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.**

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,  
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led ;  
Welcome to your gory bed,  
Or to victory !

Now's the day and now's the hour :  
See the front o' battle lower :  
See approach proud Edward's power—  
Chains and slavery !

Wha will be a traitor-knave ?  
Wha can fill a coward's grave ?  
Wha sae base as be a slave ?  
Let him turn and flee !

Wha for Scotland's king and law  
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
Freeman stand, or freeman fa,'  
Let him follow me !

By oppression's woes and pains !  
By your sons in servile chains !  
We will drain our dearest veins  
But they shall be free !

Lay the proud usurpers low !  
Tyrants fall in every foe !  
Liberty's in every blow !—  
Let us do or die !

*R. Burns.*

## ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

TOLL for the brave !  
The brave that are no more !  
All sunk beneath the wave,  
Fast by their native shore !

Eight hundred of the brave,  
Whose courage well was tried,  
Had made the vessel heel,  
And laid her on her side ;

A land breeze shook the shrouds,  
And she was overset ;  
Down went the Royal George,  
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave !  
Brave Kempenfelt is gone ;  
His last sea-fight is fought ;  
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle ;  
No temptest gave the shock ;  
She sprang no fatal leak ;  
She ran upon no rock :

His sword was in its sheath ;  
His fingers held the pen,  
When Kempenfelt went down,  
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,  
Once dreaded by our foes !  
And mingle with our cup  
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,  
And she may float again  
Full-charged with England's thunder,  
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone ;  
His victories are o'er ;  
And he and his eight hundred  
Shall plough the wave no more.

*W. Cowper.*

### THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE AT CORUNNA.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,  
As his corpse to the ramparts we hurried ;  
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot  
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,  
The sods with our bayonets turning ;  
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,  
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,  
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;  
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest  
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,  
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,  
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,  
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed,  
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,  
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,  
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,  
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—  
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on  
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done  
When the clock struck the hour for retiring :  
And we heard the distant and random gun  
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;  
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—  
But we left him alone with his glory.

*C. Wolfe.*

### ODE.

*(Written in the beginning of the year 1746.)*

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest  
By all their country's wishes blessed !  
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung ;  
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;  
 There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,  
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;  
 And Freedom shall awhile repair,  
 To dwell, a weeping hermit, there !

*W. Collins.*

### THE AFFLICTION OF MARGARET.

WHERE art thou, my belovèd Son,  
 Where art thou, worse to me than dead ?  
 Oh, find me, prosperous or undone !  
 Or, if the grave be now thy bed,  
 Why am I ignorant of the same  
 That I may rest ; and neither blame  
 Nor sorrow may attend thy name ?

Seven years, alas ! to have received  
 No tidings of an only child ;  
 To have despaired, and have believed,  
 And be for evermore beguiled ;  
 Sometimes with thoughts of very bliss !  
 I catch at them, and then I miss ;  
 Was ever darkness like to this ?

He was among the prime in worth,  
 An object beauteous to behold ;  
 Well born, well bred ; I sent him forth  
*Ingenuous, innocent, and bold :*

If things ensued that wanted grace,  
As hath been said, they were not base ;  
And never blush was on my face.

Ah ! little doth the Young-one dream,  
When full of play and childish cares,  
What power is in his wildest scream ;  
Heard by his Mother unawares !  
He knows it not, he cannot guess :  
Years to a mother bring distress ;  
But do not make her love the less.

Neglect me ! no, I suffered long  
From that ill thought ; and, being blind,  
Said, ' Pride shall help me in my wrong :  
Kind mother have I been, as kind  
As ever breathed : ' and that is true ;  
I've wet my path with tears like dew,  
Weeping for him when no one knew.

My Son, if thou be humbled, poor,  
Hopeless of honour and of gain,  
Oh ! do not dread thy mother's door ;  
Think not of me with grief and pain ;  
I now can see with better eyes ;  
And worldly grandeur I despise,  
And fortune with her gifts and lies.

Alas ! the fowls of Heaven have wings,  
And blasts of Heaven will aid their flight ;  
They mount—how short a voyage brings  
The wanderers back to their delight !  
Chains tie us down by land and sea ;  
And wishes, vain as mine, may be  
All that is left to comfort thee, .

Perhaps some dungeon hears thee groan,  
Maimed, mangled by inhuman men;  
Or thou upon a desert thrown  
Inheritest the Lion's den;  
Or hast been summoned to the deep,  
Thou, Thou and all thy mates, to keep  
An incommunicable sleep.

I look for Ghosts; but none will force  
Their way to me;—'tis falsely said  
That there was ever intercourse  
Between the living and the dead;  
For, surely, then I should have sight  
Of Him I wait for day and night,  
With love and longings infinite.

My apprehensions come in crowds:  
I dread the rustling of the grass;  
The very shadows of the clouds  
Have power to shake me as they pass:  
I question things, and do not find  
One that will answer to my mind;  
And all the world appears unkind.

Beyond participation lie  
My troubles, and beyond relief:  
If any chance to heave a sigh,  
They pity me, and not my grief.  
Then come to me, my Son, or send  
Some tidings that my woes may end;  
I have no other earthly friend!

*W. Wordsworth.*

ELEGY ON  
CAPTAIN MATTHEW HENDERSON.

O DEATH ! thou tyrant fell and bloody !  
The meikle devil wi' a woodie  
Haurl thee hame to his black smiddie,  
                                    O'er hurcheon hides,  
And like stockfish came o'er his studdie  
                                    Wi' thy auld sides !

He's gane ! he's gane ! he's frae us torn,  
The ae best fellow e'er was born !  
Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel' shall mourn  
                                    By wood and wild,  
Where, haply, Pity strays forlorn,  
                                    Frae man exiled.

Ye hills, near neibours o' the starns,  
That proudly cock your creeting cairns !  
Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing yearns,  
                                    Where Echo slumbers !  
Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns,  
                                    My wailing numbers !



Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens !  
Ye hazelly shaws and briery dens !  
Ye burnies, wimplin' down your glens,  
                    Wi' toddlin' din,  
Or foaming strang, wi' hasty stens,  
                    Frae lin to lin.

Mourn, little harebells o'er the lea ;  
Ye stately foxgloves, fair to see ;  
Ye woodbines, hanging bonnilie  
                    In scented bowers ;  
Ye roses on your thorny tree,  
                    The first o' flowers.

At dawn, when every grassy blade  
Droops with a diamond at its head,  
At even, when beans their fragrance shed,  
                    I' the rustling gale,  
Ye maukins, whiddin' through the glade,  
                    Come join my wail !

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood ;  
Ye grouse, that crap the heather bud ;  
Ye curlews, calling through a clud ;  
                    Ye whistling plover ;  
And mourn, ye whirring paitrick brood—  
                    He's gane for ever !

Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals ;  
Ye fisher herons, watching eels ;  
Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels  
                    Circling the lake ;  
Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,  
                    Rair for his sake !

Mourn, clam'ring craiks at close o' day,  
'Mang fields o' flowering clover gay ;  
And when ye wing your annual way  
    Frae our cauld shore,  
Tell thae far warlds, wha lies in clay,  
    Wham we deplore.

Ye houlets, frae your ivy bower,  
In some auld tree, or eldritch tower,  
What time the moon, wi' silent glower,  
    Sets up her horn,  
Wail through the dreary midnight hour  
    Till waukrife morn !

O rivers, forests, hills, and plains !  
Oft have ye heard my canty strains :  
But now, what else for me remains  
    But tales of woe ?  
And frae my e'en the drapping rains  
    Maun ever flow.

Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year !  
Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear :  
Thou Simmer, while each corny spear  
    Shoots up its head,  
Thy gay, green, flowery tresses shear  
    For him that's dead !

Thou, Autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,  
In grief thy swallow mantle tear !  
Thou, Winter, hurling through the air  
    The roaring blast,  
Wide o'er the naked world declare  
    The worth we've lost !

Mourn him, thou Sun, great source of light  
 Mourn, Empress of the silent night !  
 And you, ye twinkling Starnies bright,  
   My Matthew mourn !  
 For through your orbe he's ta'en his flight,  
   Ne'er to return.

O Henderson ! the man !—the brother !  
 And art thou gone, and gone for ever ?  
 And hast thou crossed that unknown river,  
   Life's dreary bound ?  
 Like thee, where shall I find another,  
   The world around ?

Go to your sculptured tombs, ye great,  
 In a' the tinsel trash o' state !  
 But by thy honest turf I'll wait,  
   Thou man of worth !  
 And weep the ae best fellow's fate  
   E'er lay in earth.

*R. Burns.*

## THE QUARREL.

(*Christabel.*)

ALAS ! they had been friends in youth ;  
 But whispering tongues can poison truth ;  
 And constancy lives in realms above ;  
 And life is thorny ; and youth is vain ;  
 And to be wroth with one we love,  
 Doth work like madness in the brain.  
 And thus it chanced, as I divine,

With Roland and Sir Leoline.  
Each spake words of high disdain  
And insult to his heart's best brother :  
They parted—ne'er to meet again !  
But never either found another  
To free the hollow heart from paining—  
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,  
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder ;  
A dreary sea now flows between ;—  
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,  
Shall wholly do away, I ween,  
The marks of that which once hath been.

*S. T. Coleridge.*

## THE RECONCILIATION.

*(The Same.)*

'NAY, by my soul!' said Leoline.  
'Ho! Bracy! the bard, the charge be thine!  
Go thou, with music sweet and loud,  
And take two steeds with trappings proud,  
And take the youth whom thou lov'st best  
To bear thy harp, and learn thy song,  
And clothe you both in solemn vest,  
And over the mountains haste along,  
Lest wandering folk, that are abroad,  
Detain you on the valley road.  
And when he has crossed the Irthing flood,  
My merry bard! he hastes, he hastes  
Up Knorren Moor, through Halegarth Wood,  
And reaches soon that castle good  
Which stands and threatens Scotland's wastes.

'Bard Bracy! bard Bracy! your horses are fleet,  
Ye must ride up the hall, your music so sweet,  
More loud than your horses' echoing feet!  
And loud and loud to Lord Roland call,  
Thy daughter is safe in Langdale Hall!  
Thy beautiful daughter is safe and free—  
Sir Leoline greets thee thus through me.  
He bids thee come without delay  
With all thy numerous array;  
And take thy lovely daughter home:  
And he will meet thee on the way  
With all his numerous array  
White with their panting palfreys' foam:  
And by mine honour! I will say,  
That I repent me of the day  
When I spake words of fierce disdain  
To Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine!  
—For since that evil hour hath flown,  
Many a summer's sun hath shone;  
Yet ne'er found I a friend again  
Like Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine!'

*S. T. Coleridge.*

### JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,  
When we were first acquaint,  
Your locks were like the raven,  
Your bonnie brow was brent;

But now your brow is beld, John,  
Your locks are like the snaw ;  
But blessings on your frosty pow,  
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
We clamb the hill thegither ;  
And mony a canty day, John,  
We've had wi' ane anither :  
Now we maun totter down, John,  
But hand in hand we'll go ;  
And sleep thegither at the foot,  
John Anderson, my jo.  
*R. Burns.*

## THE DOG AND THE WATER-LILY.

The noon was shady, and soft airs  
Swept Ouse's silent tide,  
When, 'scaped from literary cares,  
I wandered on his side.

My spaniel, prettiest of his race,  
And high in pedigree,  
(Two nymphs adorned with every grace  
That spaniel found for me).

Now wantoned lost in flags and reeds,  
Now starting into sight,  
Pursued the swallow o'er the meads  
With scarce a slower flight.

It was the time when Ouse displayed  
His lilies newly blown ;  
Their beauties I intent surveyed,  
And one I wished my own.

With cane extended far I sought  
To steer it close to land ;  
But still the prize, so nearly caught,  
Escaped my eager hand.


Beau marked my unsuccessful pains  
With fixed considerate face,  
And puzzling set his puppy brains  
To comprehend the case.

But with a cherup clear and strong,  
Dispersing all his dream,  
I thence withdrew, and followed long  
The windings of the stream.

My ramble ended, I returned ;  
Beau, trotting far before,  
The floating wreath again discerned,  
And plunging left the shore.

I saw him with that lily cropped  
Impatient swim to meet  
My quick approach, and soon he dropped  
The treasure at my feet.

Charmed with the sight, The world, I cried,  
Shall hear of this thy deed :  
My dog shall mortify the pride  
Of man's superior breed ;



But chief myself I will enjoin,  
Awake at duty's call,  
To show a love as prompt as thine  
To Him who gives me all.

*W. Cowper.*

### FIDELITY.

A BARKING sound the Shepherd hears,  
A cry as of a dog or fox ;  
He halts—and searches with his eyes  
Among the scattered rocks ;  
And now at distance can discern  
A stirring in a brake of fern ;  
And instantly a dog is seen,  
Glancing through that covert green.

The Dog is not of mountain breed ;  
Its motions, too, are wild and shy ;  
With something, as the Shepherd thinks,  
Unusual in its cry :  
Nor is there any one in sight  
All round, in hollow or on height ;  
Nor shout, nor whistle strikes his ear ;  
What is the Creature doing here ?

It was a cove, a huge recess,  
That keeps, till June, December's snow ;  
A lofty precipice in front,  
A silent tarn below !



Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,  
Remote from public road or dwelling,  
Pathway, or cultivated land ;  
From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth a leaping fish  
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer ;  
The crags repeat the raven's croak,  
In symphony austere ;  
Thither the rainbow comes—the cloud—  
And mists that spread the flying shroud ;  
And sunbeams ; and the sounding blast,  
That, if it could, would hurry past ;  
But that enormous barrier binds it fast.

Not free from boding thoughts, a while  
The Shepherd stood : then makes his way  
Towards the Dog, o'er rocks and stones,  
As quickly as he may ;  
Nor far had gone before he found  
A human skeleton on the ground ;  
The appalled discoverer with a sigh  
Looks round, to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks  
The Man had fallen, that place of fear !  
At length upon the Shepherd's mind  
It breaks, and all is clear :  
He instantly recalled the name,  
And who he was, and whence he came ;  
Remembered, too, the very day  
On which the traveller passed this way.

But hear a wonder, for whose sake  
This lamentable tale I tell !

A lasting monument of words  
This wonder merits well.  
The Dog, which still was hovering nigh,  
Repeating the same timid cry,  
This Dog, had been through three months' space  
A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain that, since the day  
When this ill-fated traveller died,  
The Dog had watched about the spot,  
Or by his Master's side :  
How nourished here through such long time  
He knows, who gave that love sublime ;  
And gave that strength of feeling, great  
Above all human estimate.

*W. Wordsworth.*

## LOVE.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights  
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,  
All are but ministers of Love,  
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I  
Live o'er again that happy hour,  
When midway on the mount I lay,  
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,  
Had blended with the lights of eve ;  
And she was there, my hope, my joy,  
My own dear Genevieve !

She leaned against the armed man,  
The statue of the armed knight ;  
She stood and listened to my lay,  
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,  
My hope ! my joy ! my Genevieve !  
She loves me best, whene'er I sing  
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,  
I sang an old and moving story—  
An old rude song, that suited well  
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a fitting blush,  
With downcast eyes and modest grace ;  
For well she knew, I could not choose  
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore  
Upon his shield a burning brand ;  
And that for ten long years he wooed  
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined ; and ah !  
The deep, the low, the pleading tone  
With which I sang another's love,  
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a fitting blush,  
With downcast eyes, and modest grace ;  
And she forgave me, that I gazed  
Too fondly on her face !

But when I told the cruel scorn  
That crazed that bold and lovely Knight,  
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,  
Nor rested day nor night ;

That sometimes from the savage den,  
And sometimes from the darksome shade,  
And sometimes starting up at once  
In green and sunny glade,—

There came and looked him in the face  
An angel beautiful and bright ;  
And that he knew it was a Fiend,  
This miserable Knight !

And that unknowing what he did,  
He leaped amid a murderous band,  
And saved from outrage worse than death  
The Lady of the Land !—

And how she wept, and clasped his knees ;  
And how she tended him in vain—  
And ever strove to expiate  
The scorn that crazed his brain ;—

And that she nursed him in a cave ;  
And how his madness went away,  
When on the yellow forest leaves  
A dying man he lay ;—

His dying words—but when I reached  
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,  
My faltering voice and pausing harp  
Disturbed her soul with pity !

All impulses of soul and sense  
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve ;  
The music, and the doleful tale,  
The rich and balmy eve ;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,  
An undistinguishable throng,  
And gentle wishes, long subdued,  
Subdued and cherished long !

She wept with pity and delight,  
She blushed with love, and virgin ~~shame~~ ;  
And like the murmur of a dream,  
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stept aside,  
As conscious of my look she stept—  
Then suddenly, with timorous eye  
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,  
She pressed me with a meek embrace ;  
And bending back her head, looked up,  
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,  
And partly 'twas a bashful art,  
That I might rather feel than see,  
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,  
And told her love with virgin-pride ;  
And so I won my Genevieve,  
My bright and beauteous Bride.

*S. T. Coleridge.*

## KINDNESS TO DUMB ANIMALS.

*(Hart-Leap Well.)*

‘ GRAY-HEADED Shepherd, thou hast spoken well ;  
Small difference lies between thy creed and mine :  
This **Beast not** unobserved by Nature fell ;  
His **death** ~~was~~ mourned by sympathy divine.

‘ The Being, that is in the clouds and air,  
That is in the green leaves among the groves,  
Maintains a deep and reverential care  
For the unoffending creatures whom he loves.

‘ The Pleasure-house is dust :—behind, before,  
This is no common waste, no common gloom ;  
But Nature, in due course of time, once more  
Shall here put on her beauty and her bloom.

‘ She leaves these objects to a slow decay,  
That what we are, and have been, may be known ;  
But, at the coming of the milder day,  
These monuments shall all be overgrown.

‘ One lesson, Shepherd, let us two divide,  
Taught both by what she shows, and what conceals,  
Never to blend our pleasure or our pride  
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.’

*W. Wordsworth.*

## KUBLA KHAN.

IN Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
A stately pleasure-dome decree :  
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
Through caverns measureless to man  
Down to a sunless sea.

So twice five miles of fertile ground  
With walls and towers were girdled round :  
And here were gardens bright with sinuous rills  
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree ;  
And here were forests ancient as the hills,  
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh ! that deep romantic chasm which slanted  
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover !  
A savage place ! as holy and enchanted  
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted  
By woman wailing for her demon-lover !  
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,  
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,  
A mighty fountain momently was forced :  
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst  
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,  
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail :  
And 'mid those dancing rocks at once and ever  
It flung up momently the sacred river,  
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion  
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,  
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,  
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean :

And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far  
Ancestral voices prophesying war !

The shadow of the dome of pleasure  
Floated midway on the waves ;  
Where was heard the mingled measure  
From the fountain and the caves.

It was a miracle of rare device,  
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice !

A damsel with a dulcimer  
In a vision once I saw :  
It was an Abyssinian maid,  
And on her dulcimer she played,  
Singing of Mount Abora.  
Could I revive within me  
Her symphony and song,  
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,  
That with music loud and long,  
I would build that dome in air,  
That sunny dome ! those caves of ice !  
And all who heard should see them there,  
And all should cry, Beware ! Beware !  
His flashing eyes, his floating hair,  
Weave a circle round him thrice,  
And close your eyes with holy dread,  
For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

*S. T. Coleridge.*



ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY  
CHURCHYARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,  
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds :

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,  
The moping owl does to the moon complain  
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,  
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,  
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,  
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;  
No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke :  
How jocund did they drive their team afield !  
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;  
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile  
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike th' inevitable hour.  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,  
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault  
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?  
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;  
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,  
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre :

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page  
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll ;  
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear :  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,  
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,  
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,  
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade : nor circumscribed alone  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;  
Forbade to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,  
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,  
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride  
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;  
Along the cool sequestered vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect  
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,  
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlettered Muse,  
The place of fame and elegy supply :  
And many a holy text around she strews,  
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,  
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;  
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,  
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonoured dead,  
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;  
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,  
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,  
' Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn  
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,  
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn :

' There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,  
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,  
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,  
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

' Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove ;  
Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,  
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

' One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,  
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree ;  
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,  
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he :

The next, with dirges due in sad array,  
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne :—  
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay  
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'

## THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth  
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown :  
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,  
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,  
Heaven did a recompense as largely send :  
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,  
He gained from heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)  
The bosom of his Father and his God.

*T. Gray.*

## THE GOOD LORD CLIFFORD.

*(Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle, upon the restoration of Lord Clifford, the Shepherd, to the estates and honours of his ancestors.)*

HIGH in the breathless Hall the Minstrel sate,  
And Eamont's murmur mingled with the Song.—  
The words of ancient time I thus translate,  
A festal Strain that hath been silent long.

‘From Town to Town, from Tower to Tower,  
The Red Rose is a gladsome Flower.  
Her thirty years of winter past,  
The Red Rose is revived at last;  
• She lifts her head for endless spring,  
For everlasting blossoming :  
Both Roses flourish, Red and White.  
In love and sisterly delight  
The two that were at strife are blended,  
And all old troubles now are ended.—  
Joy! joy to both! but most to her  
Who is the flower of Lancaster!  
Behold her how She smiles to-day  
On this great throng, this bright array!  
Fair greeting doth she send to all  
From every corner of the Hall;  
But, chiefly from above the Board  
Where sits in state our rightful Lord,  
A Clifford to his own restored!

‘They came with banner, spear, and shield;  
And it was proved in Bosworth-field  
Not long the Avenger was withstood—  
Earth helped him with the cry of blood:

St. George was for us, and the might  
Of blessèd Angels crowned the right.  
Loud voice the Land has uttered forth,  
We loudest in the faithful North :  
Our fields rejoice, our mountains ring,  
Our streams proclaim a welcoming ;  
Our strong abodes and castles see  
The glory of their loyalty.

‘How glad is Skipton at this hour—  
Though she is but a lonely Tower !  
To vacancy and silence left ;  
Of all her guardian sons bereft—  
Knight, Squire, or Yeoman, Page or Groom :  
We have them at the feast of Brougham.  
How glad Pendragon—though the sleep  
Of years be on her!—She shall reap  
A taste of this great pleasure, viewing  
As in a dream her own renewing.  
Rejoiced is Brough, right glad I deem  
Beside her little humble Stream ;  
And she that keepeth watch and ward  
Her statelier Eden’s course to guard ;  
They both are happy at this hour,  
Though each is but a lonely Tower :—  
But here is perfect joy and pride  
For one fair house by Eamont’s side,  
This day distinguished without peer  
To see her Master and to cheer—  
Him, and his Lady Mother dear !

‘Oh ! it was a time forlorn  
When the fatherless was born—  
Give her wings that she may fly,  
Or she sees her infant die !

Swords that are with slaughter wild  
Hunt the Mother and the Child.  
Who will take them from the light ?  
—Yonder is a man in sight—  
Yonder is a house—but where ?  
No, they must not enter there.  
To the caves, and to the brooks,  
To the clouds of Heaven she looks ;  
She is speechless, but her eyes  
Pray in ghostly agonies.  
Blissful Mary, Mother mild,  
Maid and Mother undefiled,  
Save a Mother and her Child !

‘ Now who is he that bounds with joy  
On Carrock’s side, a Shepherd Boy ?  
No thoughts hath he but thoughts that pass  
Light as the wind along the grass.  
Can this be He who hither came  
In secret, like a smothered flame ?  
O’er whom such thankful tears were shed  
For shelter, and a poor man’s bread !  
God loves the Child ; and God hath willed  
That those dear words should be fulfilled,  
The Lady’s words, when forced away  
The last she to her Babe did say,  
‘ My own, my own, thy fellow-guest  
I may not be ; but rest thee, rest,  
For lowly Shepherd’s life is best !’

‘ Alas ! when evil men are strong  
No life is good, no pleasure long,  
The Boy must part from Mosedale’s groves,  
And leave Blencathara’s rugged coves,



And quit the flowers that summer brings  
To Glenderamakin's lofty springs ;  
Must vanish, and his careless cheer  
Be turned to heaviness and fear.  
—Give Sir Lancelot Threlkeld praise !  
Hear it, good man, old in days !  
Thou Tree of covert and of rest !  
For this young Bird that is distress ;  
Among thy branches safe he lay,  
And he was free to sport and play,  
When falcons were abroad for prey.

‘ A recreant Harp that sings of fear  
And heaviness in Clifford's ear !  
I said, when evil men are strong,  
No life is good, no pleasure long,  
A weak and cowardly untruth !  
Our Clifford was a happy Youth,  
And thankful through a weary time,  
That brought him up to manhood's prime.  
—Again he wanders forth at will,  
And tends a flock from hill to hill ;  
His garb is humble ; ne'er was seen  
Such garb with such a noble mien ;  
Among the shepherd-grooms no mate  
Hath he, a Child of strength and state !  
Yet lacks not friends for solemn glee,  
And a cheerful company,  
That learned of him submissive ways ;  
And comforted his private days.  
To his side the Fallow-deer  
Came, and rested without fear ;  
The Eagle, lord of land and sea,  
Stooped down to pay him fealty ;

And both the undying fish that swim  
Through Bowscale Tarn did wait on him ;  
The Pair were servants of his eye  
In their immortality :  
They moved about in open sight,  
To and fro, for his delight.  
He knew the rocks which Angels haunt  
On the mountains visitant ;  
He hath kenned them taking wing :  
And the caves where Faeries sing  
He hath entered ; and been told  
By Voices how men lived of old.  
Among the Heavens his eye can see  
Face of thing that is to be ;  
And, if men report him right,  
He could whisper words of might.  
—Now another day is come,  
Fitter hope, and nobler doom ;  
He hath thrown aside his Crook,  
And hath buried deep his Book ;  
Armour rusting in his Halls  
On the blood of Clifford calls :—  
' Quell the Scot,' exclaims the Lance—  
Bear me to the heart of France,  
Is the longing of the Shield—  
Tell thy name, thou trembling Field ;  
Field of death, where'er thou be,  
Groan thou with our victory !  
Happy day, and mighty hour,  
When our Shepherd, in his power,  
Mailed and horsed, with lance and sword,  
To his Ancestors restored  
Like a re-appearing Star,  
Like a glory from afar,  
First shall head the Flock of War !'

Alas! the fervent Harper did not know  
That for a tranquil Soul the Lay was framed,  
Who long compelled in humble walks to go,  
Was softened into feeling, soothed, and tamed.

Love had he found in huts where poor men lie;  
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,  
The silence that is in the starry sky,  
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

In him the savage virtue of the Race,  
Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts were dead:  
Nor did he change; but kept in lofty place  
The wisdom which adversity had bred.

Glad were the Vales, and every cottage hearth;  
The Shepherd Lord was honoured more and more:  
And ages after he was laid in earth,  
'The Good Lord Clifford' was the name he bore.

*W. Wordsworth.*

### A BARD'S EPITAPH.

Is there a whim-inspired fool,  
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,  
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,  
Let him draw near;  
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,  
And drap a tear.

Is there a bard of rustic song,  
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,  
That weekly this area throng,  
                    Oh, pass not by!  
But, with a frater-feeling strong,  
                    Here heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear,  
Can others teach the course to steer,  
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,  
                    Wild as the wave;  
Here pause—and, through the starting tear,  
                    Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below  
Was quick to learn, and wise to know,  
And keenly felt the friendly glow,  
                    And softer flame;  
But thoughtless follies laid him low,  
                    And stained his name!

Reader, attend—whether thy soul  
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,  
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,  
                    In low pursuit;  
Know, prudent, cautious, self-control,  
                    Is wisdom's root.

*R. Burns.*

## THE LOSS OF FRIENDS.

*(Extempore effusion on the Death of James Hogg, 1835.)*

WHEN first, descending from the moorlands,  
I saw the Stream of Yarrow glide  
Along a bare and open valley,  
The Ettrick Shepherd was my guide.

When last along its banks I wandered,  
Through groves that had begun to shed  
Their golden leaves upon the pathways,  
My steps the Border-minstrel led.

The mighty Minstrel breathes no longer,  
Mid mouldering ruins low he lies ;  
And death upon the braes of Yarrow,  
Has closed the Shepherd-poet's eyes :

Nor has the rolling year twice measured,  
From sign to sign, its steadfast course,  
Since every mortal power of Coleridge  
Was frozen at its marvellous source ;

The rapt One, of the godlike forehead,  
The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth :  
And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,  
Has vanished from his lonely hearth.

Like clouds that rake the mountain-summits,  
Or waves that own no curbing hand,  
How fast has brother followed brother,  
From sunshine to the sunless land !

Yet I, whose lids from infant slumber  
Were earlier raised, remain to hear  
A timid voice, that asks in whispers,  
'Who next will drop and disappear ?'

Our haughty life is crowned with darkness,  
Like London with its own black wreath,  
On which with thee, O Crabbe ! forth-looking,  
I gazed from Hampstead's breezy heath.

As if but yesterday departed,  
Thou too art gone before ; but why,  
O'er-ripe fruit, seasonably gathered,  
Should frail survivors heave a sigh ?

Mourn rather for that holy Spirit,  
Sweet as the spring, as ocean deep ;  
For Her who, ere her summer faded,  
Has sunk into a breathless sleep.

No more of old romantic sorrows,  
For slaughtered Youth or love-lorn Maid !  
With sharper grief is Yarrow smitten,  
And Ettrick mourns with her their Poet dead.

*W. Wordsworth.*



**BOOK THE THIRD.**





## THE POWER OF POETRY.

*September, 1819.*

DEPARTING Summer hath assumed  
 An aspect tenderly illumed,  
 The gentlest look of Spring ;  
 That calls from yonder leafy shade  
 Unfaded, yet prepared to fade,  
 A timely carolling.

No faint and hesitating trill—  
 Such tribute as to Winter chill  
 The lonely Redbreast pays !  
 Clear, loud, and lively is the din,  
 From social warblers gathering in  
 Their harvest of sweet lays.

Nor doth the example fail to cheer  
 Me, conscious that my leaf is sere,  
 And yellow on the bough :—  
 Fall, rosy garlands, from my head !  
 Ye myrtle wreathes, your fragrance shed  
 Around a younger brow !

Yet will I temperately rejoice ;  
 Wide is the range, and free the choice  
 Of undiscordant themes ;  
 Which, haply, kindred souls may prize  
 Not less than vernal ecstasies,  
 And passion's feverish dreams.

For deathless powers to verse belong,  
And they like Demigods are strong  
On whom the Muses smile ;  
But some their function have disclaimed.  
Best pleased with what is aptliest framed  
To enervate and defile.

Not such the initiatory strains  
Committed to the silent plains  
In Britain's earliest dawn :  
Trembled the groves, the stars grew pale,  
While all-too-daringly the veil  
Of nature was withdrawn !

Nor such the spirit-stirring note  
When the live chords Alcæus smote,  
Inflamed by sense of wrong ;  
*Woe ! woe to Tyrants !* from the lyre  
Broke threateningly, in sparkles dire  
Of fierce vindictive song.

And not unhallowed was the page  
By wingèd Love inscribed, to assuage  
The pangs of vain pursuit ;  
Love listening while the Lesbian Maid  
With finest touch of passion swayed  
Her own *Æolian* lute.

O ye, who patiently explore  
The wreck of *Herculean* lore,  
What rapture ! could ye seize  
Some *Theban* fragment, or unroll  
One precious, tender-hearted scroll  
Of pure *Simonides*.

That were, indeed, a genuine birth  
Of poesy ; a bursting forth  
Of genius from the dust !  
What Horace gloried to behold,  
What Maro loved, shall we unfold ?  
Can haughty Time be just ?

*W. Wordsworth.*

## N FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

MUCH have I travelled in the realms of gold,  
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen ;  
Round many western islands have I been  
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.  
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told  
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne :  
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene  
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold :  
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swims into his ken ;  
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes  
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men  
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

*J. Keats.*

## THE FIERY CROSS.

*(The Lady of the Lake.)*

THEN deeper paused the priest anew,  
And hard his labouring breath he drew.  
While, with set teeth and clenched hand,  
And eyes that glowed like fiery brand,  
He meditated curse more dread,  
And deadlier, on the clansman's head,  
Who, summoned to his Chieftain's aid,  
The signal saw and disobeyed.  
The crosslet's points of sparkling wood,  
He quenched among the bubbling blood,  
And, as again the sign he reared,  
Hollow and hoarse his voice was heard :  
' When flits this Cross from man to man,  
Vich-Alpine's summons to his clan,  
Burst be the ear that fails to heed !  
Palsied the foot that shuns to speed !  
May ravens tear the careless eyes,  
Wolves make the coward heart their prize !  
As sinks that blood-stream in the earth,  
So may his heart's-blood drench his hearth  
As dies in hissing gore the spark,  
Quench thou his light, Destruction dark,  
And be the grace to him denied,  
Bought by this sign to all beside !'  
He ceased ; no echo gave agen  
The murmur of the deep Amen.

Then Roderick, with impatient look,  
From Brian's hand the symbol took :  
'Speed, Malise, speed!' he said, and gave  
The crosslet to his henchman brave.  
'The muster-place be Lanrick mead—  
Instant the time—speed, Malise, speed!'  
Like heath-bird, when the hawks pursue,  
A barge across Loch Katrine flew;  
High stood the henchman on the prow;  
So rapidly the bargemen row,  
The bubbles where they launched the boat,  
Were all unbroken and afloat,  
Dancing in foam and ripple still,  
When it had neared the mainland hill :  
And from the silver beach's side  
Still was the prow three fathom wide,  
When lightly bounded to the land  
The messenger of blood and brand.

Speed, Malise, speed! the dun deer's hide  
On fleeter foot was never tied.  
Speed, Malise, speed! such cause of haste  
Thine active sinews never braced.  
Bend 'gainst the steepy hill thy breast,  
Burst down like torrent from its crest;  
With short and springing footstep pass  
The trembling bog and false morass;  
Across the brook like roebuck bound;  
And thread the brake like questing hound;  
The crag is high, the scaur is deep,  
Yet shrink not from the desperate leap;  
Parched are thy burning lips and brow,  
Yet by the fountain pause not now :  
Herald of battle, fate, and fear,  
Stretch onward in the fleet career!

The wounded hind thou trackest not now,  
Pursuest not maid through greenwood bough,  
Nor pliest thou now thy flying pace,  
With rivals in the mountain race ;  
But danger, death, and warrior deed,  
Are in thy course—speed, Malise, speed !

Fast as the fatal symbol flies,  
In arms the huts and hamlets rise ;  
From winding glen, from upland brown,  
They poured each hardy tenant down.  
Nor slack'd the messenger his pace ;  
He showed the sign, he named the place,  
And, pressing forward like the wind,  
Left clamour and surprise behind.  
The fisherman forsook the strand,  
The swarthy smith took dirk and brand ;  
With changèd cheer, the mower blithe  
Left in the half-cut swathe the scythe ;  
The herds without a keeper strayed,  
The plough was in mid-furrow staid,  
The falconer tossed his hawk away,  
The hunter left the stag at bay ;  
Prompt at the signal of alarms,  
Each son of Alpine rushed to arms ;  
So swept the tumult and affray  
Along the margin of Achray.  
Alas, thou lovely lake ! that e'er  
Thy banks should echo sounds of fear !  
The rocks, the bosky thickets, sleep  
So stilly on thy bosom deep,  
The lark's blithe carol, from the cloud,  
Seems for the scene too gaily loud.

. . . . .

Not faster o'er thy heathery braes,  
Balquidder, speeds the midnight blaze,  
Rushing, in conflagration strong,  
Thy deep ravines and dells along,  
Wrapping thy cliffs in purple glow,  
And reddening the dark lakes below ;  
Not faster speeds it, nor so far,  
As o'er thy heaths the voice of war.  
The signal roused to martial coil  
The sullen margin of Loch Voil,  
Waked still Loch Doine, and to the source  
Alarmed, Balvaig, thy swampy course ;  
Thence southward turned its rapid road  
Adown Strath-Gartney's valley broad,  
Till rose in arms each man might claim  
A portion in Clan-Alpine's name,  
From the grey sire, whose trembling hand  
Could hardly buckle on his brand,  
To the raw boy, whose shaft and bow  
Were yet scarce terror to the crow.  
Each valley, each sequestered glen,  
Mustered its little horde of men,  
That met as torrents from the height  
In Highland dales their streams unite,  
Still gathering, as they pour along,  
A voice more loud a tide more strong,  
Till at the rendezvous they stood  
By hundreds prompt for blows and blood ;  
Each trained to arms since life began,  
Owing no tie but to his clan,  
No oath, but by his chieftain's hand,  
No law, but Roderick Dhu's command.

*Sir W. Scott.*



## THE ASSAULT.

*(The Siege of Corinth.)*

THE night is past, and shines the sun  
As if that morn were a jocund one,  
Lightly and brightly breaks away  
The Morning from her mantle grey,  
And the Noon will look on a sultry day.  
Hark to the trump, and the drum,  
And the mournful sound of the barbarous horn,  
And the flap of the banners, that fit as they're borne,  
And the neigh of the steed, and the multitude's hum,  
And the clash, and the shout, 'They come! they come!'  
The horsetails are plucked from the ground, and the sword  
From its sheath; and they form, and but wait for the word.  
Tartar, and Spahi, and Turcoman,  
Strike your tents, and throng to the van;  
Mount ye, spur ye, skirr the plain,  
That the fugitive may flee in vain,  
When he breaks from the town; and none escape,  
Aged or young, in the Christian shape;  
While your fellows on foot, in a fiery mass,  
Bloodstain the breach through which they pass.  
The steeds are all bridled, and snort to the rein;  
Curved is each neck, and flowing each mane;  
White is the foam of their champ on the bit:  
The spears are uplifted; the matches are lit;  
The cannon are pointed, and ready to roar,  
And crush the wall they have crumbled before:  
Forms in his phalanx each Janizar;  
Alp at their head; his right arm is bare,  
*So is the blade of his scimitar;*

The khan and the pachas are all at their post ;  
The vizier himself at the head of the host.  
When the culverin's signal is fired, then on :  
Leave not in Corinth a living one—  
A priest at her altars, a chief in her halls,  
A hearth in her mansions, a stone on her walls.  
God and the prophet—Alla Hu !  
Up to the skies with that wild halloo !  
' There the breach lies for passage, the ladder to scale ;  
And your hands on your sabres, and how should ye fail !  
He who first downs with the red cross may crave  
His heart's dearest wish ; let him ask it, and have !'  
Thus uttered Coumourgi, the dauntless vizier ;  
The reply was the brandish of sabre and spear,  
And the shout of fierce thousands in joyous ire :—  
Silence—hark to the signal—fire !

As the wolves, that headlong go  
On the stately buffalo,  
Though with fiery eyes, and angry roar,  
And hoofs that stamp, and horns that gore,  
He tramples on earth, or tosses on high  
The foremost, who rush on his strength but to die :  
Thus against the wall they went,  
Thus the first were backward bent ;  
Many a bosom, sheathed in brass,  
Strewed the earth like broken glass,  
Shivered by the shot that tore  
The ground whereon they move no more :  
Even as they fell, in files they lay,  
Like the mower's grass at the close of day,  
When his work is done on the levelled plain ;  
Such was the fall of the foremost slain.

As the spring-tides, with heavy plash,  
From the cliffs invading dash  
Huge fragments, sapped by the ceaseless flow,  
Till white and thundering down they go,  
Like the avalanche's snow  
On the Alpine vales below ;  
Thus at length, outbreathed and worn,  
Corinth's sons were downward borne  
By the long and oft renewed  
Charge of the Moslem multitude.  
In firmness they stood, and in masses they fell,  
Heaped by the host of the infidel,  
Hand to hand, and foot to foot :  
Nothing there, save death, was mute :  
Stroke, and thrust, and flash, and cry  
For quarter or for victory,  
Mingle there with the volleying thunder,  
Which makes the distant cities wonder  
How the sounding battle goes,  
If **with** them, or for their foes ;  
If they must mourn, or may rejoice  
In that annihilating voice,  
Which pierces the deep hills through and through  
With an echo dread and new :  
You might have heard it, on that day,  
O'er Salamis and Megara ;  
(We have heard the hearers say,)  
Even unto Piræus' bay.

*Lord Byron.*

## THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

## I.

OF Nelson and the North,  
Sing the glorious day's renown,  
When to battle fierce came forth  
All the might of Denmark's crown,  
And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;  
By each gun the lighted brand,  
In a bold determined hand,  
And the Prince of all the land  
Led them on.—

## II.

Like leviathans afloat,  
Lay their bulwarks on the brine ;  
While the sign of battle flew  
On the lofty British line :  
It was ten of April morn by the chime :  
As they drifted on their path,  
There was silence deep as death ;  
And the boldest held his breath,  
For a time.—

## III.

But the might of England flushed  
To anticipate the scene ;  
And her van the flecter rushed  
O'er the deadly space between.

'Hearts of oak!' our captains cried; when each gun  
From its adamant lips  
Spread a death-shade round the ships,  
Like the hurricane eclipse  
Of the sun.

## IV.

Again! again! again!  
And the havoc did not slack,  
Till a feeble cheer the Dane  
To our cheering sent us back;—  
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—  
Then ceased—and all is wail,  
As they strike the shattered sail,  
Or, in conflagration pale,  
Light the gloom.—

## V.

Out spoke the victor then,  
As he hailed them o'er the wave;  
'Ye are brothers! ye are men!  
And we conquer but to save:—  
So peace instead of death let us bring;  
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,  
With the crews, at England's feet,  
And make submission meet  
To our King.'—

## VI.

Then Denmark blest our chief,  
That he gave her wounds repose;  
And the sounds of joy and grief  
From her people wildly rose,

As death withdrew his shades from the day.  
While the sun looked smiling bright  
O'er a wide and woeful sight,  
Where the fires of funeral light  
Died away.

## VII.

Now joy, old England, raise !  
For the tidings of thy might,  
By the festal cities' blaze,  
While the wine cup shines in light ;  
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,  
Let us think of them that sleep,  
Full many a fathom deep,  
By thy wild and stormy steep,  
Elsinore !

## VIII.

Brave hearts ! to Briton's pride  
Once so faithful and so true,  
On the deck of fame that died ;—  
With the gallant good Riou :  
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave !  
While the billow mournful rolls  
And the mermaid's song condoles,  
Singing glory to the souls  
Of the brave !—

*T. Campbell.*

## THE BATTLE OF BEAL' AN DUINE.

*(The Lady of the Lake.)*

'THE Minstrel came once more to view  
The eastern ridge of Benvenue,  
For, ere he parted, he would say  
Farewell to lovely Loch Achray—  
Where shall he find, in foreign land,  
So lone a lake, so sweet a strand !  
There is no breeze upon the fern,  
Nor ripple on the lake,  
Upon her eyry nods the erne,  
The deer has sought the brake ;  
The small birds will not sing aloud,  
The springing trout lies still,  
So darkly glooms yon thunder cloud,  
That swathes, as with a purple shroud,  
Benledi's distant hill.  
Is it the thunder's solemn sound  
That mutters deep and dread,  
Or echoes from the groaning ground  
The warrior's measured tread ?  
Is it the lightning's quivering glance  
That on the thicket streams,  
Or do they flash on spear and lance  
The sun's retiring beams ?  
—I see the dagger-crest of Mar,  
I see the Moray's silver star,  
Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war,  
That up the lake comes winding far !

To hero bound for battle-strife,  
Or bard of martial lay,  
'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life  
One glance at their array !

‘ Their light-armed archers far and near  
Surveyed the tangled ground,  
Their centre ranks, with pike and spear,  
A twilight forest frowned,  
Their barbèd horsemen, in the rear,  
The stern battalia crowned.  
No cymbal clashed, no clarion rang,  
Still were the pipe and drum ;  
Save heavy tread, and armour’s clang,  
The sullen march was dumb.  
There breathed no wind their crests to shake,  
Or wave their flags abroad :  
Scarce the frail aspen seemed to quake,  
That shadowed o’er their road.  
Their vaward scouts no tidings bring,  
Can rouse no lurking foe,  
Nor spy a trace of living thing,  
Save when they stirred the roe ;  
The host moves, like a deep-sea wave,  
Where rise no rocks its pride to brave,  
High-swelling, dark and slow.  
The lake is passed, and now they gain  
A narrow and a broken plain,  
Before the Trosach’s rugged jaws ;  
And here the horse and spearmen pause,  
While, to explore the dangerous glen,  
Dive through the pass the archer-men.

‘ At once there rose so wild a yell  
Within that dark and narrow dell,



As all the fiends, from heaven that fell,  
Had pealed the banner-cry of hell!  
Forth from the pass in tumult driven,  
Like chaff before the wind of heaven,  
The archery appear;  
For life! for life! their plight they ply—  
And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,  
And plaids and bonnets waving high,  
And broadswords flashing to the sky,  
Are maddening in the rear.  
Onward they drive, in dreadful race,  
Pursuers and pursued;  
Before that tide of flight and chase,  
How shall it keep its rooted place,  
The spearmen's twilight wood?—  
'Down, down,' cried Mar, 'your lances down!  
Bear back both friend and foe!'—  
Like reeds before the tempest's frown,  
That serried grove of lances brown  
At once lay levelled low;  
And closely shouldering side by side,  
The bristling ranks the onset bide.—  
'We'll quell the savage mountaineer,  
As their Tinchel cows the game!  
They come as fleet as forest deer,  
We'll drive them back as tame.'—

'Bearing before them, in their course,  
The relics of the archer force,  
Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,  
Right onward did Clan-Alpine come.  
Above the tide, each broadsword bright  
Was brandishing like beam of light,  
Each targe was dark below;

And with the ocean's mighty swing,  
When heaving to the tempest's wing,  
They hurled them on the foe.  
I heard the lance's shivering crash,  
As when the whirlwind rends the ash,  
I heard the broadsword's deadly clang,  
As if an hundred anvils rang !  
But Moray wheeled his rearward rank  
Of horsemen on Clan-Alpine's flank,  
— ' My banner-man, advance !  
I see,' he cried, ' their column shake.  
Now, gallants ! for your ladies' sake,  
Upon them with the lance !'  
The horsemen dashed among the rout,  
As deer break through the broom ;  
Their steeds are stout, their swords are out,  
They soon make lightsome room.  
Clan-Alpine's best are backward borne—  
Where, where was Roderick then !  
One blast upon his bugle-horn  
Were worth a thousand men !  
And reflux through the pass of fear  
The battle's tide was poured ;  
Vanished the Saxon's struggling spear,  
Vanished the mountain-sword.  
As Bracklinn's chasm, so black and steep,  
Receives her roaring linn.  
As the dark caverns of the deep  
Suck the wild whirlpool in,  
So did the deep and darksome pass  
Devour the battle's mingled mass :  
None linger now upon the plain,  
Save those who ne'er shall fight again.'

*Sir W. Scott.*

## WATERLOO.

*(Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.)*

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,  
And Belgium's capital had gathered then  
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright  
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;  
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when  
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,  
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;  
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did he not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,  
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;  
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;  
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet  
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet.  
But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,  
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;  
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!  
Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall  
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear  
That sound the first amidst the festival,  
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;  
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,

His heart more truly knew that peal too well  
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,  
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell :  
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,  
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,  
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago  
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness ;  
And there were sudden partings, such as press  
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs  
Which ne'er might be repeated ; who would guess  
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,  
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise !

And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,  
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,  
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,  
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war :  
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar ;  
And near, the beat of the alarming drum  
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;  
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,  
Or whispering, with white lips—' The foe ! They come ! they  
come !'

And wild and high the ' Cameron's gathering' rose !  
The war note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills  
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes :  
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,  
Savage and shrill ! But with the breath which fills  
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers  
With the fierce native daring which instils  
The stirring memory of a thousand years,  
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears !

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,  
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,  
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,  
 Over the unreturning brave,—alas !  
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass  
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow  
 In its next verdure, when this fiery mass  
 Of living valour, rolling on the foe  
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,  
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,  
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,  
 The morn the marshalling in arms—the day  
 Battle's magnificently stern array !  
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent  
 The earth is covered thick with other clay,  
 Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,  
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent !  
*Lord Byron.*

### BEFORE THE BATTLE.

By the hope within us springing,  
 Herald of to-morrow's strife ;  
 By that sun whose light is bringing  
 Chains or freedom, death or life—  
 Oh ! remember life can be  
 No charm for him who lives not free !  
 Like the day-star in the wave  
 Sinks a hero in his grave,  
 'Midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears.

Happy is he o'er whose decline  
 The smiles of home may soothing shine,  
 And light him down the steep of years—  
 But oh! how blessed they sink to rest,  
 Who close their eyes on victory's breast!

O'er his watch-fire's fading embers  
 Now the foeman's cheek turns white,  
 When his heart that field remembers,  
 Where we tamed his tyrant might!

Never let him bind again  
 A chain, like that we broke from then.  
 Hark! the horn of combat calls—  
 Ere the golden evening falls,  
 May we pledge that horn in triumph round!

Many a heart that now beats high,  
 In slumber cold at night shall lie,  
 Nor waken even at victory's sound—  
 But oh! how blessed that hero's sleep,  
 O'er whom a wondering world shall weep,  
*T. Moore.*

## LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

WIZARD—LOCHIEL.

WIZARD.

LOCHIEL, Lochiel! beware of the day  
 When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!  
 For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,  
 And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight.

They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown ;  
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down !  
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,  
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.  
But hark ! through the fast-flashing lightning of war  
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far ?  
'Tis thine, oh Glenullin ! whose bride shall await,  
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.  
A steed comes at morning : no rider is there ;  
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.  
Weep, Albin ! to death and captivity led !  
Oh weep ! but thy tears cannot number the dead :  
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,  
Culloden ! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

## LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer !  
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,  
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,  
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

## WIZARD.

Ha ! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn ?  
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn !  
Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth,  
From his home, in the dark rolling clouds of the north ?  
Lo ! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode  
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad ;  
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high !  
Ah ! home let him speed,—for the spoiler is nigh.  
Why flames the far summit ? Why shoot to the blast,  
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast ?  
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven  
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.

Oh, crested Lochiel ! the peerless in might,  
 Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,  
 Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn ;  
 Return to thy dwelling ! all lonely return !  
 For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,  
 And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

## LOCHIEL.

False Wizard, avaunt ! I have marshalled my clan,  
 Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one !  
 They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,  
 And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.  
 Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock !  
 Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock !  
 But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,  
 When Albin her claymore indignantly draws ;  
 When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,  
 Clanranald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,  
 All plaided and plumed in their tartan array —

## WIZARD.

— Lochiel, Lochiel ! beware of the day !  
 For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,  
 But man cannot cover what God would reveal ;  
 'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,  
 And coming events cast their shadows before.  
 I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring  
 With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.  
 Lo ! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,  
 Behold, where he flies on his desolate path !  
 Now in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight :  
 Rise, rise ! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight !  
 'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors :  
 Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.



But where is the iron-bound prisoner ? Where ?  
 For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.  
 Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,  
 Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn ?  
 Ah no ! for a darker departure is near ;  
 The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier ;  
 His death-bell is tolling : oh ! mercy, dispel  
 Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell !  
 Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,  
 And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.  
 Accursed be the fagots, that blaze at his feet,  
 Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,  
 With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale——

## LOCHIEL.

——Down, soothless insulter ! I trust not the tale :  
 For never shall Albin a destiny meet,  
 So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat.  
 Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,  
 Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,  
 Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,  
 While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,  
 Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,  
 With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe !  
 And leaving in battle no blot on his name,  
 Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of fame.

*T. Campbell.*

## SONG OF SAUL BEFORE HIS LAST BATTLE.

WARRIORS and chiefs ! should the shaft or the sword  
 Pierce me in leading the host of the Lord,  
 Heed not the corse, though a king's, in your path :  
 Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath !

Thou who art bearing my buckler and bow,  
Should the soldiers of Saul look away from the foe,  
Stretch me that moment in blood at thy feet !  
Mine be the doom which they dared not to meet.

Farewell to others, but never we part,  
Heir to my royalty, son of my heart !  
Bright is the diadem, boundless the sway,  
Or kingly the death, which awaits us to-day !  
*Lord Byron.*

### THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,  
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;  
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,  
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,  
That host with their banners at sunset were seen ;  
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,  
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,  
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed ;  
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,  
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still !

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,  
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride ;  
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,  
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,  
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;  
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,  
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,  
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;  
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,  
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

*Lord Byron.*

## THE OUTLAW'S SONG.

*(Rokeby.)*

O, BRIGNALL banks are wild and fair,  
And Greta woods are green,  
And you may gather garlands there,  
Would grace a summer queen.

And as I rode by Dalton-hall,  
Beneath the turrets high,  
A Maiden on the castle wall  
Was singing merrily,—

'O, Brignall banks are fresh and fair,  
And Greta woods are green;  
I'd rather rove with Edmund there,  
Than reign our English queen.'—

'If, Maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,  
To leave both tower and town,  
Thou first must guess what life lead we,  
That dwell by dale and down?

And if thou canst that riddle read,  
As read full well you may,  
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed,  
As blithe as Queen of May.'—  
Yet sung she 'Brignall banks are fair,  
And Greta woods are green ;  
I'd rather rove with Edmund there,  
Than reign our English queen.

'I read you, by your bugle-horn,  
And by your palfrey good,  
I read you for a ranger sworn,  
To keep the king's greenwood.'—  
'A Ranger, lady, winds his horn,  
And 'tis at peep of light ;  
His blast is heard at merry morn,  
And mine at dead of night.'—  
Yet sung she, 'Brignall banks are fair,  
And Greta woods are gay ;  
I would I were with Edmund there,  
To reign his Queen of May !

'With burnished brand and musketoön,  
So gallantly you come,  
I read you for a bold Dragoon,  
That lists the tuck of drum,'—  
'I list no more the tuck of drum,  
No more the trumpet hear ;  
But when the beetle sounds his hum,  
My comrades take the spear.  
And, O ! though Brignall banks be fair,  
And Greta woods be gay,  
Yet mickle must the maiden dare,  
Would reign my Queen of May !


'Maiden ! a nameless life I lead,  
A nameless death I'll die !  
The fiend, whose lantern lights the mead,  
Were better mate than I !  
And when I'm with my comrades met,  
Beneath the greenwood bough,  
What once we were we all forget,  
Nor think what we are now.  
Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,  
And Greta woods are green,  
And you may gather garlands there  
Would grace a summer queen.'

*Sir W. Scott.*

## THE CORSAIR'S LIFE.

*(The Corsair.)*

O'ER the glad waters of the dark blue sea,  
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,  
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,  
Survey our empire, and behold our home !  
These are our realms, no limits to their sway—  
Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.  
Ours the wild life in tumult still to range,  
From toil to rest, and joy in every change.  
Oh, who can tell ? not thou, luxurious slave !  
Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave ;  
Not thou, vain lord of wantonness and ease !  
Whom slumber soothes not—pleasure cannot please—  
Oh, who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,  
And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,



The exulting sense—the pulse's maddening play,  
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way ?  
That for itself can woo the approaching fight,  
And turn what some deem danger to delight ;  
That seeks what cravens shun with more than zeal,  
And where the feebler faint—can only feel—  
Feel—to the rising bosom's inmost core,  
Its hope awaken and its spirit soar ?  
No dread of death—if with us die our foes—  
Save that it seems even duller than repose :  
Come when it will—we snatch the life of life—  
When lost—what reck's it—by disease or strife ?  
Let him who crawls enamoured of decay  
Cling to his couch, and sicken years away ;  
Heave his thick breath, and shake his palsied head ;  
Ours—the fresh turf, and not the feverish bed.  
While gasp by gasp he falters forth his soul,  
Ours with one pang—one bound—escape control.  
His corse may boast its urn and narrow cave,  
And they who loathed his life may gild his grave :  
Ours are the tears, though few, sincerely shed,  
When Ocean shrouds and sepulchres our dead.  
For us, even banquets fond regret supply  
In the red cup that crowns our memory ;  
And the brief epitaph in danger's day,  
When those who win at length divide the prey,  
And cry, remembrance saddening o'er each brow,  
How had the brave who fell exulted *now* !

*Lord Byron.*

## THE GOLDEN AGE.

*(Hellas.)*

THE world's great age begins anew,  
The golden years return,  
The earth doth like a snake renew  
Her winter weeds outworn :  
Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam  
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains  
From waves serener far ;  
A new Peneus rolls his fountains  
Against the morning star ;  
Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep  
Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,  
Fraught with a later prize ;  
Another Orpheus sings again,  
And loves, and weeps, and dies ;  
A new Ulysses leaves once more  
Calypso for his native shore.

Oh ! write no more the tale of Troy,  
If earth Death's scroll must be !  
Nor mix with Laian rage the joy  
Which dawns upon the free,  
Although a subtler Sphinx renew  
Riddles of death Thebes never knew.

Another Athens shall arise,  
 And to remoter time  
 Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,  
 The splendour of its prime;  
 And leave, if naught so bright may live,  
 All earth can take or heaven can give.

Saturn and Love their long repose  
 Shall burst, more bright and good  
 Than all who fell, than one who rose,  
 Than many unsubdued:  
 Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,  
 But votive tears and symbol flowers.

Oh cease! must hate and death return?  
 Cease! must men kill and die?  
 Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn  
 Of bitter prophecy.  
 The world is weary of the past,  
 Oh might it die or rest at last!

*P. B. Shelley.*

## THE ISLES OF GREECE.

*(Don Juan.)*

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!  
 Where burning Sappho loved and sang,  
 Where grew the arts of war and peace,—  
 Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprang!  
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,  
 But all, except their sun, is set.




The Scian and the Teian muse,  
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,  
Have found the fame your shores refuse ;  
Their place of birth alone is mute  
To sounds which echo further west  
Than your sires' 'Islands of the Blest.'

The mountains look on Marathon,  
And Marathon looks on the sea ;  
And musing there an hour alone,  
I dreamed that Greece might still be free :  
For standing on the Persians' grave,  
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow  
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis ;  
And ships, by thousands, lay below,  
And men in nations ;—all were his !  
He counted them at break of day—  
And when the sun set where were they ?

And where are they ? and where art thou,  
My country ? On thy voiceless shore  
The heroic lay is tuneless now—  
The heroic bosom beats no more !  
And must thy lyre, so long divine,  
Degenerate into hands like mine ?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,  
Though linked among a fettered race,  
To feel at least a patriot's shame,  
Even as I sing, suffuse my face ;  
For what is left the poet here ?  
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.



Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest ?  
Must *we* but blush ?—Our fathers' blood.  
Earth ! render back from out thy breast  
A remnant of our Spartan dead !  
Of the three hundred grant but three,  
To make a new Thermopylæ !

What, silent still ? and silent all ?  
Ah ! no ;—the voices of the dead  
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,  
And answer, ' Let one living head,  
But one arise,—we come, we come !'  
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain : strike other chords ;  
Fill high the cup with Samian wine !  
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,  
And shed the blood of Scio's vine !  
Hark ! rising to the ignoble call,  
How answers each bold Bacchanal !

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,  
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone ?  
Of two such lessons, why forget  
The nobler and the manlier one ?  
You have the letters Cadmus gave—  
Think ye he meant them for a slave ?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !  
We will not think of themes like these  
It made Anacron's song divine :  
He served—but served Polycrates—  
A tyrant ; but our masters then  
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese  
Was freedom's best and bravest friend ;  
*That tyrant was Miltiades !*  
Oh ! that the present hour would lend  
Another despot of the kind !  
Such chains as his were sure to bind.


Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !  
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,  
Exists the remnant of a line  
Such as the Doric mothers bore ;  
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,  
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—  
They have a king who buys and sells :  
In native swords, and native ranks,  
The only hope of courage dwells ;  
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,  
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !  
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—  
I see their glorious black eyes shine ;  
But, gazing, on each glowing maid,  
My own the burning tear-drop laves,  
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,  
Where nothing, save the waves and I,  
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep ;  
There, swan-like, let me sing and die.  
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—  
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine !

*Lord Byron.*



## YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

## I.

YE Mariners of England!  
That guard our native seas ;  
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,  
The battle and the breeze!  
Your glorious standard launch again  
To match another foe !  
And sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy winds do blow ;  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

## II.

The spirits of your fathers  
Shall start from every wave !—  
For the deck it was their field of fame,  
And Ocean was their grave :  
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,  
Your manly hearts shall glow,  
As ye sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy winds do blow ;  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

## III.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,  
No towers along the steep ;  
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,  
Her home is on the deep.  
With thunders from her native oak,  
She quells the floods below,—  
As they roar on the shore,  
When the stormy winds do blow ;  
When the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

## IV.

The meteor flag of England  
Shall yet terrific burn ;  
Till danger's troubled night depart,  
And the star of peace return.  
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !  
Our song and feast shall flow  
To the fame of your name,  
When the storm has ceased to blow ;  
When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
And the storm has ceased to blow.

*T. Campbell.*

## THE PROGRESS OF FREEDOM.


*(Hellas.)*

IN the great morning of the world,  
The Spirit of God with might unfurled  
The flag of Freedom over chaos,  
And all its banded anarchs fled,  
Like vultures frightened from Imaus  
Before an earthquake's tread.  
So from Time's tempestuous dawn  
Freedom's splendour burst and shone :  
Thermopylæ and Marathon  
Caught, like mountains beacon-lighted,  
The springing fire. The wingèd glory  
On Philippi half alighted,  
Like an eagle on a promontory.  
Its unwearied wings could fan  
The quenchless ashes of Milan.  
From age to age, from man to man,  
It lived ; and lit from land to land  
Florence, Albion, Switzerland.  
Then night fell ; and, as from night,  
Re-assuming fiery flight,  
From the west swift Freedom came,  
Against the course of heaven and doom,  
A second sun arrayed in flame,  
To burn, to kindle, to illumine.  
From far Atlantis its young beams  
Chased the shadows and the dreams.  
France, with all her sanguine streams,


Hid, but quenched it not ; again  
Through clouds its shafts of glory rain  
From utmost Germany to Spain.  
As an eagle fed with morning  
Scorns the embattled tempest's warning  
When she seeks her aerie hanging  
In the mountain-cedar's hair,  
And her brood expect the clanging  
Of her wings through the wild air,  
Sick with famine ;—Freedom so  
To what of Greece remaineth now  
Returns ; her hoary ruins glow  
Like orient mountains lost in day ;  
Beneath the safety of her wings  
Her renovated nurslings play,  
And in the naked lightnings  
Of truth they purge their dazzled eyes.  
Let Freedom leave, where'er she flies,  
A desert, or a paradise ;  
Let the beautiful and the brave  
Share her glory, or a grave !

*P. B. Shelley.*

### THE SOLITARY REAPER.



BEHOLD her, single in the field,  
Yon solitary Highland Lass !  
Reaping and singing by herself ;  
Stop here, or gently pass !



Alone she cuts, and binds the grain,  
And sings a melancholy strain ;  
O listen ! for the Vale profound  
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chant  
So sweetly to reposing bands  
Of Travellers in some shady haunt,  
Among Arabian Sands :  
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard  
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,  
Breaking the silence of the seas  
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings ?  
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow  
For old, unhappy, far-off things,  
And battles long ago :  
Or is it some more humble lay,  
Familiar matter of to-day ?  
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,  
That has been, and may be again !

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang  
As if her song could have no ending ;  
I saw her singing at her work,  
And o'er the sickle bending ;—  
I listened till I had my fill,  
And when I mounted up the hill,  
The music in my heart I bore,  
Long after it was heard no more.

*W. Wordsworth.*



## STANZAS WRITTEN IN HIS LIBRARY.

My days among the Dead are past ;  
    Around me I behold,  
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,  
    The mighty minds of old ;  
My never failing friends are they,  
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,  
    And seek relief in woe ;  
And while I understand and feel  
    How much to them I owe,  
My cheeks have often been bedewed  
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the Dead, with them  
    I live in long past years,  
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,  
    Partake their hopes and fears,  
And from their lessons seek and find  
Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the Dead, anon  
    My place with them will be,  
And I with them shall travel on  
    Through all Futurity ;  
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,  
That will not perish in the dust.

*R. Southey.*

THE TABLES TURNED.

Up! up! my Friend and quit your books;  
Or surely you'll grow double:  
Up! up! my Friend, and clear your looks;  
Why all this toil and trouble?

The sun, above the mountain's head,  
A freshening lustre mellow  
Through all the long green fields has spread,  
His first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife:  
Come, hear the woodland Linnet,  
How sweet his music! on my life,  
There's more of wisdom in it.

And hark! how blithe the Throstle sings!  
He, too, is no mean preacher:  
Come forth into the light of things,  
Let Nature be your teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth,  
Our minds and hearts to bless—  
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,  
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood  
May teach you more of man,  
Of moral evil and of good,  
Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings ;  
Our meddling intellect  
Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things :  
—We murder to dissect.

Enough of Science and of Art ;  
Close up these barren leaves :  
Come forth, and bring with you a heart  
That watches and receives.


*W. Wordsworth.*

## THE INVITATION.

*(The Pine Forest.)*

DEAREST, best and brightest,  
Come away,  
To the woods and to the fields!  
Dearer than this fairest day,  
Which like thee to those in sorrow,  
Comes to bid a sweet good-morrow  
To the rough year just awake  
In its cradle in the brake.

The eldest of the hours of spring,  
Into the winter wandering,



Looks upon the leafless wood ;  
 And the banks all bare and rude  
 Found it seems this halcyon morn,  
 In February's bosom born,  
 Bending from heaven, in azure mirth,  
 Kissed the cold forehead of the earth,  
 And smiled upon the silent sea,  
 And bade the frozen streams be free ;  
 And waked to music all the fountains,  
 And breathed upon the rigid mountains,  
 And made the wintry world appear  
 Like one on whom thou smilest, dear.

Radiant Sister of the Day,  
 Awake ! arise ! and come away !  
 To the wild woods and the plains,  
 To the pools where winter rains  
 Image all the roof of leaves,  
 Where the Pine its garlands weaves,  
 Sapless, grey, and ivy dun  
 Round stones that never kiss the sun,  
 To the sandhills of the sea,  
 Where the earliest violets be.

*P. B. Shelley.*

## THE SEA.

*(Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.)*


ROLL on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll !  
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;  
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control  
 Stops with the shore ;—upon the watery plain  
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain

A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,  
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,  
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields  
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise  
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields  
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,  
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,  
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray  
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies  
His petty hope in some near port or bay,  
And dashest him again to earth:—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls  
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,  
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,  
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make  
Their clay creator the vain title take  
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;  
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,  
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar  
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—  
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?  
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,  
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey  
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay  
Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou,  
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—  
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—  
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.



Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form  
 Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,  
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,  
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime  
 Dark-heaving ;—boundless, endless, and sublime—  
 The image of Eternity—the throne  
 Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime  
 The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone  
 Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy  
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be  
 Born, like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy  
 I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me  
 Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea  
 Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,  
 For I was as it were a child of thee,  
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,  
 And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

*Lord Byron.*

## THE GARDEN.

*(The Sensitive Plant.)*

THE snowdrop, and then the violet,  
 Arose from the ground with warm rain wet ;  
 And their breath was mixed with fresh odour, sent  
 From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers and the tulip tall,  
 And narcissi, the fairest among them all,  
 Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,  
 Till they die of their own dear loveliness ;

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,  
Whom youth makes so fair, and passion so pale,  
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen  
Through their pavilions of tender green ;

And the hyacinth purple, and white, and blue,  
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew  
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,  
It was felt like an odour within the sense ;


And the rose, like a nymph to the bath address,  
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,  
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air  
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare ;

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,  
As a Mænad, its moonlight-coloured cup,  
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,  
Gazed through the clear dew on the tender sky ;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberosé,  
The sweetest flower for scent that blows ;  
And all rare blossoms from every clime  
Grew in that Garden in perfect prime.

And on the stream whose inconstant bosom  
Was pranked, under boughs of embowering blossom,  
With golden and green light, slanting through  
Their heaven of many a tangled hue,

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,  
And starry river-buds glimmered by,  
And around them the soft stream did glide and dance  
With a motion of sweet sound and radiance.



And the sinuous paths of lawn and of moss,  
Which led through the garden along and across,  
Some open at once to the sun and the breeze,  
Some lost among bowers of blossoming trees,

Were all paved with daisies and delicate bells  
As fair as the fabulous asphodels,  
And flowrets which, drooping as day drooped too,  
Fell into pavilions, white, purple, and blue,  
To roof the glowworm from the evening dew.  
*P. B. Shelley.*

### TO THE CUCKOO.

O BLYTHE New-comer! I have heard,  
I hear thee and rejoice.  
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,  
Or but a wandering Voice?

While I am lying on the grass  
Thy twofold shout I hear;  
From hill to hill it seems to pass,  
At once far off and near.

Though babbling only to the Vale  
Of sunshine and of flowers,  
Thou bringest unto me a tale  
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!  
Even yet thou art to me  
No Bird: but an invisible Thing,  
A voice, a mystery;



The same whom in my School-boy days  
I listened to ; that Cry  
Which made me look a thousand ways  
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove  
Through woods and on the green ;  
And thou wert still a hope, a love ;  
Still longed for, never seen.


And I can listen to thee yet ;  
Can lie upon the plain  
And listen, till I do beget  
That golden time again.

O blessed Bird ! the earth we pace  
Again appears to be  
An unsubstantial, faery place ;  
That is fit home for Thee !

*W. Wordsworth.*

### THE CLOUD.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,  
From the seas and the streams ;  
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid  
In their noonday dreams.  
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken  
The sweet buds every one,  
When rocked to rest on their Mother's breast,  
As she dances about the sun.



I wield the flail of the lashing hail,  
    And whiten the green plains under,  
And then again I dissolve it in rain,  
    And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,  
    And their great pines groan aghast ;  
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,  
    While I sleep in the arms of the Blast.  
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,  
    Lightning my pilot sits,  
In a cavern under is fettered the Thunder,  
    It struggles and howls at fits ;  
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,  
    This pilot is guiding me,  
Lured by the love of the Genii that move  
    In the depths of the purple sea ;  
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,  
    Over the lakes and the plains,  
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,  
    The Spirit he loves remains ;  
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,  
    Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine Sunrise, with his meteor eyes,  
    And his burning plumes outspread,  
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,  
    When the morning star shines dead.  
As on the jag of a mountain crag,  
    Which an earthquake rocks and swings,  
An eagle alit one moment may sit  
    In the light of its golden wings.  
And when Sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,  
    Its ardours of rest and of love,

And the crimson pall of eve may fall  
From the depth of heaven above,  
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,  
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,  
Whom mortals call the Moon,  
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,  
By the midnight breezes strewn ;  
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,  
Which only the angels hear,  
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,  
The stars peep behind her and peer ;  
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,  
Like a swarm of golden bees,—  
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,  
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,  
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,  
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the Sun's throne with a burning zone,  
And the Moon's with a girdle of pearl ;  
The Volcanoes are dim, and the Stars reel and swim,  
When the Whirlwinds my banner unfurl,  
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,  
Over a torrent sea,  
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,  
The mountains its columns be.  
The triumphal arch through which I march,  
With hurricane, fire, and snow,  
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,  
Is the million-coloured bow :  
The Sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,  
While the moist Earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of Earth and Water,  
     And the nursling of the Sky ;  
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;  
     I change, but I cannot die.  
 For after the rain, when with never a stain,  
     The pavilion of heaven is bare,  
 And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams  
     Build up the blue dome of air,  
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,  
     And out of the caverns of rain,  
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,  
     I arise, and unbuild it again.

*P. B. Shelley.*

## EVENING.

*(Don Juan.)*

AVE MARIA ! blessèd be the hour !  
     The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft  
 Have felt that moment in its fullest power  
     Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,  
 While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,  
     Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,  
 And not a breath crept through the rosy air,  
 And yet the forest leaves seemed stirred with prayer.

Ave Maria ! 'tis the hour of prayer !  
     Ave Maria ! 'tis the hour of love !  
 Ave Maria ! may our spirits dare  
     Look up to thine and to thy Son's above !  
 Ave Maria ! oh, that face so fair !  
     Those downcast eyes beneath the Almighty dove—

What though 'tis but a pictured image?—strike—  
That painting is no idol—'tis too like.

Sweet hour of twilight!—in the solitude  
Of the pine forest, and the silent shore  
Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,  
Rooted where once the Adrian wave flowed o'er,  
To where the last Cæsarean fortress stood,  
Evergreen forest! which Boccaccio's lore  
And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me,  
How have I loved the twilight hour and thee!

The shrill cicalas, people of the pine,  
Making their summer lives one ceaseless song,  
Were the sole echoes, save my steed's and mine,  
And vesper bell's that rose the boughs along;  
The spectre huntsman of Onesti's line,  
His hell-dogs, and their chase, and the fair throng  
Which learned from this example not to fly  
From a true lover,—shadowed my mind's eye.

Oh, Hesperus! thou bringest all good things—  
Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,  
To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,  
The welcome stall to the o'erlaboured steer.  
Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings,  
Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,  
Are gathered round us by thy look of rest:  
Thou bringest the child, too, to the mother's breast.

Soft hour! which wakes the wish and melts the heart  
Of those who sail the seas, on the first day

When they from their sweet friends are torn apart ;  
Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way  
As the far bell of vesper makes him start,  
Seeming to weep the dying day's decay ;  
Is this a fancy which our reason scorns ?  
Ah ! surely nothing dies but something mourns !

*Lord Byron.*

### AUTUMN.

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness !  
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun ;  
Conspiring with him how to load and bless  
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run ;  
To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,  
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;  
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells  
With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,  
And still more, later flowers for the bees,  
Until they think warm days will never cease,  
For Summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?  
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find  
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,  
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ;  
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,  
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook  
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers ;  
And sometime like a gleaner thou dost keep  
Steady thy laden head across a brook ;  
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,  
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?  
 Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,  
 While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,  
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;  
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn  
 Among the river shallows, borne aloft  
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;  
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;  
 Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft  
 The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,  
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

*J. Keats.*

### A SERENADE.

AH! County Guy, the hour is nigh,  
 The sun has left the lea,  
 The orange flower perfumes the bower,  
 The breeze is on the sea.  
 The lark, his lay who thrilled all day,  
 Sits hushed his partner nigh;  
 Breeze, bird, and flower, confess the hour,  
 But where is County Guy?

The village maid steals through the shade,  
 Her shepherd's suit to hear;  
 To beauty shy, by lattice high,  
 Sings high-born Cavalier.  
 The star of Love, all stars above,  
 Now reigns o'er earth and sky;  
 And high and low the influence know—  
 But where is County Guy!

*Sir W. Scott.*

## THE PIPER.

*(Introduction to 'Songs of Innocence.')*

PIPING down the valleys wild,  
Piping songs of pleasant glee,  
On a cloud I saw a child,  
And he laughing said to me :—

'Pipe a song about a lamb :'  
So I piped with merry cheer.  
'Piper, pipe that song again :'  
So I piped ; he wept to hear.

'Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,  
Sing thy songs of happy cheer :'  
So I sung the same again,  
While he wept with joy to hear.

'Piper, sit thee down and write  
In a book that all may read'—  
So he vanished from my sight ;  
And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,  
And I stained the water clear,  
And I wrote my happy songs,  
Every child may joy to hear.

*W. Blake.*



## THE HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

DEAR Harp of my Country! In darkness I found thee,  
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,  
When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound thee,  
And gave all thy cords to light, freedom, and song!  
The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness  
Have wakened thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;  
But so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,  
That e'en in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my Country! farewell to thy numbers,  
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine.  
Go, sleep with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,  
Till touched by some hand less unworthy than mine.  
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,  
Have throbbed at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;  
It was but as the wind passing suddenly over,  
And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own.  
*T. Moore.*

## THE POWER OF MUSIC.

AN Orpheus! an Orpheus!—yes, Faith may grow bold,  
And take to herself all the wonders of old;—  
Near the stately Pantheon you'll meet with the same  
In the street that from Oxford hath borrowed its name.

His station is there ;—and he works on the crowd,  
 He sways them with harmony merry and loud ;  
 He fills with his power all their hearts to the brim—  
 Was aught ever heard like his fiddle and him ?

What an eager assembly ! what an empire is this !  
 The weary have life, and the hungry have bliss ;  
 The mourner is cheered, and the anxious have rest ;  
 And the guilt-burthened soul is no longer oppress.

As the Moon brightens round her the clouds of the night,  
 So he, when he stands, is a centre of light ;  
 It gleams on the face, there, of dusky-browed Jack,  
 And the pale-visaged Baker's, with basket on back.

That errand-bound 'Prentice was passing in haste—  
 What matter ! he's caught—and his time runs to waste—  
 The Newsmen is stopped, though he stops on the fret,  
 And the half breathless Lamplighter—he's in the net !

The Porter sits down on the weight which he bore ;  
 The Lass with her barrow wheels hither her store ;—  
 If a thief could be here he might pilfer at ease ;  
 She sees the Musician, 'tis all that she sees !

He stands, backed by the wall ;—he abates not his din ;  
 His hat gives him vigour, with boons dropping in,  
 From the old and the young, from the poorest ; and there  
 The one-pennied Boy had his penny to spare.

O blest are the hearers, and proud be the hand  
 Of the pleasure it spreads through so thankful a band ;  
 I am glad for him, blind as he is !—all the while  
 If they speak 'tis to praise, and they praise with a smile.

That tall Man, a giant in bulk and in height,  
Not an inch of his body is free from delight;  
Can he keep himself still, if he would? oh, not he!  
The music stirs in him like wind through a tree.

Mark that Cripple who leans on his crutch; like a tower  
That long has leaned forward, leans hour after hour!—  
That Mother, whose spirit in fetters is bound,  
While she dandles the Babe in her arms to the sound.

Now, coaches and chariots! roar on like a stream;  
Here are twenty souls happy as souls in a dream;  
They are deaf to your murmurs—they care not for you,  
Nor what ye are flying, nor what ye pursue!

*W. Wordsworth.*

### ROBIN HOOD.

No! those days are gone away  
And their hours are old and grey,  
And their minutes buried all  
Under the down-trodden pall  
Of the leaves of many years:  
Many times have Winter's shears,  
Frozen North, and chilling East,  
Sounded tempests to the feast  
Of the forest's whispering fleeces,  
Since men knew nor rent nor leases.

No, the bugle sounds no more,  
And the twanging bow no more;

Silent is the ivory shrill  
Past the heath and up the hill;  
There is no mid-forest laugh,  
Where long Echo gives the half  
To some wight, amazed to hear  
Jesting, deep in forest drear.

On the fairest time of June  
You may go, with sun or moon,  
Or the seven stars to light you,  
Or the polar ray to right you;  
But you never may behold  
Little John, or Robin bold;  
Never one, of all the clan,  
Thrumming on an empty can,  
Some old hunting ditty, while  
He doth his green way beguile  
To fair hostess Merriment,  
Down beside the pasture Trent;  
For he left the merry tale,  
Messenger for spicy ale.

Gone, the merry morris din;  
Gone, the song of Gamelyn;  
Gone, the tough-belted outlaw  
Idling in the 'grené shawe';  
All are gone away and past!  
And if Robin should be cast  
Sudden from his tufted grave,  
And if Marian should have  
Once again her forest days,  
She would weep, and he would craze:  
He would swear, for all his oaks,  
Fall'n beneath the dockyard strokes,

Have rotted on the briny seas ;  
She would weep that her wild bees  
Sang not to her—strange ! that honey  
Can't be got without hard money !

So it is ; yet let us sing  
Honour to the old bow-string !  
Honour to the bugle-horn !  
Honour to the woods unshorn !  
Honour to the Lincoln green !  
Honour to the archer keen !  
Honour to tight Little John,  
And the horse he rode upon !  
Honour to bold Robin Hood,  
Sleeping in the underwood !  
Honour to Maid Marian,  
And to all the Sherwood clan !  
Though their days have hurried by,  
Let us two a burden try.

*J. Keats.*

### HUNTING SONG.

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,  
On the mountain dawns the day,  
All the jolly chase is here,  
With hawk, and horse, and hunting-spear !  
Hounds are in their couples yelling,  
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,  
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,  
'Waken, lords and ladies gay.'

Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
The mist has left the mountain grey,  
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,  
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming :  
And foresters have busy been,  
To track the buck in thicket green :  
Now we come to chant our lay,  
' Waken, lords and ladies gay.'

Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
To the green-wood haste away ;  
We can show you where he lies,  
Fleet of foot, and tall of size ;  
We can show the marks he made,  
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed ;  
You shall see him brought to bay,  
' Waken, lords and ladies gay.'

Louder, louder chant the lay,  
Waken, lords and ladies gay !  
Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee,  
Run a course as well as we ;  
Time, stern huntsman ! who can baulk,  
Stanch as hound, and fleet as hawk ;  
Think of *this*, and rise with day,  
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

*Sir W. Scott.*

## LONDON.

(Composed on Westminster Bridge, September 3rd, 180

EARTH has not anything to show more fair :  
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
A sight so touching in its majesty :  
This City now doth like a garment wear  
The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,  
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie  
Open unto the fields, and to the sky ;  
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.  
Never did sun more beautifully steep  
In his first splendour valley, rock or hill ;  
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !  
The river glideth on his own sweet will :  
Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;  
And all that mighty heart is lying still !

*W. Wordsworth.*

## VENICE

(*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.*)

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs ;  
A palace and a prison on each hand :  
I saw from out the wave her structures rise  
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand :

A thousand years their cloudy wings expand  
Around me, and a dying Glory smiles  
O'er the far times, when many a subject land  
Looked to the wingèd Lion's marble piles,  
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles!

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,  
Rising with her tiara of proud towers  
At airy distance, with majestic motion,  
A ruler of the waters and their powers :  
And such she was ;—her daughters had their dowers  
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East  
Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.  
In purple was she robed, and of her feast  
Monarchs partook, and deemed their dignity increased.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,  
And silent rows the songless gondolier ;  
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,  
And music meets not always now the ear :  
Those days are gone—but Beauty still is here.  
States fall, arts fade—but Nature doth not die,  
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,  
The pleasant place of all festivity,  
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy !

*Lord Byron.*



## THE SAME.

*(Lines written among the Euganean Hills.)*

BENEATH is spread like a green sea  
The waveless plain of Lombardy,  
Bounded by the vaporous air,  
Islanded by cities fair.  
Underneath day's azure eyes  
Ocean's nursling, Venice lies,  
A peopled labyrinth of walls,  
Amphitrite's destined halls,  
Which her hoary sire now paves  
With his blue and beaming waves.  
Lo! the sun upsprings behind,  
Broad, red, radiant, half reclined  
On the level quivering line  
Of the waters crystalline;  
And before that chasm of light,  
As within a furnace bright,  
Column, tower, and dome, and spire,  
Shine like obelisks of fire,  
Pointing with inconstant motion  
From the altar of dark ocean  
To the sapphire-tinted skies;  
As the flames of sacrifice  
From the marble shrines did rise,  
As to pierce the dome of gold  
Where Apollo spoke of old.

Sun-girt City! thou hast been  
Ocean's child, and then his queen.

Now is come a darker day,  
And thou soon must be his prey,  
If the power that raised thee here  
Hallow so thy watery bier.  
A less drear ruin then than now,  
With thy conquest-branded brow  
Stooping to the slave of slaves  
From thy throne, among the waves  
Wilt thou be, when the seamew  
Flies, as once before it flew,  
O'er thine isles depopulate,  
And all is in its ancient state ;  
Save where many a palace gate  
With green sea-flowers overgrown  
Like a rock of ocean's own,  
Topples o'er the abandoned sea  
As the tides change sullenly.  
The fisher on his watery way,  
Wandering at the close of day,  
Will spread his sail and seize his oar  
Till he pass the gloomy shore,  
Lest thy dead should, from their sleep  
Bursting o'er the starlight deep,  
Lead a rapid masque of death  
O'er the waters of his path.

*P. B. Shelley.*

## EDINBURGH.

*(Marmion.)*

STILL on the spot Lord Marmion stayed,  
For fairer scene he ne'er surveyed.

When sated with the martial show  
That peopled all the plain below,  
The wandering eye could o'er it go,  
And mark the distant city glow

With gloomy splendour red ;  
For on the smoke-wreaths, huge and slow,  
That round her sable turrets flow,

The morning beams were shed,  
And tinged them with a lustre proud,  
Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud.

Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,  
Where the huge Castle holds its state,

And all the steep slope down  
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,  
Piled deep and massy, close and high,

Mine own romantic town !

But northward far, with purer blaze,  
On Ochil mountains fell the rays,  
And as each heathy top they kissed,  
It gleamed a purple amethyst.

Yonder the shores of Fife you saw ;  
Here Preston-Bay and Berwick-Law :

And, broad between them rolled,  
 The gallant Frith the eye might note,  
 Whose islands on its bosom float,  
     Like emeralds chased in gold.  
 Fitz-Eustace' heart felt closely pent ;  
 As if to give his rapture vent,  
 The spur he to his charger lent,  
     And raised his bridle hand,  
 And, making demi-volte in air,  
 Cried, ' Where's the coward that would not dare  
     To fight for such a land !'

*Sir W. Scott.*

## THE COLISEUM.

*(Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.)*

AND here the buzz of eager nations ran,  
 In murmured pity, or loud-roared applause,  
 As man was slaughtered by his fellow-man.  
 And wherefore slaughtered ? wherefore, but because  
 Such were the bloody Circus' genial laws,  
 And the imperial pleasure.—Wherefore not ?  
 What matters where we fall to fill the maws  
 Of worms—on battle-plains or listed spot ?  
 Both are but theatres where the chief actors rot.


I see before me the Gladiator lie :  
 He leans upon his hand—his manly brow  
 Consents to death, but conquers agony,  
 And his drooped head sinks gradually low—  
 And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow

From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,  
Like the first of a thunder-shower ; and now  
The arena swims around him—he is gone,  
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes  
Were with his heart, and that was far away :  
He recked not of the life he lost nor prize,  
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,  
*There* were his young barbarians all at play,  
*There* was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,  
Butchered to make a Roman holiday—  
All this rushed with his blood—Shall he expire  
And unavenged ?—Arise ! ye Goths, and glut your ire !

But here, where Murder breathed her bloody steam ;  
And here, where buzzing nations choked the ways,  
And roared or murmured like a mountain stream  
Dashing or winding as its torrent strays ;  
Here, where the Roman millions' blame or praise  
Was death or life, the plaything of a crowd,  
My voice sounds much—and fall the stars' faint rays  
On the arena void—seats crushed—walls bowed—  
And galleries, where my steps seem echoes strangely loud.

A ruin—yet what ruin ! from its mass  
Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been reared ;  
Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,  
And marvel where the spoil could have appeared.  
Hath it indeed been plundered, or but cleared ?  
Alas ! developed, opens the decay,  
When the colossal fabric's form is neared :  
It will not bear the brightness of the day,  
Which streams too much on all years, man, have left away.



But when the rising moon begins to climb  
 Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there ;  
 When the stars twinkle through the loops of time,  
 And the low night-breeze waves along the air  
 The garland forest, which the gray walls wear,  
 Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head ;  
 When the light shines serene but doth not glare,  
 Then in this magic circle raise the dead :  
 Heroes have trod this spot—'tis on their dust ye tread.  
*Lord Byron.*

## THE VALE OF CASHMERE.

*(Lalla Rookh.)*

WHO has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere,  
 With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave,  
 Its temples, and grottoes, and fountains as clear  
 As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their wave ?

Oh ! to see it at sunset,—when warm o'er the lake  
 Its splendour at parting a summer eve throws,  
 Like a bride, full of blushes, when ling'ring to take  
 A last look at her mirror at night ere she goes !—  
 When the shrines through the foliage are gleaming half-shown,  
 And each hallows the hour by some rites of its own.  
 Here the music of prayer from a minaret swells,  
 Here the Magian his urn, full of perfume, is swinging,  
 And here, at the altar, a zone of sweet bells  
 Round the waist of some fair Indian dancer is ringing.  
 Or to see it by moonlight,—when mellowly shines  
 The light o'er its palaces, gardens, and shrines ;

When the water-falls gleam, like a quick fall of stars,  
And the nightingale's hymn from the Isle of Chenars  
Is broken by laughs and light echoes of feet  
From the cool, shining walks where the young people meet.—  
Or at morn, when the magic of daylight awakes  
A new wonder each minute, as slowly it breaks,  
Hills, cupolas, fountains, called forth every one  
Out of darkness, as if but just born of the sun.  
When the Spirit of Fragrance is up for the day,  
From his harem of night-flowers stealing away ;  
And the wind, full of wantonness, woos like a lover  
The young aspen-trees, till they tremble all over.  
When the East is as warm as the light of first hopes,  
And Day with its banner of radiance unfurled,  
Shines on through the mountainous portal that opes,  
Sublime from that Valley of bliss to the world !

*T. Moore.*

‘I TRAVELLED AMONG UNKNOWN MEN.’

I TRAVELLED among unknown men,  
In lands beyond the sea ;  
Nor, England ! did I know till then  
What love I bore to thee.

’Tis past, that melancholy dream !  
Nor will I quit thy shore  
A second time ; for still I seem  
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel  
 The joy of my desire ;  
 And she I cherished turned her wheel  
 Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed  
 The bowers where Lucy played ;  
 And thine is too the last green field  
 That Lucy's eyes surveyed.

*W. Wordsworth.*

## THE TRIUMPH OF BACCHUS.

*(Endymion.)*

BENEATH my palm-trees, by the river side,  
 I sat a weeping : in the whole world wide  
 There was no one to ask me why I wept—  
     And so I kept  
 Brimming the water-lily cups with tears  
     Cold as my fears.

Beneath my palm-trees, by the river side,  
 I sat a weeping : what enamoured bride,  
 Cheated by shadowy wooer from the clouds,  
     But hides and shrouds  
 Beneath dark palm-trees by a river side ?

And as I sat, over the light blue hills  
 There came a noise of revellers : the rills  
 Into the wide stream came of purple hue—  
     'Twas Bacchus and his crew !  
 The earnest trumpet spake, and silver thrills



From kissing cymbals made a merry din—  
    'Twas Bacchus and his kin !  
Like to a moving vintage down they came,  
Crowned with green leaves, and faces all on flame ;  
All madly dancing through the pleasant valley,  
    To scare thee, Melancholy !  
O then, O then, thou wast a simple name !  
And I forgot thee, as the berried holly  
By shepherds is forgotten, when in June,  
Tall chesnuts keep away the sun and moon :—  
    I rushed into the folly !

Within his car, aloft, young Bacchus stood,  
Trifling his ivy-dart, in dancing mood,  
    With sidelong laughing ;  
And little rills of crimson wine imbrued  
His plump white arms, and shoulders, enough white  
    For Venus' pearly bite ;  
And near him rode Silenus on his ass,  
Pelted with flowers as he on did pass  
    Tipsily quaffing.

Whence came ye, merry Damsels ! whence came ye,  
So many, and so many, and such glee ?  
Why have ye left your bowers desolate,  
    Your lutes, and gentler fate ?  
' We follow Bacchus ! Bacchus on the wing,  
    A conquering !  
Bacchus, young Bacchus ! good or ill betide,  
We dance before him thorough kingdoms wide :—  
Come hither, lady fair, and joined be  
    To our wild minstrelsy !'

Whence came ye, jolly Satyrs ! whence came ye,  
So many, and so many, and such glee ?

Why have ye left your forest haunts, why left  
Your nuts in oak-tree cleft?—  
'For wine, for wine we left our kernel tree ;  
For wine we left our heath, and yellow brooms,  
And cold mushrooms ;  
For wine we follow Bacchus through the earth ;  
Great god of breathless cups and chirping mirth !  
Come hither, lady fair, and joined be  
To our mad minstrelsy !'

Over wide streams and mountains great we went,  
And, save when Bacchus kept his ivy tent,  
Onward the tiger and the leopard pants,  
With Asian elephants :  
Onward these myriads—with song and dance,  
With zebras striped, and sleek Arabians' prance,  
Web-footed alligators, crocodiles,  
Bearing upon their scaly backs, in files,  
Plump infant laughers mimicking the coil  
Of seamen, and stout galley-rowers' toil :  
With toying oars and silken sails they glide,  
Nor care for wind and tide.

Mounted on panthers' furs and lions' manes,  
From rear to van they scour about the plains ;  
A three days' journey in a moment done ;  
And always, at the rising of the sun,  
About the wilds they hunt with spear and horn,  
On spleenful unicorn.

I saw Osirian Egypt kneel adown  
Before the vine-wreath crown  
I saw parched Abyssinia rouse and sing  
To the silver cymbals' ring !

I saw the whelming vintage hotly pierce  
    Old Tartary the fierce!  
The kings of Ind their jewel-sceptres vail  
And from their treasures scatter pearlèd hail;  
Great Brahma from his mystic heaven groans,  
    And all his priesthood moans,  
Before young Bacchus' eye-wink turning pale.  
Into these regions came I, following him,  
Sick-hearted, weary—so I took a whim  
To stray away into these forests drear,  
    Alone, without a peer:  
And I have told thee all thou mayest hear.

*J. Keats.*

### ARETHUSA.

ARETHUSA arose  
From her couch of snows  
In the Acroceraunian mountains,—  
From cloud and from crag,  
With many a jag,  
Shepherding her bright fountains.  
She leapt down the rocks  
With her rainbow locks  
Streaming among the streams;  
Her steps paved with green  
The downward ravine  
Which slopes to the western gleams:  
And gliding and springing,  
She went, ever singing,

In murmurs as soft as sleep ;  
The Earth seemed to love her,  
And Heaven smiled above her,  
As she lingered towards the deep.


Then Alpheus bold,  
On his glacier cold,  
With his trident the mountains strook  
And opened a chasm  
In the rocks ;—with the spasm  
All Erymanthus shook.  
And the black south wind  
It concealed behind  
The urns of the silent snow,  
And earthquake and thunder  
Did rend in sunder  
The bars of the springs below.  
The beard and the hair  
Of the River-god were  
Seen through the torrent's sweep,  
As he followed the light  
Of the fleet nymph's flight  
To the brink of the Dorian deep.

' Oh ! save me ! Oh ! guide me !  
And bid the deep hide me !  
For he grasps me now by the hair !'  
The loud Ocean heard,  
To its blue depth stirred,  
And divided at her prayer ;  
And under the water  
The Earth's white daughter  
Fled like a sunny beam,  
Behind her descended,  
Her billows unblended  
With the brackish Dorian stream.

Like a gloomy stain  
On the emerald main,  
Alpheus rushed behind,—  
As an eagle pursuing  
A dove to its ruin  
Down the streams of the cloudy wind.

Under the bowers  
Where the Ocean Powers  
Sit on their pearlèd thrones ;  
Through the coral woods  
Of the weltering floods ;  
Over heaps of unvalued stones ;  
Through the dim beams  
Which amid the streams  
Weave a network of coloured light ;  
And under the caves  
Where the shadowy waves  
Are as green as the forest's night ;  
Outspeeding the shark,  
And the swordfish dark,—  
Under the ocean foam,  
And up through the rifts  
Of the mountain cliffs,  
They passed to their Dorian home.

And now from their fountains  
In Enna's mountains,  
Down one vale where the morning basks,  
Like friends once parted  
Grown single-hearted,  
They ply their watery tasks.  
At sunrise they leap  
From their cradles steep  
In the cave of the shelving hill ;



At noontide they flow  
Through the woods below  
And the meadows of asphodel ;  
And at night they sleep  
In the rocking deep  
Beneath the Ortygian shore ;  
Like the spirits that lie  
In the azure sky,  
When they love but live no more.

*P. B. Shelley.*

## LOCHINVAR.

*(Marmion.)*

O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west,  
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best ;  
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,  
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.  
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,  
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,  
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none ;  
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,  
The bride had consented, the gallant came late :  
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,  
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,  
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all :  
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,  
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)  
'O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,  
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar ?'—

'I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied :—  
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—  
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,  
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.  
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,  
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.'

The bride kissed the goblet : the knight took it up,  
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.  
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,  
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.  
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar,—  
'Now tread we a measure !' said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,  
That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;  
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,  
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume ;  
And the bride-maidens whispered, ' 'Twere better by far,  
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.'

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,  
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near ;  
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,  
So light to the saddle before her he sprang !

'He is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur ;  
They'll have fleet steeds that follow,' quoth young Lochinvar.



There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan ;  
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran :  
There was racing and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,  
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.  
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,  
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar ?

*Sir W. Scott.*

## THE FUGITIVES.

### I.

THE waters are flashing,  
The white hail is dashing,  
The lightnings are glancing,  
The hoar-spray is dancing—  
Away !

The whirlwind is rolling,  
The thunder is tolling,  
The forest is swinging,  
The minster bells ringing—  
Come away !

The earth is like Ocean,  
Wreck-strewn and in motion ;  
Bird, beast, man and worm,  
Have crept out of the storm—  
Come away !

### II.

' Our boat has one sail,  
And the helmsman is pale ;



A bold pilot, I trow,  
Who should follow us now!—  
Shouted he.

And she cried : ' Ply the oar ;  
Put off gaily from shore !'—  
As she spoke, bolts of death,  
Mixed with hail, specked their path  
O'er the sea.

And from isle, tower and rock,  
The blue beacon-cloud broke :  
And, though dumb in the blast,  
The red cannon flashed fast  
From the lee.

## III.

' And, fearest thou, and fearest thou ?  
And, seest thou, and hearest thou ?  
And, drive we not free  
O'er the terrible sea,  
I and thou ?'

One boat-cloak did cover  
The loved and the lover ;  
Their blood beats one measure,  
They murmur proud pleasure  
Soft and low ;

While around the lashed ocean,  
Like mountains in motion,  
Is withdrawn and uplifted,  
Sunk, shattered, and shifted  
To and fro.

## IV.

In the court of the fortress  
Beside the pale portress,  
Like a bloodhound well beaten  
The bridegroom stands, eaten  
By shame.

On the topmost watch-turret,  
As a death-boding spirit,  
Stands the grey tyrant father ;  
To his voice, the mad weather  
Seems tame ;

And, with curses as wild  
As e'er clung to child,  
He devotes to the blast  
The best, loveliest, and last,  
Of his name.

*P. B. Shelley.*

## BONNIVARD IN PRISON.

*(The Prisoner of Chillon.)*

I MADE a footing in the wall,  
It was not therefrom to escape,  
For I had buried one and all  
Who loved me in a human shape ;  
And the whole earth would henceforth be  
A wider prison unto me :

No child—no sire—no kin had I,  
No partner in my misery ;  
I thought of this, and I was glad,  
For thought of them had made me mad ;  
But I was curious to ascend  
To my barred windows, and to bend  
Once more, upon the mountains high,  
The quiet of a loving eye.

I saw them—and they were the same,  
They were not changed like me in frame ;  
I saw their thousand years of snow  
On high—their wide long lake below,  
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow ;  
I heard the torrents leap and gush  
O'er channelled rock and broken bush  
I saw the white-walled distant town,  
And whiter sails go skimming down ;  
And then there was a little isle,  
Which in my very face did smile,  
The only one in view ;  
A small green isle, it seemed no more,  
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,  
But in it there were three tall trees,  
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,  
And by it there were waters flowing,  
And on it there were young flowers growing,  
Of gentle breath and hue.  
The fish swam by the castle wall,  
And they seemed joyous each and all ;  
The eagle rode the rising blast,  
Methought he never flew so fast  
As then to me he seemed to fly ;  
And then new tears came in my eye,

And I felt troubled—and would fain  
I had not left my recent chain ;  
And when I did descend again,  
The darkness of my dim abode  
Fell on me as a heavy load ;  
It was as is a new-dug grave,  
Closing o'er one we sought to save,—  
And yet my glance, too much oppressed,  
Had almost need of such a rest.

*Lord Byron.*

## THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET.

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,  
Catching your heart up at the feel of June,  
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,  
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass ;  
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class  
With those who think the candles come too soon,  
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune  
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass.

O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,  
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,  
Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong  
At your clear hearts ; and both seem given to earth  
To ring in thoughtful ears this natural song—  
Indoors and out, summer and winter, Mirth.

*Leigh Hunt.*

## CORONACH.

*(The Lady of the Lake.)*

HE is gone on the mountain,  
He is lost to the forest,  
Like a summer-dried fountain,  
When our need was the sorest.  
The fond, reappearing,  
From the rain-drops shall borrow,  
But to us comes no cheering,  
To Duncan no morrow !  
The hand of the reaper  
Takes the ears that are hoary,  
But the voice of the weeper  
Wails manhood in glory.  
The autumn winds rushing  
Waft the leaves that are searest,  
But our flower was in flushing,  
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,  
Sage counsel in cumber,  
Red hand in the foray,  
How sound is thy slumber !  
Like the dew on the mountain,  
Like the foam on the river,  
Like the bubble on the fountain,  
Thou art gone, and for ever !

*Sir W. Scott.*

## THE EXILE'S GRAVE.

OH, breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,  
Where cold and unhonoured his relics are laid ;  
Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,  
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,  
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps ;  
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,  
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

*T. Moore.*

## CORINNA, FROM ATHENS, TO TANAGRA.

TANAGRA ! think not I forget  
Thy beautifully-storied streets ;  
Be sure my memory bathes yet  
In dear Thermodon, and yet greets  
The blythe and liberal Shepherd boy,  
Whose sunny bosom swells with joy  
When we accept his matted rushes  
Upheaved with sylvan fruits ; away he bounds and blushes.

I promise to bring back with me  
What thou with transport will receive,  
The only proper gift for thee,  
Of which no mortal shall bereave  
In later times thy mouldering walls,  
• Until the last old turret falls ;  
A crown, a crown from Athens won,  
A crown no god can wear, beside Latona's son.

There may be cities who refuse  
To their own child the honours due,  
And look ungentle on the Muse ;  
But ever shall those cities rue  
The dry, unyielding, niggard breast,  
Offering no nourishment, no rest,  
To that young head which soon shall rise  
Disdainfully, in might and glory, to the skies.

Sweetly where caverned Dirce flows  
Do white-armed maidens chaunt my lay,  
Flapping the while with laurel-rose  
The honey-gathering tribes away ;  
And sweetly, sweetly, Attic tongues  
Lisp your Corinna's early songs ;  
To her with feet more graceful come  
The verses that have dwelt in kindred breasts at home.

O let thy children lean aslant  
Against the tender mother's knee,  
And gaze into her face, and want  
To know what magic there can be  
In words that urge some eyes to dance,  
While others as in holy trance  
Look up to heaven ; be such my praise !  
Why linger ? I must haste, or lose the Delphic bays.  
*W. S. Landor.*

## ODE ON A GRECIAN URN.

THOU still unravished bride of quietness !

Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,  
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express

A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme,  
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape  
Of deities or mortals, or of both,

In Tempe or the dales of Arcady ?

What men or gods are these ? what maidens loath ?  
What mad pursuit ? What struggle to escape ?  
What pipes and timbrels ? What wild ecstasy ?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard

Are sweeter ; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on ;  
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,

Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone ;  
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave  
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare ;

Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,  
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve ;  
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,  
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair !

Ah, happy, happy boughs ! that cannot shed

Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu ;  
And, happy melodist, unwearied,  
For ever piping songs for ever new ;



More happy love! more happy, happy love!  
For ever warm and still to be enjoyed,  
For ever panting and for ever young;  
All breathing human passion far above,  
That leaves a heart high sorrowful and cloyed,  
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue,

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?  
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,  
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,  
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?  
What little town by river or sea-shore,  
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,  
Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?  
And, little town, thy streets for evermore  
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell  
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede  
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,  
With forest branches and the trodden weed;  
Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of thought  
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!  
When old age shall this generation waste,  
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe  
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,  
'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,'—that is all  
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

*J. Keats.*

## THE SPIRIT OF DELIGHT.

RARELY, rarely comest thou,  
Spirit of Delight !  
Wherefore hast thou left me now  
Many a day and night ?  
Many a weary night and day  
'Tis since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me  
Win thee back again ?  
With the joyous and the free,  
Thou wilt scoff at pain.  
Spirit false ! thou hast forgot  
All but those who need thee not.

As a lizard with the shade  
Of a trembling leaf,  
Thou with sorrow art dismayed ;  
Even the sighs of grief  
Reproach thee that thou art not near,  
And reproach thou wilt not hear.

Let me set my mournful ditty  
To a merry measure ;—  
Thou wilt never come for pity,  
Thou wilt come for pleasure ;  
Pity then will cut away  
Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.



## LAST LINES.

(*Written on the completion of his thirty-sixth year.*)

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,  
Since others it hath ceased to move ;  
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,  
Still let me love !

My days are in the yellow leaf ;  
The flowers and fruits of love are gone ;  
The worm, the canker, and the grief  
Are mine alone !

The fire that on my bosom preys  
Is lone as some volcanic isle ;  
No torch is kindled at its blaze—  
A funeral pile !

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,  
The exalted portion of the pain  
And power of love, I cannot share,  
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not *thus*—and 'tis not *here*—  
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor *now*,  
Where glory decks the hero's bier  
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,  
Glory and Greece, around me see!  
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,  
Was not more free.

Awake! (not Greece—she *is* awake!)  
Awake, my spirit! Think through *whom*  
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,  
And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down,  
Unworthy manhood!—unto thee  
Indifferent should the smile or frown  
Of beauty be.

If thou regret'st thy youth, *why live?*  
The land of honourable death  
Is here :—up to the field, and give  
Away thy breath!

Seek out—less often sought than found—  
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;  
Then look around, and choose thy ground,  
And take thy rest.

*Lord Byron.*

## LIFE AND DEATH.

LIFE ! I know not what thou art,  
But know that thou and I must part ;  
And when, or where, or how we met  
I own to me's a secret yet.

Life ! we've been long together  
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather ;  
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—  
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear ;—  
Then steal away, give little warning,  
Choose thine own time ;  
Say not Good-night,—but in some brighter clime  
Bid me Good Morning.

*A. L. Barbould.*

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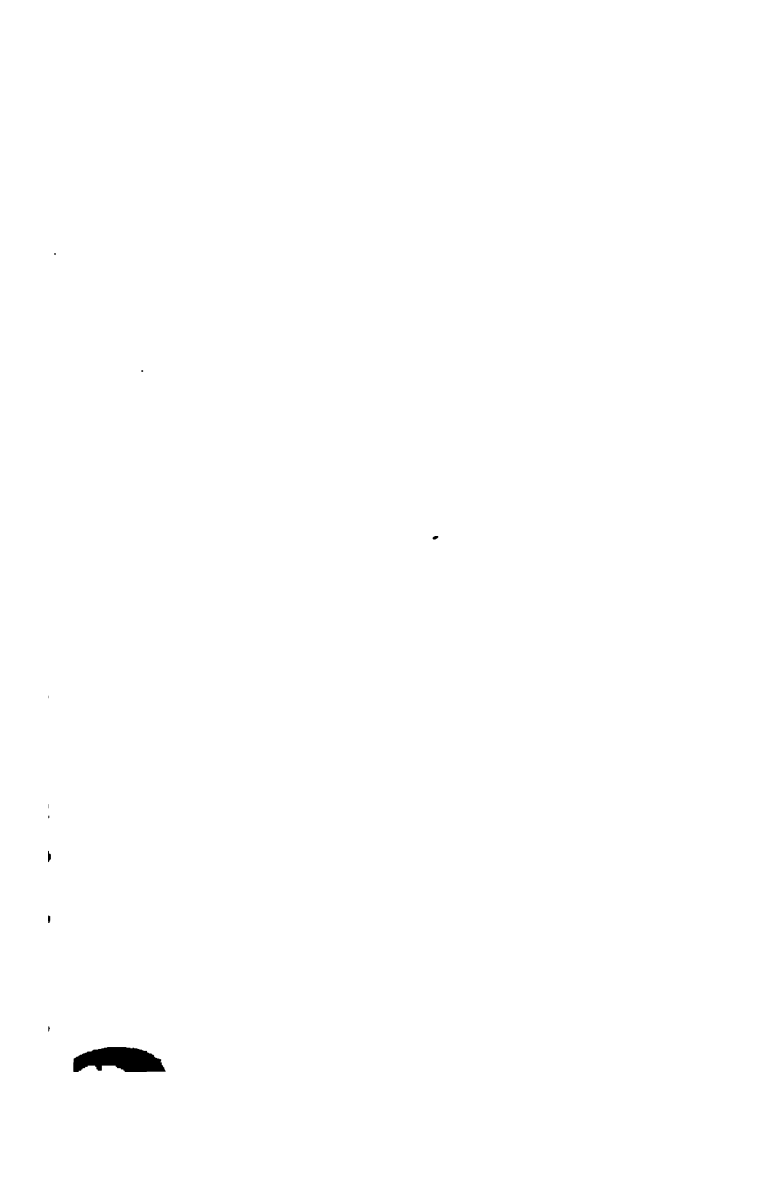
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**BOOK THE FOURTH.**





# LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

LITTLE Book, surnamed of *white*,  
Clean as yet, and fair to sight,  
Keep thy attribution right.

Never disproportioned scrawl ;  
Ugly blot, that's worse than all ;  
On thy maiden clearness fall !

In each letter, here designed,  
Let the reader emblemed find  
Neatness of the owner's mind.

Gilded margins count a sin,  
Let thy leaves attraction win  
By the golden rules within ;

Sayings fetched from sages old ;  
Laws which Holy Writ unfold,  
Worthy to be graved in gold :

Lighter fancies not excluding ;  
Blameless wit, with nothing rude in  
Sometimes mildly interluding

Amid strains of graver measure :  
Virtue's self hath oft her pleasure  
In sweet Muses' groves of leisure.

Riddles dark, perplexing sense ;  
Darker meaning of offence ;  
What but *shades*—be banished hence.

C. Lamb.

### GASPAR BECERRA.

By his evening fire the artist  
Pondered o'er his secret shame ;  
Baffled, weary, and disheartened,  
Still he mused, and dreamed of fame.

'Twas an image of the Virgin  
That had tasked his utmost skill ;  
But, alas ! his fair ideal  
Vanished and escaped him still.

From a distant Eastern island  
Had the precious wood been brought ;  
Day and night the anxious master  
At his toil untiring wrought ;

Till, discouraged and desponding,  
Sat he now in shadows deep,  
And the day's humiliation  
Found oblivion in sleep.

Then a voice cried, ' Rise, O master !  
From a burning brand of oak  
Shape the thought that stirs within thee !'  
And the startled artist woke,—

Woke, and from the smoking embers  
Seized and quenched the glowing wood ;  
And therefrom he carved an image,  
And he saw that it was good.

O thou sculptor, painter, poet !  
Take this lesson to thy heart :  
That is best which lieth nearest ;  
Shape from that thy work of art.

*H. W. Longfellow.*

## THE TRIUMPH OF THE LYRE.

*(Empedocles on Etna.)*

OH ! that Fate had let me see  
That triumph of the sweet persuasive lyre,  
That famous, final victory  
When jealous Pan with Marsyas did conspire ;

When, from far Parnassus' side,  
Young Apollo, all the pride  
Of the Phrygian flutes to tame,  
To the Phrygian highlands came ;  
Where the long green reed-beds sway  
In the rippled waters grey  
Of that solitary lake  
Where Mæander's springs are born ;  
Where the ridged pine-wooded roots  
Of Messogis westward break,  
Mounting westward, high and higher.

There was held the famous strife ;  
There the Phrygian brought his flutes,  
And Apollo brought his lyre ;  
And, when now the westering sun  
Touched the hills, the strife was done,  
And the attentive Muses said :  
' Marsyas, thou art vanquishèd !'  
Then Apollo's minister  
Hanged upon a branching fir  
Marsyas, that unhappy Faun,  
And began to whet his knife.  
But the Mænads, who were there,  
Left their friend, and with robes flowing  
In the wind, and loose dark hair  
O'er their polished bosoms blowing,  
Each her ribboned tambourine  
Flinging on the mountain-sod,  
With a lovely frightened mien  
Came about the youthful God.  
But he turned his beauteous face  
Haughtily another way,  
From the grassy sun-warmed place  
Where in proud repose he lay,  
With one arm over his head,  
Watching how the whetting sped.

But aloof, on the lake-strand,  
Did the young Olympus stand,  
Weeping at his master's end ;  
For the Faun had been his friend.  
For he taught him how to sing,  
And he taught him flute-playing.  
Many a morning had they gone  
To the glimmering mountain-lakes,  
And had torn up by the roots

The tall crested water-reeds  
With long plumes and soft brown seeds,  
And had carved them into flutes,  
Sitting on a tabled stone  
Where the shoreward ripple breaks.  
And he taught him how to please  
The red-snooded Phrygian girls,  
Whom the summer evening sees  
Flashing in the dance's whirls  
Underneath the starlit trees  
In the mountain-villages.  
Therefore now Olympus stands,  
At his master's piteous cries  
Pressing fast with both his hands  
His white garment to his eyes,  
Not to see Apollo's scorn ;—  
Ah, poor Faun, poor Faun ! ah, poor Faun !  
*M. Arnold.*

## THE SONG OF ORPHEUS TO THE ARGONAUTS.

*(The Life and Death of Jason.)*

O DEATH, that maketh life so sweet,  
O fear, with mirth before thy feet,  
What have ye yet in store for us,  
The conquerors, the glorious ?

Men say : ' For fear that thou shouldst die  
To-morrow, let to-day pass by  
Flower-crowned and singing ; ' yet have we  
Passed our to-day upon the sea,

Or in a poisonous unknown land,  
With fear and death on either hand,  
And listless when the day was done  
Have scarcely hoped to see the sun  
Dawn on the morrow of the earth,  
Nor in our hearts have thought of mirth.  
And while the world lasts, scarce again  
Shall any sons of men bear pain  
Like we have borne, yet be alive.

So surely not in vain we strive  
Like other men for our reward ;  
Sweet peace and deep, the chequered sword  
Beneath the ancient mulberry-trees,  
The smoothed-paved gilded palaces,  
Where the shy thin-clad damsels sweet  
Make music with their gold-ringed feet.  
The fountain court amidst of it,  
Where the short-haired slave maidens sit,  
While on the veined pavement lie  
The honied things and spicery  
Their arms have borne from out the town.

The dancers on the thymy down  
In summer twilight, when the earth  
Is still of all things but their mirth,  
And echoes borne upon the wind  
Of others in like way entwined.

The merchant town's fair market-place,  
Where over many a changing face  
The pigeons of the temple flit,  
And still the outland merchants sit  
Like kings above their merchandise,  
Lying to foolish men and wise.

Ah ! if they heard that we were come  
Into the bay, and bringing home

That which all men have talked about,  
Some men with rage, and some with doubt,  
Some with desire, and some with praise,  
Then would the people throng the ways,  
Nor heed the outland merchandise,  
Nor any talk, from fools or wise,  
But tales of our accomplished quest.

What soul within the house shall rest  
When we come home ? The wily king  
Shall leave his throne to see the thing ;  
No man shall keep the landward gate,  
The hurried traveller shall wait  
Until our bulwarks graze the quay,  
Unslain the milk-white bull shall be  
Beside the quivering altar-flame ;  
Scarce shall the maiden clasp for shame  
Over her breast the raiment thin  
The morn that Argo cometh in.

Then cometh happy life again  
That payeth well our toil and pain  
In that sweet hour, when all our woe  
But as a pensive tale we know,  
Nor yet remember deadly fear ;  
For surely now if death be near,  
Unthought-of is it, and unseen  
When sweet is, that hath bitter been.

*W. Morris.*



## DAVID PLAYING BEFORE SAUL.

*(Saul.)*

THEN I tuned my harp,—took off the lilies we twine round its  
chords

Lest they snap 'neath the stress of the noontide—those sun-  
beams like swords!

And I first played the tune all our sheep know, as, one after  
one,

So docile they come to the pen-door till folding be done.

They are white and untorn by the bushes, for lo, they have  
fed

Where the long grasses stifle the water within the stream's  
bed;

And now one after one seeks its lodging, as star follows star  
Into eve and the blue far above us,—so blue and so far!

—Then the tune, for which quails on the cornland will each  
leave his mate

To fly after the player; then, what makes the crickets elate  
Till for boldness they fight one another: and then, what has  
weight

To set the quick jerboa a-musing outside his sand house—

There are none such as he for a wonder, half bird and half  
mouse!

God made all the creatures and gave them our love and our  
fear,

To give sign, we and they are his children, one family here.

Then I played the help-tune of our reapers, their wine-song,  
when hand  
Grasps at hand, eye lights eye in good friendship, and great  
hearts expand  
And grow one in the sense of this world's life.—And then, the  
last song  
When the dead man is praised on his journey—' Bear, bear him  
along  
With his few thoughts shut up like dead flowerets ! Are balm  
seeds not here  
To console us ? The land has none left such as he on the  
bier.  
Oh, would we might keep thee, my brother !'—And then, the  
glad chaunt  
Of the marriage,—first go the young maidens, next, she whom  
we vaunt  
As the beauty, the pride of our dwelling.—And then, the great  
march  
Wherein man runs to man to assist him and buttress an arch  
Nought can break ; who shall harm them, our friends ? Then,  
the chorus intoned  
As the levites go up to the altar in glory enthroned.  
But I stopped here : for here in the darkness Saul groaned.

*R. Browning.*

## ODE TO THE NORTH-EAST WIND.

WELCOME, wild North-easter !  
Shame it is to see  
Odes to every zephyr ;  
Ne'er a verse to thee.

Welcome, black North-easter !  
O'er the German foam ;  
O'er the Danish moorlands,  
From thy frozen home.  
Tired we are of summer,  
Tired of gaudy glare,  
Showers soft and steaming,  
Hot and breathless air.  
Tired of listless dreaming,  
Through the lazy day :  
Jovial wind of winter  
Turns us out to play !  
Sweep the golden reed-beds ;  
Crisp the lazy dyke ;  
Hunger into madness  
Every plunging pike.  
Fill the lake with wild-fowl ;  
Fill the marsh with snipe ;  
While on dreary moorlands  
Lonely curlew pipe.  
Through the black fir-forest  
Thunder harsh and dry,  
Shattering down the snow-flakes  
Off the curdled sky.  
Hark ! The brave North-easter !  
Breast-high lies the scent,  
On by holt and headland,  
Over heath and bent.  
Chime, ye dappled darlings,  
Through the sleet and snow.  
Who can over-ride you ?  
Let the horses go !  
Chime, ye dappled darlings,  
Down the roaring blast ;  
You shall see a fox die  
Ere an hour be past.

Go! and rest to-morrow,  
Hunting in your dreams,  
While our skates are ringing  
O'er the frozen streams.  
Let the luscious South-wind  
Breathe in lover's sighs,  
While the lazy gallants  
Bask in ladies' eyes.  
What does he but soften  
Heart alike and pen!  
'Tis the hard grey weather  
Breeds hard English men.  
What's the soft South-wester?  
'Tis the ladies' breeze,  
Bringing home their true-loves  
Out of all the seas.  
But the black North-easter,  
Through the snowstorm hurled,  
Drives our English hearts of oak  
Seaward round the world.  
Come, as came our fathers,  
Heralded by thee,  
Conquering from the eastward,  
Lords by land and sea.  
Come; and strong within us  
Stir the Vikings' blood;  
Bracing brain and sinew,  
Blow, thou wind of God!

*C. Kingsley.*

## THE SKELETON IN ARMOUR.

'SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!  
Who, with thy hollow breast  
Still in rude armour drest.  
Comest to daunt me!  
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,  
But with thy fleshless palms  
Stretched, as if asking alms,  
Why dost thou haunt me?'

Then, from those cavernous eyes  
Pale flashes seemed to rise,  
As when the Northern skies  
Gleam in December;  
And, like the water's flow  
Under December's snow,  
Came a dull voice of woe  
From the heart's chamber.

'I was a Viking old!  
My deeds, though manifold,  
No Skald in song has told,  
No Saga taught thee!  
Take heed, that in thy verse  
Thou dost the tale rehearse,  
Else dread a dead man's curse!  
For this I sought thee.

'Far in the Northern land  
By the wild Baltic's strand,  
I, with my childish hand,  
    Tamed the ger-falcon ;  
And, with my skates fast-bound  
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,  
That the poor whimpering hound  
    Trembled to walk on.

'Oft to his frozen lair  
Tracked I the grisly bear,  
While from my path the hare  
    Fled like a shadow ;  
Oft through the forest dark  
Followed the were-wolf's bark,  
Until the soaring lark  
    Sang from the meadow.

'But when I older grew,  
Joining a corsair's crew,  
O'er the dark sea I flew  
    With the marauders.  
Wild was the life we led ;  
Many the souls that sped,  
Many the hearts that bled,  
    By our stern orders.

'Many a wassail-bout  
Wore the long Winter out ;  
Often our midnight shout  
    Set the cocks crowing,  
As we the Berserk's tale  
Measured in cups of ale,  
Draining the oaken pail,  
    Filled to o'erflowing.

' Once as I told in glee  
Tales of the stormy sea,  
Soft eyes did gaze on me,  
    Burning yet tender ;  
And as the white stars shine  
On the dark Norway pine,  
On that dark heart of mine  
    Fell their soft splendour.

' I wooed the blue-eyed maid,  
Yielding, yet half afraid,  
And in the forest's shade  
    Our vows were plighted.  
Under its loosened vest  
Fluttered her little breast,  
Like birds within their nest,  
    By the hawk frightened.

' Bright in her father's hall  
Shields gleamed upon the wall,  
Loud sang the minstrels all,  
    Chanting his glory ;  
When of old Hildebrand  
I asked his daughter's hand,  
Mute did the minstrels stand  
    To hear my story.

' While the brown ale he quaffed,  
Loud then the champion laughed,  
And as the wind-gusts waft  
    The sea-foam brightly,  
So the loud laugh of scorn,  
Out of those lips unshorn,  
From the deep drinking-horn  
    Blew the foam lightly.

' She was a Prince's child,  
I but a Viking wild,  
And though she blushed and smiled,  
    I was discarded !  
Should not the dove so white  
Follow the sea-mew's flight,  
Why did they leave that night  
    Her nest unguarded ?

' Scarce had I put to sea,  
Bearing the maid with me,—  
Fairest of all was she  
    Among the Norsemen !—  
When on the white-sea strand,  
Waving his armed hand,  
Saw we old Hildebrand,  
    With twenty horsemen.

' Then launched they to the blast,  
Bent like a reed each mast,  
Yet we were gaining fast,  
    When the wind failed us ;  
And with a sudden flaw  
Came round the gusty Skaw,  
So that our foe we saw  
    Laugh as he hailed us.

' And as to catch the gale  
Round veered the flapping sail,  
Death ! was the helmsman's hail,  
    Death without quarter !  
Mid-ships with iron keel  
Struck we her ribs of steel ;  
Down her black hulk did reel  
    Through the black water !



' As with his wings aslant,  
Sails the fierce cormorant,  
Seeking some rocky haunt,  
    With his pray laden ;  
So toward the open main,  
Beating to sea again,  
Through the wild hurricane,  
    Bore I the maiden.

' Three weeks we westward bore,  
And when the storm was o'er,  
Cloud-like we saw the shore  
    Stretching to leeward ;  
There for my lady's bower  
Built I the lofty tower,  
Which, to this very hour,  
    Stands looking seaward.

' There lived we many years ;  
Time dried the maiden's tears ;  
She had forgot her fears,  
    She was a mother ;  
Death closed her mild blue eyes,  
Under that tower she lies ;  
Ne'er shall the sun arise  
    On such another !

' Still grew my bosom then,  
Still as a stagnant fen !  
Hateful to me were men,  
    The sunlight hateful !  
In the vast forest here,  
Clad in my warlike gear,  
Fell I upon the spear,  
    O, death was grateful !

'Thus, seamed with many scars,  
Bursting these prison-bars,  
Up to its native stars

My soul ascended!  
There from the flowing bowl  
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,  
*Skoal!* to the Northland! *skoal!*  
—Thus the tale ended.

*H. W. Longfellow.*

## THE END OF THE SIEGE.

*(Rhyme of the Duchess May.)*

THEY have fetched the steed with care, in the harness he did  
did wear,

*Toll slowly.*

Past the court and through the doors, across the rushes of the  
floors,

But they goad him up the stair.

Then from out her bower chambère, did the Duchess May  
repair :

*Toll slowly.*

'Tell me now what is your need,' said the lady, 'of this steed,  
That ye goad him up the stair?'

Calm she stood ; unbodkined through, fell her dark hair to her shoe ;

*Toll slowly.*

And the smile upon her face, ere she left the tiring-glass,  
Had not time enough to go.

'Get thee back, sweet Duchess May ! hope is gone like yesterday.'

*Toll slowly.*

'One half-hour completes the breach : and thy lord grows wil  
of speech—  
Get thee in, sweet lady, and pray !

'In the east tower, highest of all, loud he cries for steed from stall :'

*Toll slowly.*

'He would ride as far,' quoth he, 'as for love and victory,  
Though he rides the castle wall.'

'And we fetch the steed from stall, up where never a hoof did fall'—

*Toll slowly.*

'Wifely prayer meets deathly need : may the sweet Heaven  
hear thee plead  
If he rides the castle wall !'

Low she dropt her head, and lower, till her hair coiled on the floor,

*Toll slowly.*

And tear after tear you heard fall distinct as any word  
Which you might be listening for.

‘ Get thee in, thou soft ladye ! here is never a place for thee !’

*Toll slowly.*

‘ Braid thine hair and clasp thy gown, that thy beauty in its  
moan

May find grace with Leigh of Leigh,’

She stood up in bitter case, with a pale yet steady face,

*Toll slowly.*

Like a statue thunderstruck, which, though quivering, seems to  
look

Right against the thunder-place.

And her foot trod in, with pride, her own tears i’ the stone  
beside,—

*Toll slowly.*

‘ Go to, faithful friends, go to ! judge no more what ladies do,  
No, nor how their lords may ride !’

Then the good steed’s rein she took, and his neck did kiss and  
stroke :

*Toll slowly.*

Soft he neighed to answer her, and then followed up the stair  
For the love of her sweet look :

Oh, and steeply, steeply wound up the narrow stair around,

*Toll slowly.*

Oh, and closely, closely speeding, step by step beside her  
treading,

Did he follow, meek as hound.

On the east tower highest of all,—there, where never a hoof  
did fall,—

*Toll slowly.*

Out they swept, a vision steady, noble steed and lovely lady,  
Calm as if in bower or stall,

Down she knelt at her lord's knee, and she looked up silently,

*Toll slowly.*

And he kissed her twice and thrice, for that look within her  
eyes  
Which he could not bear to see.

Quoth he, 'Get thee from this strife, and the sweet saints bless  
thy life!'

*Toll slowly.*

'In this hour I stand in need of my noble red-roan steed,  
But no more of my noble wife.'

Quoth she, 'Meekly have I done all thy biddings under sun;'

*Toll slowly.*

'But by all my womanhood, which is proved so, true and good,  
I will never do this one.

'Now by womanhood's degree and by wifehood's verity,'

*Toll slowly.*

'In this hour if thou hast need of thy noble-roan steed,  
Thou hast also need of me.

By this golden ring ye see on this lifted hand pardiè,'

*Toll slowly.*

' If this hour, on castle wall can be room for steed from stall,  
Shall be also room for *me*.

' So the sweet saints with me be,' (did she utter solemnly),

*Toll slowly.*

' If a man, this eventide, on this castle wall will ride.  
He shall ride the same with *me*.'

Oh, he sprang up in the selle and he laughed out bitter-well,—

*Toll slowly.*

' Wouldst thou ride among the leaves, as we used on other  
eves,  
To hear chime a vesper-bell ?'

She clung closer to his knee—' Ay, beneath the cypress tree !'

*Toll slowly.*

' Mock me not, for otherwhere than along the greenwood fair  
Have I ridden fast with thee.

' Fast I rode with new-made vows from my angry kinsman's  
house :'

*Toll slowly.*

' What, and would you men should reck that I dared more for  
love's sake  
As a bride than as a spouse ?'

'What, and would you it should fall, as a proverb, before all,'

*Toll slowly.*

'That a bride may keep your side while through castle-gate  
you ride,

Yet eschew the castle-wall?'

Ho! the breach yawns into ruin and roars up against her suing,

*Toll slowly.*

With the inarticulate din and the dreadful falling in—  
Shrieks of doing and undoing.

Twice he wrung her hands in twain, but the small hands closed  
again.

*Toll slowly.*

Back he reined the steed—back, back! but she trailed along his  
track

With a frantic clasp and strain.

Evermore the foemen pour through the crash of window and  
door,

*Toll slowly.*

And the shouts of Leigh and Leigh, and the shrieks of 'kill!'  
and 'flee!'

Strike up clear amid the roar.

Thrice he wrung her hands in twain, but they closed and clung  
again,

*Toll slowly.*

While she clung, as one, withstood, clasps a Christ upon the  
rood,

In a spasm of deathly pain.

She clung wild and she clung mute with her shuddering lips  
half-shut ;

*Toll slowly.*

Her head fallen as half in swoond, hair and knee swept on the  
ground,  
She clung wild to stirrup and foot.

Back he reined his steed back-thrown on the slippery coping-  
stone ;

*Toll slowly.*

Back the iron hoofs did grind on the battlement behind  
Whence a hundred feet went down :

And his heel did press and goad on the quivering flank be-  
strode,—

*Toll slowly.*

‘ Friends and brothers, save my wife ! Pardon, Sweet, in change  
for life,—  
But I ride alone to God.’

Straight as if the holy name had upbreathed her like a flame,

*Toll slowly.*

She upsprang, she rose upright, in his selle she sat in sight,  
By her love she overcame.

And her head was on his breast where she smiled as one at  
rest,—

*Toll slowly.*

‘ Ring,’ she cried, ‘ O vesper-bell in the beechwood’s old  
chappelle,—  
But the passing-bell rings best !’



They have caught out at the rein which Sir Guy threw loose—  
in vain,

*Toll slowly.*

For the horse in stark despair, with his front hoofs poised in air  
On the last verge rears again.

Now he hangs, he rocks between, and his nostrils curdle in,

*Toll slowly.*

Now he shivers head and hoof, and the flakes of foam fall off,  
And his face grows fierce and thin :

And a look of human woe from his staring eyes did go,

*Toll slowly.*

And a sharp cry uttered he, in a foretold agony  
Of the headlong death below,—

And, 'Ring, ring, thou passing-bell,' still she cried, 'i the old  
chapelle !'

*Toll slowly.*

Then back-toppling, crashing back—a dead weight flung out to  
wrack,

Horse and riders overfell.

*E. B. Browning.*

## THE FIGHT BETWEEN FATHER AND SON.


*(Sohrab and Rustum.)*

HE spoke, and Rustum answered not, but hurled  
His spear ; down from the shoulder, down it came,  
As on some partridge in the corn a hawk  
That long has towered in the airy clouds  
Drops like a plummet ; Sohrab saw it come,  
And sprang aside, quick as a flash ; the spear  
Hissed, and went quivering down into the sand,  
Which it sent flying wide ;—then Sohrab threw  
In turn, and full struck Rustum's shield ; sharp rang,  
The iron plates rang sharp, but turned the spear.  
And Rustum seized his club, which none but he  
Could wield ; an unlopped trunk it was, and huge,  
Still rough—like those which men in treeless plains  
To build them boats fish from the flooded rivers,  
Hyphasis or Hydaspes, when, high up  
By their dark springs, the wind in winter-time  
Hath made in Himalayan forests wrack,  
And strewn the channels with torn boughs—so huge  
The club which Rustum lifted now, and struck  
One stroke ; but again Sohrab sprang aside,  
Lithe as the glancing snake, and the club came  
Thundering to earth, and leapt from Rustum's hand.  
And Rustum followed his own blow, and fell  
To his knees, and with his fingers clutched the sand ;  
And now might Sohrab have unsheathed his sword,  
And pierced the mighty Rustum while he lay  
Dizzy, and on his knees, and choked with sand ;

But he looked on, and smiled, nor bared his sword,  
But courteously drew back, and spoke, and said :—  
‘Thou strik'st too hard ! that club of thine will float  
Upon the summer-floods, and not my bones.  
But rise, and be not wroth ! not wroth am I ;  
No, when I see thee, wrath forsakes my soul.  
Thou say'st, thou art not Rustum ; be it so !  
Who art thou then, that canst so touch my soul ?  
Boy as I am, I have seen battles too—  
Have waded foremost in their bloody waves,  
And heard their hollow roar of dying men ;  
But never was my heart thus touched before.  
Are they from Heaven, these softening of the heart ?  
O thou old warrior, let us yield to Heaven !  
Come, plant we here in earth our angry spears,  
And make a truce, and sit upon this sand,  
And pledge each other in red wine, like friends,  
And thou shalt talk to me of Rustum's deeds.  
There are enough foes in the Persian host  
Whom I may meet, and strike, and feel no pang ;  
Champions enough Afrasiab has, whom thou  
Mayst fight ; fight *them*, when they confront thy spear !  
But oh, let there be peace 'twixt thee and me !’

He ceased, but while he spake, Rustum had risen,  
And stood erect, trembling with rage ; his club  
He left to lie, but had regained his spear,  
Whose fiery point now in his mailed right-hand  
Blazed bright and baleful, like that autumn-star,  
The baleful sign of fevers : dust had soiled  
His stately crest, and dimmed his glittering arms.  
His breast heaved, his lips foamed, and twice his voice  
Was choked with rage ; at last these words broke way —

‘Girl ! nimble with thy feet, not with thy hands !  
Curled minion, dancer, coiner of sweet words !  
*Fight*, let me hear thy hateful voice no more !



Thou art not in Afrasiab's gardens now  
With Tartar girls, with whom thou art wont to dance ;  
But on the Oxus-sands, and in the dance  
Of battle, and with me, who make no play  
Of war ; I fight it out, and hand to hand.  
Speak not to me of truce, and pledge, and wine !  
Remember all thy valour ; try thy feints  
And cunning ! all the pity I had is gone ;  
Because thou hast shamed me before both the hosts  
With thy light skipping tricks, and thy girl's wiles.'

He spoke, and Sohrab kindled at his taunts,  
And he too drew his sword ; at once they rushed  
Together, as two eagles on one prey  
Come rushing down together from the clouds,  
One from the east, one from the west ; their shields  
Dashed with a clang together, and a din  
Rose, such as that the sinewy woodcutters  
Make often in the forest's heart at morn,  
Of hewing axes, crashing trees—such blows  
Rustum and Sohrab on each other hailed.  
And you would say that sun and stars took part  
In that unnatural conflict ; for a cloud  
Grew suddenly in Heaven, and darked the sun  
Over the fighters' heads ; and a wind rose  
Under their feet, and moaning swept the plain,  
And in a sandy whirlwind wrapped the pair.  
In gloom they twain were wrapped, and they alone ;  
For both the on-looking hosts on either hand  
Stood in broad daylight, and the sky was pure,  
And the sun sparkled on the Oxus stream.  
But in the gloom they fought, with bloodshot eyes  
And labouring breath ; first Rustum struck the shield  
Which Sohrab held stiff out ; the steel-spiked spear  
Rent the tough plates, but failed to reach the skin,  
And Rustum plucked it back with angry groan.

Then Sohrab with his sword smote Rustum's helm,  
Nor clove its steel quite through ; but all the crest  
He shore away, and the proud horsehair plume,  
Never till now defiled, sank to the dust ;  
And Rustum bowed his head ; but then the gloom  
Grew blacker, thunder rumbled in the air,  
And lightnings rent the cloud ; and Ruksh, the horse,  
Who stood at hand, uttered a dreadful cry ;—  
No horse's cry was that, most like the roar  
Of some pained desert-lion, who all day  
Has trailed the hunter's javelin in his side,  
And comes at night to die upon the sand—  
The two hosts heard that cry, and quaked for fear,  
And Oxus curdled as it crossed his stream.  
But Sohrab heard, and quailed not, but rushed on,  
And struck again ; and again Rustum bowed  
His head ; but this time all the blade, like glass,  
Sprang in a thousand shivers on the helm,  
And in the hand the hilt remained alone.  
Then Rustum raised his head ; his dreadful eyes  
Glared, and he shook on high his menacing spear,  
And shouted : *Rustum !*—Sohrab heard that shout,  
And shrank amazed ; back he recoiled one step,  
And scanned with blinking eyes the advancing form ;  
And then he stood bewildered, and he dropped  
His covering shield, and the spear pierced his side.  
He reeled, and staggering back, sank to the ground ;  
And then the gloom dispersed, and the wind fell,  
And the bright sun broke forth, and melted all  
The cloud ; and the two armies saw the pair ;—  
Saw Rustum standing, safe upon his feet,  
And Sohrab, wounded, on the bloody sand.

*M. Arnold.*

## THE BATTLE OF NASEBY.

OH! wherefore come ye forth, in triumph from the North,  
With your hands, and your feet, and your raiment all red?  
And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout?  
And whence be the grapes of the wine-press which ye tread?

Oh evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,  
And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod;  
For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the strong,  
Who sate in the high places, and slew the saints of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day of June,  
That we saw **their** banners dance, and their cuirasses shine,  
And the **Man of Blood** was there, with his long essenced hair,  
And **Astley**, and **Sir Marmaduke**, and **Rupert** of the Rhine.

Like a **servant** of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,  
The **General** rode along us to form us to the fight,  
When a murmuring sound broke out, and swelled into a shout,  
Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right.

And hark! like the roar of the billows on the shore,  
The cry of battle rises along their charging line!  
For God! for the Cause! for the Church! for the Laws!  
For Charles King of England and Rupert of the Rhine!

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums,  
His bravoës of Alsatia, and pages of Whitehall ;  
They are bursting on our flanks. Grasp your pikes, close your  
ranks ;  
For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.

They are here ! They rush on ! We are broken ! We are gone !  
Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.  
O Lord, put forth thy might ! O Lord, defend the right !  
Stand back to back, in God's name, and fight it to the last.

Stout Skippon hath a wound ; the centre hath given ground :  
Hark ! hark !—What means the trampling of horsemen on  
our rear ?  
Whose banner do I see, boys ? 'Tis he, thank God, 'tis he, boys,  
Bear up another minute : brave Oliver is here.

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,  
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dykes,  
Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the Accurst,  
And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.

Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide  
Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple Bar ;  
And he—he turns, he flies :—shame on those cruel eyes  
That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on war.

Ho ! comrades, scour the plain ; and, ere ye strip the slain,  
First give another stab to make your search secure,  
Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad-pieces and  
loquets,  
The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor.

Fools! your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts were  
gay and bold,

When you kissed your lily hands to your lemans to-day ;  
And to-morrow shall the fox, from her chambers in the rocks,  
Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.

Where be your tongues that late mocked at heaven and hell  
and fate,

And the fingers that once were so busy with your blades,  
Your perfumed satin clothes, your catches and your oaths,  
Your stage-plays and your sonnets, your diamonds and your  
spades ?

Down, down, for ever down with the mitre and the crown,  
With the Belial of the Court and the Mammon of the Pope ;  
There is woe in Oxford halls : there is wail in Durham's Stalls :  
The Jesuit smites his bosom : the Bishop rends his cope.

And She of the seven hills shall mourn her children's ills,  
And tremble when she thinks on the edge of England's  
sword ;  
And the Kings of earth in fear shall shudder when they hear  
What the hand of God hath wrought for the Houses and  
the Word.

*Lord Macaulay.*

## THE BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK.

ON sunny slope and beechen swell,  
The shadowed light of evening fell ;  
And, where the maple's leaf was brown,  
With soft and silent lapse came down  
The glory that the wood receives,  
At sunset, in its brazen leaves.



Far upward in the mellow light  
Rose the blue hills. One cloud of white,  
Around a far uplifted cone,  
In the warm blush of evening shone ;  
An image of the silver lakes,  
By which the Indian's soul awakes.

But soon a funeral hymn was heard  
Where the soft breath of evening stirred  
The tall, gray forest ; and a band  
Of stern in heart, and strong in hand,  
Came winding down beside the wave,  
To lay the red chief in his grave.

They sang, that by his native bowers  
He stood, in the last moon of flowers,  
And thirty snows had not yet shed  
Their glory on the warrior's head ;  
But, as the summer fruit decays,  
So died he in those naked days.

A dark cloak of the roebuck's skin  
Covered the warrior, and within  
Its heavy folds the weapons, made  
For the hard toils of war, were laid ;  
The cuirass, woven of plaited reeds,  
And the broad belt of shells and beads.

Before, a dark-haired virgin train  
Chanted the death-dirge of the slain ;  
Behind, the long procession came  
Of hoary men and chiefs of fame,  
With heavy hearts and eyes of grief,  
Leading the war-horse of their chief.

Stripped of his proud and martial dress,  
Uncurbed, unreined, and riderless,  
With darting eye, and nostril spread,  
And heavy and impatient tread,  
He came ; and oft that eye so proud  
Asked for his rider in the crowd.

They buried the dark chief—they freed  
Beside the grave his battle-steed ;  
And swift an arrow cleaved its way  
To his stern heart ! One piercing neigh  
Arose,—and, on the dead man's plain,  
The rider grasps his steed again.

*H. W. Longfellow.*

## ‘HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.’

### I.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he ;  
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three ;  
‘ Good speed ! ’ cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew ;  
‘ Speed ! ’ echoed the wall to us galloping through ;  
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,  
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

### II.

Not a word to each other ; we kept the great pace  
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place ;  
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,  
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,

Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,  
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

## III.

'Twas moonset at starting ; but while we drew near  
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear ;  
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see ;  
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be ;  
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,  
So, Joris broke silence with, ' Yet there is time !'

## IV.

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,  
And against him the cattle stood black every one,  
To stare thro' the mist at us galloping past,  
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,  
With resolute shoulders, each butting away  
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray :

## V.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back  
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track ;  
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance,  
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance !  
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon  
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

## VI.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned ; and cried Joris ' Stay spur !  
' Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault 's not in her,  
' We'll remember at Aix'—for one heard the quick wheeze  
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,  
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,  
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

## VII.

So, we were left galloping, Joris and I,  
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky ;  
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,  
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff ;  
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,  
And ' Gallop,' gasped Joris, ' for Aix is in sight !

## VIII.

' How they'll greet us !'—and all in a moment his roan  
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone ;  
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight  
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,  
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,  
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

## IX.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,  
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,  
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,  
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer ;  
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,  
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

## X.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round  
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground ;  
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,  
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,  
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)  
Was no more than his due who brought good news from  
Ghent.

*R. Browning.*

## KILLIECRANKIE.

*(The Burial-March of Dundee.)*

ON the heights of Killiecrankie  
Yester-morn our army lay :  
Slowly rose the mist in columns  
From the river's broken way ;  
Hoarsely roared the swollen torrent,  
And the Pass was wrapt in gloom,  
When the clansmen rose together  
From their lair amidst the broom.  
Then we belted on our tartans,  
And our bonnets down we drew,  
And we felt our broadsword's edges,  
And we proved them to be true ;  
And we prayed the prayer of soldiers,  
And we cried the gathering-cry,  
And we clasped the hands of kinsmen,  
And we swore to do or die !  
Then our leader rode before us  
On his war-horse black as night—  
Well the Cameronian rebels  
Knew that charger in the fight !—  
And a cry of exultation  
From the bearded warriors rose ;  
For we loved the house of Claver'se,  
And we thought of good Montrose.  
But he raised his hand for silence—  
' Soldiers ! I have sworn a vow :

Ere the evening star shall glisten  
On Schehallion's lofty brow,  
Either we shall rest in triumph,  
Or another of the Græmes  
Shall have died in battle-harness  
For his country and King James!  
Think upon the Royal Martyr—  
Think of what his race endure—  
Think of him whom butchers murdered  
On the field of Magus Muir :—  
By his sacred blood I charge ye,  
By the ruined hearth and shrine—  
By the blighted hopes of Scotland,  
By your injuries and mine—  
Strike this day as if the anvil  
Lay beneath your blows the while,  
Be they covenanting traitors,  
Or the brood of false Argyle!  
Strike! and drive the trembling rebels  
Backwards o'er the stormy Forth;  
Let them tell their pale Convention  
How they fared within the North.  
Let them tell that Highland honour  
Is not to be bought or sold,  
That we scorn their prince's anger  
As we loathe his foreign gold.  
Strike! and when the fight is over,  
If ye look in vain for me,  
Where the dead are lying thickest,  
Search for him that was Dundee!"

Loudly then the hills re-echoed  
With our answer to his call,  
But a deeper echo sounded  
In the bosoms of us all.

For the lands of wide Breadelbane  
Not a man who heard him speak  
Would that day have left the battle.  
Burning eye and flushing cheek  
Told the clansmen's fierce emotion,  
And they harder drew their breath;  
For their souls were strong within them,  
Stronger than the grasp of death.  
Soon we heard a challenge-trumpet  
Sounding in the Pass below,  
And the distant tramp of horses,  
And the voices of the foe:  
Down we crouched amid the bracken,  
Till the Lowland ranks drew near,  
Panting like the hounds in summer,  
When they scent the stately deer.  
From the dark defile emerging,  
Next we saw the squadrons come,  
Leslie's foot and Leven's troopers  
Marching to the tuck of drum;  
Through the scattered wood of birches,  
O'er the broken ground and heath,  
Wound the long battalion slowly,  
Till they gained the plain beneath;  
Then we bounded from our covert.—  
Judge how looked the Saxons then,  
When they saw the rugged mountain  
Start to life with armed men!  
Like a tempest down the ridges  
Swept the hurricane of steel,  
Rose the slogan of Macdonald,—  
Flashed the broadsword of Lochiell!  
Vainly sped the withering volley  
'Mongst the foremost of our band—

On we poured until we met them,  
Foot to foot, and hand to hand.  
Horse and man went down like drift-wood  
When the floods are black at Yule,  
And their carcasses are whirling  
In the Garry's deepest pool.  
Horse and man went down before us—  
Living foe there tarried none  
On the field of Killiecrankie,  
When that stubborn fight was done!

And the evening star was shining  
On Schehallion's distant head,  
When we wiped our bloody broadswords,  
And returned to count the dead.  
There we found him gashed and gory,  
Stretched upon the cumbered plain,  
As he told us where to seek him,  
In the thickest of the slain.  
And a smile was on his visage,  
For within his dying ear  
Pealed the joyful note of triumph,  
And the clansmen's clamorous cheer:  
So, amidst the battle's thunder,  
Shot, and steel, and scorching flame,  
In the glory of his manhood  
Passed the spirit of the Græme!

*W. E. Aytoun.*



## HOW LORD NAIRN WAS SAVED.

As, under eddying Baltic flaws,  
Which chase the soft southwest away,  
Through each rash blossom, flame-like, gnaws  
The icy blight of May—  
So Fortune, with a bitter breath,  
(Just as her beauty budded forth),  
Swept, cankered into dusty death,  
Our white rose of the north.  
Whilst names, which seemed oak-rooted in their place,  
Like homeless winds, went fleeting into space.

Caerlaverock's halls in silence stand,  
And 'Kenmure's lads are men' in vain ;  
The best blood of Northumberland  
Makes rich the London rain.  
In ghastly sympathy with him  
Whose feet shall cross its bridge no more,  
Dilstone's weird moat, an omen grim,  
Flows, dark with phantom gore.  
Long shall each Cumbrian boor recall the sign,  
Which boded ruin to that ancient line.

A prince, who speaks no English, spares  
None that have loyal blood to shed ;  
Still, not throughout that clique of theirs,  
Is English impulse dead.  
When to his block the Elector vowed  
Bold Nairn's unshrinking head to give,  
Stanhope, in generous anger loud,  
Swore that his friend should live ;

That neither title, pension, place, nor star,  
Should buy, from him, that head for Temple Bar.

Sleek Walpole strove in vain to bring  
His bribes to bear ; in vain the lout,  
Whom Whigs now call an English king,  
Threw German oaths about.  
Back from the fields of boyhood came  
The past, with all its hopes, once more ;  
The passion of each hard-fought game,  
The rustling of the oar,  
As, where the yellow river-lilies float,  
Round the tall rushes whirled their eager boat.

Once more he sees two lads, at eve,  
Who dream of glory, side by side ;  
Each wild web that their fancies weave,  
Too loving then to hide.  
Under the whispering elms they walk,  
With arms around each other twined,  
And, rapt into the future, talk,  
To future sorrow blind :  
Then pale that well-known face seemed hovering nigh,  
And blood drops fell, as some one raised it high.

'I brook on this point no control,'  
He shouted : 'seek not to reply :  
For hy that God, who made the soul,  
I will not have him die.  
What, use me, ruthless as a tool,  
To slay my earliest friend ? our names  
Are cut together in the school,  
Together at my dame's ;  
Half of my past is his, half his is mine ;  
I will not hear it argued. I resign.'

When that word thundered through the throng  
Of supple slaves, they could not choose ;  
A soldier-statesman he, too strong  
For clerks like them to lose.  
So Walpole, with the heart of stone,  
Before that righteous outbreak bent,  
And George, like dog forced from his bone,  
Growled forth a grim consent.  
Our turn will come—we must not then forget  
One rebel, true to Eton memories yet.

*Sir F. Doyle.*

### HOME THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD.

OH, to be in England now that April's there,  
And whoever wakes in England sees, some morning, unaware,  
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf  
Bound the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,  
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough  
In England—now !  
And after April, when May follows  
And the white-throat builds, and all the swallows !  
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge  
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover  
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—  
That's the wise thrush : he sings each song twice over  
Lest you should think he never could recapture  
The first fine careless rapture !  
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,  
And will be gay when noontide wakes anew  
The buttercups, the little children's dower  
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

*R. Browning.*

## HOME THOUGHTS, FROM THE SEA.

NOBLY, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the North-West died  
 away ;  
 Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay ;  
 Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay ;  
 In the dimmest North-East distance dawned Gibraltar grand  
 and gray ;  
 ' Here and there did England help me ; how can I help  
 England ? '—say,  
 Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise and  
 pray,  
 While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.  
*E. Browning.*

## THE RETURN OF THE GUARDS.

(*July 9th, 1856.*)

YES, they return—but who return ?  
 The many or the few ?  
 Clothed with a name, in vain the same,  
 Face after face is new.  
  
 We know how beat the drum to muster,  
 We heard the cheers of late,  
 As that red storm, in haste to form,  
 Burst through each barrack gate.

The first proud mass of English manhood,  
A very sea of life,  
With strength untold, was Eastward rolled,—  
How ebbs it back from strife?

The steps that scaled the Heights of Alma  
Wake but faint echoes here;  
The flags we sent come back, though rent,  
For other hands to rear.

Through shouts, that hail the shattered banner,  
Home from proud onsets led,  
Through the glad roar, which greets once more  
Each bronzed and bearded head;

Hushed voices, from the earth beneath us,  
Thrill on the summer air,  
And claim a part of England's heart  
For those who are not there.

Not only these have marched from battle  
Into the realms of peace—  
A home attained—a haven gained,  
Where wars and tumults cease.

Whilst thick on Alma's blood-stained river  
The war-smoke lingered still,  
A long, low beat of unseen feet  
Rose from her vine-clad hill;

By a swift change, to music, nobler  
Than e'er was heard by man,  
From those red banks, the gathered ranks  
That other march began.

On, on, through wild and wondrous regions,  
Echoed their iron tread,  
Whilst voices old before them rolled—  
‘Make way for Alma’s dead.’

Like mighty winds before them ever,  
Those ancient voices rolled ;  
Swept from their track, huge bars run back,  
And giant gates unfold ;

Till, to the inmost home of heroes  
They led that hero line,  
Where with a flame no years can tame  
The stars of honour shine.

As forward stepped each fearless soldier,  
So stately, firm, and tall,  
Wide, wide outflung, grim plaudits rung  
On through that endless hall.

Next, upon gloomy phantom chargers,  
The self-devoted came,  
Who rushed to die, without reply,  
For duty, not for fame.

Then, from their place of ancient glory,  
All sheathed in shining brass,  
Three hundred men, of the Grecian glen,  
Marched down to see them pass.

And the long-silent flutes of Sparta  
Poured haughty welcome forth,  
Stern hymns to crown, with just renown,  
Her brethren of the North.

Yet louder at the solemn portal,  
The trumpet beats and waits ;  
And still more wide, in living pride,  
Fly back the golden gates.

And those from Inkerman swarm onwards,  
Who made the dark fight good—  
One man to nine, till their thin line  
Lay, where at first it stood.

But though cheered high by mailed millions  
Their steps were faint and slow,  
In each proud face the eye might trace  
A sign of coming woe.

A coming woe which deepened ever,  
As down that darkening road,  
Our bravest tossed to plague and frost,  
In streams of ruin flowed.

All through that dim despairing winter,  
Too noble to complain,  
Bands hunger-worn, in raiment torn,  
Came, not by foeman slain.

And patient, from the sullen trenches  
Crowds sunk, by toil and cold—  
Then murmurs slow, like thunders low,  
Wailed through the brave of old.

Wrath glided o'er the Hall of Heroes,  
Anguish, and shame, and scorn,  
As clouds that drift, breathe darkness swift  
O'er seas of shining corn.

Wrath glided o'er the Hall of Heroes,  
And veiled it like a pall,  
Whilst all felt fear, lest they should hear  
The Lion-banner fall.

And if unstained that ancient banner  
Keep yet its place of pride,  
Let none forget how vast the debt  
We owe to those who died.

Let none forget ~~THE~~ OTHERS, marching  
With steps we feel no more,  
Whose bodies sleep, by that grim deep  
Which shakes the Euxine shore.

*Sir F. Doyle.*

### THE LAST BUCCANIER.

OH England is a pleasant place for them that's rich and high,  
But England is a cruel place for such poor folks as I ;  
And such a port for mariners I shall ne'er see again  
As the pleasant Isle of Avès, beside the Spanish main.

There were forty craft in Avès that were both swift and stout,  
All furnished well with small arms and cannons round about ;  
And a thousand men in Avès made laws so fair and free  
To choose their valiant captains and obey them loyally.

Thence we sailed against the Spaniard with his hoards of plate  
and gold,  
Which he wrung with cruel tortures from Indian folk of old ;  
Likewise the merchant captains, with hearts as hard as stone,  
Who flog men and keel-haul them, and starve them to the bone.



Oh the palms grew high in Avès, and fruits that shone like gold.

And the colibris and parrots they were gorgeous to behold ;  
And the negro maids to Avès from bondage fast did flee,  
To welcome gallant sailors, a-sweeping in from sea.

Oh sweet it was in Avès to hear the landward breeze  
A-swing with good tobacco in a net between the trees,  
With a negro lass to fan you, while you listened to the roar  
Of the breakers on the reef outside, that never touched the shore.

But Scripture saith, an ending to all fine things must be ;  
So the King's ships sailed on Avès, and quite put down were we.

All day we fought like bulldogs, but they burst the booms at night ;  
And I fled in a piragua, sore wounded, from the fight.

Nine days I floated starving, and a negro lass beside,  
Till for all I tried to cheer her, the poor young thing she died ;

But as I lay a gasping, a Bristol sail came by,  
And brought me home to England here, to beg until I die.

And now I'm old and going—I'm sure I can't tell where ;  
One comfort is, this world's so hard. I can't be worse off there :

If I might but be a sea-dove, I'd fly across the main,  
To the pleasant Isle of Avès, to look at it once again.

*C. Kingsley.*

## HERVÉ RIEL.

## I.

ON the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,  
Did the English fight the French,—woe to France!  
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter thro' the blue,  
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,  
Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,  
With the English fleet in view.

## II.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase;  
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfre-  
ville;  
Close on him fled, great and small,  
Twenty-two good ships in all;  
And they signalled to the place  
' Help the winners of a race!  
Get us guidance, give us harbour, take us quick—or, quicker  
still,  
Here's the English can and will !'

## III.

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt on board;  
' Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass ?'  
laughed they :  
' Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and  
scored,

Shall the '*Formidable*' here with her twelve and eighty guns  
 Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,  
 Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,  
 And with flow at full beside?  
 Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.  
 Reach the mooring? Rather say,  
 While rock stands or water runs,  
 Not a ship will leave the bay!

## IV.

Then was called a council straight.  
 Brief and bitter the debate :  
 ' Here's the English at our heels, would you have them take in  
 tow  
 All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,  
 For a prize to Plymouth Sound?  
 Better run the ships aground !'  
 (Ended Damfreville his speech).  
 ' Not a minute more to wait!  
 Let the Captains all and each  
 Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach !  
 France must undergo her fate.

## V.

' Give the word !' But no such word  
 Was ever spoke or heard ;  
 For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these  
 —A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate—first, second, third?  
 No such man of mark, and meet  
 With his betters to compete!  
 But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet,  
 A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

## VI.

And, 'What mockery or malice have we here?' cries Hervé Riel :

'Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?

Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell

On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell

'Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river disembogues? Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?

Morn and eve, night and day,

Have I piloted your bay,

Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.

Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse than fifty Hogues!

Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me there's a way!

Only let me lead the line,

Have the biggest ship to steer,

Get this '*Formidable*' clear,

Make the others follow mine,

And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,

Right to Solidor past Grève,

And there lay them safe and sound;

And if one ship misbehave,

—Keel so much as grate the ground,

Why, I've nothing but my life,—here's my head!' cries Hervé Riel.

## VII.

Not a minute more to wait.

'Steer us in, then, small and great!

Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!' cries its  
 chief.  
 Captains, give the sailor place!  
 He is Admiral, in brief.  
 Still the north-wind, by God's grace!  
 See the noble fellow's face  
 As the big ship, with a bound,  
 Clears the entry like a hound,  
 Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's  
 profound!  
 See, safe thro' shoal and rock,  
 How they follow in a flock,  
 Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,  
 Not a spar that comes to grief!  
 The peril, see, is past,  
 All are harboured to the last,  
 And just as Hervé Riel hollas 'Anchor!'—sure as fate,  
 Up the English come, too late!

## VIII.

So, the storm subsides to calm:  
 They see the green trees wave  
 On the heights o'erlooking Grève.  
 Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.  
 'Just our rapture to enhance,  
 Let the English rake the bay,  
 Gnash their teeth and glare askance  
 As they cannonade away!  
 'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!  
 How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's countenance!  
 Out burst all with one accord,  
 'This is Paradise for Hell!  
 Let France, let France's king,  
 Thank the man that did the thing!  
 What a shout, and all one word,  
 'Hervé Riel!'

As he stepped in front once more,  
 Not a symptom of surprise,  
 In the frank blue Breton eyes,  
 Just the same man as before.

## IX.

Then said Damfreville, 'My friend,  
 I must speak out at the end,  
 Though I find the speaking hard.  
 Praise is deeper than the lips :  
 You have saved the King his ships,  
 You must name your own reward.  
 'Faith, our sun was near eclipse !  
 Demand whate'er you will,  
 France remains your debtor still.  
 Ask to heart's content and have ! or my name's not Damfreville.'

## X.

Then a beam of fun outbroke  
 On the bearded mouth that spoke,  
 As the honest heart laughed through  
 Those frank eyes of Breton blue :  
 ' Since I needs must say my say,  
 Since on board the duty's done,  
 And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a  
 run ?—  
 Since 'tis ask and have, I may—  
 Since the others go ashore—  
 Come ! A good whole holiday !  
 Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore !'  
 That he asked and that he got,—nothing more.

## XI.

Name and deed alike are lost ;  
Not a pillar nor a post  
In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell ;  
Not a head in white and black  
On a single fishing-smack,  
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack  
All that France saved from the fight whence England bore  
the bell.  
Go to Paris : rank on rank  
Search the heroes flung pell-mell  
On the Louvre, face and flank !  
You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.  
So, for better and for worse,  
Hervé Riel, accept my verse !  
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more  
Save the squadron, honour France, love thy wife the Belle  
Aurore !

*R. Browning.*

## TO BOLIVAR.

BUILD up a column to Bolivar !  
Build it under a tropic star !  
Build it high as his mounting fame !  
Crown its head with his noble name !  
Let the letters tell, like a light afar,  
'This is the column of Bolivar !'

Soldier in war, in peace a man,  
Did he not all that a hero can ?

Wasting his life for his country's care,  
Laying it down with a patriot prayer,  
Shedding his blood like the summer rain,  
Loving the land, though he loved in vain !  
Man is a creature, good or ill,  
Little or great, at his own strong will ;  
And he grew good, and wise, and great,  
Albeit he fought with a tyrant fate,  
And showered his golden gifts on men,  
Who paid him in basest wrongs again !

Raise the column to Bolivar !  
Firm in peace, and fierce in war !  
Shout forth his noble, noble name !  
Shout, till his enemies die in shame !  
Shout, till Columbia's woods awaken,  
Like seas by a mighty tempest shaken—  
Till pity and praise and great disdain,  
Sound like an Indian hurricane !  
Shout, as ye shout in conquering war,  
While ye build the column to Bolivar !

*B. Cornwall.*

## MEMORIAL VERSES.

*(April, 1850.)*

GOETHE in Weimar sleeps, and Greece,  
Long since, saw Byron's struggle cease.  
But one such death' remained to come ;  
The last poetic voice is dumb—  
We stand to-day by Wordsworth's tomb.



When Byron's eyes were shut in death,  
We bowed our head and held our breath.  
He taught us little ; but our soul  
Had *felt* him like the thunder's roll.  
With shivering heart the strife we saw  
Of passion with eternal law ;  
And yet with reverential awe  
We watched the fount of fiery life  
Which served for that Titanic strife.

When Goethe's death was told, we said :  
Sunk, then, is Europe's sagest head.  
Physician of the iron age,  
Goethe has done his pilgrimage.  
He took the suffering human race,  
He read each wound, each weakness clear ;  
And stuck his finger on the place,  
And said : *Thou ailest here, and here !*  
He looked on Europe's dying hour  
Of fitful dream and feverish power ;  
His eye plunged down the weltering strife,  
The turmoil of expiring life—  
He said : *The end is everywhere,*  
*Art still has truth, take refuge there !*  
And he was happy, if to know  
Causes of things, and far below  
His feet to see the lurid flow  
Of terror, and insane distress,  
And headlong fate, be happiness.

And Wordsworth !—Ah, pale ghosts, rejoice !  
For never has such soothing voice  
Been to your shadowy world conveyed,  
Since erst, at morn, some wandering shade

Heard the clear song of Orpheus come  
Through Hades, and the mournful gloom.  
Wordsworth has gone from us—and ye,  
Ah, may ye feel his voice as we !  
He too upon a wintry clime  
Had fallen—on this iron time  
Of doubts, disputes, distractions, fears.  
He found us when the age had bound  
Our souls in its benumbing round ;  
He spoke, and loosed our heart in tears.  
He laid us as we lay at birth  
On the cool flowery lap of earth,  
Smiles broke from us and we had ease ;  
The hills were round us, and the breeze  
Went o'er the sun-lit fields again ;  
Our foreheads felt the wind and rain.  
Our youth returned ; for there was shed  
On spirits that had long been dead,  
Spirits dried up and closely furled,  
The freshness of the early world.

Ah ! since dark days still bring to light  
Man's prudence and man's fiery might,  
Time may restore us in his course  
Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force ;  
But where will Europe's latter hour  
Again find Wordsworth's healing power ?  
Others will teach us how to dare,  
And against fear our breast to steel ;  
Others will strengthen us to bear—  
But who, ah ! who, will make us feel ?  
The cloud of mortal destiny,  
Others will front it fearlessly—  
But who, like him, will put it by ?

Keep fresh the grass upon his grave,  
O Rotha, with thy living wave!  
Sing him thy best! for few or none  
Hear thy voice right, now he is gone.

*M. Arnold.*

### IN MEMORY OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

BACK to the flower-town, side by side,  
The bright months bring,  
New-born, the bridegroom and the bride,  
Freedom and spring.

The sweet land laughs from sea to sea,  
Filled full of sun;  
All things come back to her, being free;  
All things but one.

In many a tender wheaten plot  
Flowers that were dead  
Live, and old suns revive; but not  
That holier head.

By this white wandering waste of sea,  
Far north, I hear  
One face shall never turn to me  
As once this year:

Shall never smile and turn and rest  
On mine as there,  
Nor one most sacred hand be prest  
Upon my hair.

I came as one whose thoughts half linger,  
Half run before ;  
The youngest to the oldest singer  
That England bore.

I found him whom I shall not find  
Till all grief end,  
In holiest age our mightest mind,  
Father and friend.

But thou, if anything endure,  
If hope there be,  
O spirit that man's life left pure,  
Man's death set free,

Not with disdain of days that were  
Look earthward now ;  
Let dreams revive the reverend hair,  
The imperial brow ;

Come back in sleep, for in the life  
Where thou art not  
We find none like thee. Time and strife  
And the world's lot

Move thee no more ; but love at least  
And reverent heart  
May move thee, royal and released,  
Soul, as thou art.

And thou, his Florence, to thy trust  
Receive and keep,  
Keep safe his dedicated dust,  
His sacred sleep.

So shall thy lovers, come from far,  
Mix with thy name  
As morning-star with evening star  
His faultless fame.

*A. C. Swinburne.*

### TO HELEN.

HELEN, thy beauty is to me  
Like those Nicéan barks of yore,  
That gently o'er a perfumed sea,  
The weary way-worn wanderer bore  
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,  
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,  
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home  
To the glory that was Greece,  
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche  
How statue-like I see thee stand,  
The agate lamp within thy hand!  
Ah, Psyche, from the regions which  
Are Holy Land!

*E. A. Poe.*

## THE POETS OF ANCIENT GREECE.

*(Wine of Cyprus.)*

Go,—let others praise the Ohian!  
This is soft as Muses' string,  
This is tawny as Rhea's lion,  
This is rapid as his spring,  
Bright as Paphia's eyes e'er met us,  
Light as ever trod her feet;  
And the brown bees of Hymettus  
Make their honey not so sweet.

Very copious are my praises,  
Though I sip it like a fly!  
Ah—but, sipping,—times and places  
Change before me suddenly:  
As Ulysses' old libation  
Drew the ghosts from every part,  
So your Cyprus wine, dear Grecian,  
Stirs the Hades of my heart.

And I think of those long mornings  
Which my thoughts go far to seek,  
When, betwixt the folio's turnings,  
Solemn flowed the rhythmic Greek:  
Past the pane the mountain spreading,  
Swept the sheep's-bells tinkling noise,  
While a girlish voice was reading,  
Somewhat low for *ais* and *ois*.

Then, what golden hours were for us !  
While we sat together there,  
How the white vests of the chorus  
Seemed to wave up a live air !  
How the cothurns trod majestic  
Down the deep iambic lines,  
And the rolling anapaestic  
Curled like vapour over shrines !

Oh, our *Æschylus*, the thunderous,  
How he drove the bolted breath  
Through the cloud, to wedge it ponderous  
In the gnarléd oak beneath !  
Oh, our *Sophocles*, the royal,  
Who was born to monarch's place,  
And who made the whole world loyal,  
Less by kingly power than grace !

Our *Euripides*, the human,  
With his droppings of warm tears,  
And his touches of things common  
Till they rose to touch the spheres !  
Our *Theocritus*, our *Bion*,  
And our *Pindar's* shining goals !—  
'These were cup-bearers undying,  
Of the wine that's meant for souls.

*E. B. Browning.*



## THE DEATH OF JASON.

*(The Life and Death of Jason.)*

BUT on a day  
From out the goodly town he took his way,  
To where, beneath the cliffs of Cenchreæ,  
Lay Argo, looking o'er the ridgy sea.  
Being fain once more to ponder o'er past days,  
Ere he should set his face to winning praise  
Among the shouts of men and clash of steel.  
But when he reached the well-remembered keel,  
The sun was far upon his downward way,  
At afternoon of a bright summer day.  
Hot was it, and still o'er the long rank grass,  
Beneath the hull, a widening shade did pass ;  
And further off, the sunny daisied sward,  
The raised oars with their creeping shadows barred ;  
And grey shade from the hills of Cenchreæ  
Began to move on toward the heaving sea.

So Jason, lying in the shadow dark  
Cast by the stem, the warble of the lark,  
The chirrup of the cricket, well could hear ;  
And now and then the sound would come anear  
Of some hind shouting o'er his laden wain.  
But looking o'er the blue and heaving plain,  
Sailless it was, and beaten by no oar,  
And on the yellow edges of the shore  
The ripple fell in murmur soft and low,  
As with wide-sweeping wings the gulls did go  
About the breakers crying plaintively.

But Jason, looking out across the sea,



Beheld the signs of wind a-drawing nigh,  
Gathering about the clear cold eastern sky,  
And many an evening then he thought upon  
Ere yet the quays of *Æa* they had won,  
And longings that had long been gathering  
Stirred in his heart, and now he felt the sting  
Of life within him, and at last he said :—  
' Why should I move about as move the dead,  
And take no heed of what all men desire ?  
Once more I feel within my heart the fire  
That drove me forth unto the white-walled town,  
Leaving the sunny slopes, and thick-leaved crown  
Of grey old Pelion, that alone I knew,  
Great deads and wild, and desperate things to do.

' Ah ! the strange life of happiness and woe  
That I have led, since my young feet did go  
From that grey, peaceful, much-beloved abode,  
But now, indeed, will I cast off the load  
Of memory of vain hopes that came to nought,  
Of rapturous joys with biting sorrows bought.  
The past is past, though I cannot forget  
Those days, with long life laid before me yet.

' Ah, but one moment, ere I turn the page,  
And leave regret to white hairs and to age.

' Once did I win a noble victory,  
I won a kingdom, and I cast it by  
For rest and peace, and rest and peace are gone.  
I had a fair love, that loved me alone,  
And made me that I am in all men's eyes ;  
And like my hard-earned kingdom, my fair prize,  
I cast my tender heart, my Love away ;  
Yet failed I not to love, until a day,  
A day I nigh forget, took all from me  
That once I had.—And she is gone, yea, she

Whose innocent sweet eyes and tender hands  
Made me a mocking unto distant lands :  
Alas, poor child ! yet is that as a dream,  
And still my life a happy life I deem,  
But ah ! so short, so short ! for I am left  
Of love, of honour, and of joy bereft—  
And yet not dead—ah, if I could but see  
But once again her who delivered me  
From death and many troubles, then no more  
Would I turn backward from the shadowy shore,  
And all my life would seem but perfect gain.

‘ Alas ! what hope is this ? is it in vain  
I long to see her ? Lo, am I not young ?  
In many a song my past deeds have been sung,  
And these my hands that guided Argo through  
The blue Symplegades, still deeds may do.  
For now the world has swerved from truth and right,  
Cumbered with monsters, empty of delight,  
And, ’midst all this, what honour may I win,  
That she may know of and rejoice therein,  
And come to seek me, and upon my throne  
May find me sitting, worshipped, and alone.  
Ah ! if it should be, how should I rejoice  
To hear once more that once beloved voice  
Rise through the burden of dull words, well-known :  
How should I clasp again my love, mine own,  
And set the crown upon her golden head,  
And with the eyes of lovers newly wed,  
How should we gaze each upon each again.

‘ O hope not vain ! O surely not quite vain !  
For, with the next returning light will I  
Cast off my moody sorrow utterly,  
And once more live my life as in times past,  
And ’mid the chance of war the die will cast.

'And surely, whatso great deeds have been done,  
Since with my fellows the Gold Fleece I won,  
Still, here, some wild bull clears the frightened fields;  
There, a great lion cleaves the sevenfold shields;  
There, dwells some giant robber of the land;  
There, whirls some woman-slayer's red right hand.  
Yea, what is this they speak of even now,  
That Theseus, having brought his conquering prow  
From lying Crete, unto the fairwalled town,  
Now gathers folk, since there are coming down  
The shielded women of the Asian plain,  
Myriads past counting, in the hope to gain  
The mastery of this lovely land of Greece?  
So be it, surely shall I snatch fair peace  
From out the hand of war, and calm delight  
From the tumultuous horror of the fight.'

So saying, gazing still across the sea,  
Heavy with days and nights of misery,  
His eyes waxed dim, and calmer still he grew,  
Still pondering over times and things he knew,  
While now the sun had sunk behind the hill,  
And from a white-thorn nigh a thrush did fill  
The balmy air with echoing minstrelsy,  
And cool the night-wind blew across the sea,  
And round about the soft-winged bats did sweep.

So 'midst all this at last he fell asleep,  
Nor did his eyes behold another day,  
For Argo, slowly rotting all away,  
Had dropped a timber here, and there an oar,  
All through that year, but people of the shore  
Set all again in order as it fell.  
But now the stempost, that had carried well,

The second rafter in King Pelias' hall,  
Began at last to quiver towards its fall,  
And whether loosed by some divinity,  
Or that the rising wind from off the sea  
Blew full upon it, surely I know not—  
But, when the day dawned, still on the same spot,  
Beneath the ruined stem did Jason lie  
Crushed, and all dead of him that here can die.

*W. Morris.*

•  
DESOLATION.

*(The Haunted House.)*

THE wren had built within the Porch, she found  
Its quiet loneliness so sure and thorough;  
And on the lawn,—within its turfy mound,—  
The rabbit made his burrow.

The rabbit wild and gray, that flitted through  
The shrubby clumps, and frisked, and sat, and vanished,  
But leisurely and bold, as if he knew  
His enemy was banished.

The wary crow,—the pheasant from the woods—  
Lulled by the still and everlasting sameness,  
Close to the Mansion, like domestic broods,  
Fed with a 'shocking tameness.'

The coot was swimming in the reedy pond,  
Beside the water-hen, so soon affrighted;  
And in the weedy moat the heron, fond  
Of solitude, alighted.

The moping heron, motionless and stiff,  
That on a stone, as silently and stilly,  
Stood, an apparent sentinel, as if  
To guard the water-lily.

No sound was heard, except, from far away,  
The ringing of the Whitwall's shrilly laughter,  
Or, now and then, the chatter of the jay,  
That Echo murmured after.

But Echo never mocked the human tongue ;  
Some weighty crime, that Heaven could not pardon,  
A secret curse on that old Building hung,  
And its deserted Garden.

The beds were all untouched by hand or tool ;  
No footstep marked the damp and mossy gravel,  
Each walk as green as is the mantled pool,  
For want of human travel.

The vine unpruned, and the neglected peach,  
Drooped from the wall with which they used to grapple ;  
And on the cankered tree, in easy reach,  
Rotted the golden apple.

But awfully the truant shunned the ground,  
The vagrant kept aloof, and daring Poacher ;  
In spite of gaps that through the fences round  
Invited the encroacher.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear,  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is Haunted !

*T. Hood.*

## A DAY OF SUNSHINE.

O GIFT of God ! O perfect day :  
Whereon shall no man work, but play ;  
Whereon it is enough for me,  
Not to be doing, but to be !

Through every fibre of my brain,  
Through every nerve, through every vein,  
I feel the electric thrill, the touch  
Of life, that seems almost too much.

I hear the wind among the trees  
Playing celestial symphonies ;  
I see the branches downward bent,  
Like keys of some great instrument.

And over me unrolls on high  
The splendid scenery of the sky,  
Where through a sapphire sea the sun  
Sails like a golden galleon,

Towards yonder cloud-land in the West,  
Towards yonder Islands of the Blest,  
Whose steep sierra far uplifts  
Its craggy summits white with drifts.

Blow, winds ! and waft through all the rooms  
The snow-flakes of the cherry-blooms !  
Blow, winds ! and bend within my reach  
The fiery blossoms of the peach !

O Life and Love! O happy Spring  
 O Springtime when my speech is strong!  
 O sweet, if man's heart shall not be  
 Bitten as the air is, and as love?

*H. W. Longfellow.*

### HECTOR IN THE GARDEN.

Nine years old! The first of any  
 From the happiest years that come:  
 Yet when I was nine, I said  
 No such word! I thought instead  
 That the Greeks had used as many  
 In besieging Ilium.

Nine green years had scarcely brought me  
 To my childhood's haunted spring;  
 I had life, like flowers and bees,  
 In betwixt the country trees,  
 And the sun the pleasure taught me  
 Which he teacheth everything.

If the rain fell, there was sorrow,  
 Little head leant on the pane,  
 Little finger drawing down it  
 The long trailing drops upon it,  
 And the 'Rain, rain, come to-morrow,'  
 Said for charm against the rain.

Such a charm was right Canidian  
Though you met it with a jeer!  
If I said it long enough,  
Then the rain hummed dimly off  
And the thrush with his pure Lydian  
Was left only to the ear ;

And the sun and I together  
Went a-rushing out of doors :  
We our tender spirits drew  
Over hill and dale in view,  
Glimmering hither, glimmering thither,  
In the footsteps of the showers.

Underneath the chestnuts dripping,  
Through the grasses wet and fair,  
Straight I sought my garden-ground  
With the laurel on the mound,  
And the pear-tree oversweeping  
A side-shadow of green air.

In the garden lay supinely  
A huge giant wrought of spade!  
Arms and legs were stretched at length  
In a passive giant strength,—  
The fine meadow turf, cut finely,  
Round them laid and interlaid.

Call him Hector, son of Priam !  
Such his title and degree.  
With my rake I smoothed his brow,  
Both his cheeks I weeded through,  
But a rhymer such as I am,  
Scarce can sing his dignity.



Eyes of gentianellas azure,  
Staring, winking at the skies ;  
Nose of gillyflowers and box ;  
Scented grasses put for locks,  
Which a little breeze at pleasure  
Set a-waving round his eyes :

Brazen helm of daffodillies,  
With a glitter toward the light ;  
Purple violets for the mouth,  
Breathing perfumes west and south ;  
And sword of flashing lilies,  
Holden ready for the fight :

And a breastplate made of daisies,  
Closely fitting, leaf on leaf ;  
Periwinkles interlaced  
Drawn for belt about the waist ;  
While the brown bees, humming praises,  
Shot their arrows round the chief.

And who knows, (I sometimes wondered),  
If the disembodied soul  
Of old Hector, once of Troy,  
Might not take a dreary joy  
Here to enter—if it thundered,  
Rolling up the thunder-roll ?

Rolling this way from Troy-ruin,  
In this body rude and rife  
Just to enter, and take rest  
'Neath the daisies of the breast—  
They, with tender roots, renewing  
His heroic heart to life ?

Who could know ? I sometimes started  
At a motion or a sound !  
Did his mouth speak—naming Troy  
With an *ororororoi* ?  
Did the pulse of the Strong-hearted  
Make the daisies tremble round ?

It was hard to answer, often :  
But the birds sang in the tree,  
But the little birds sang bold  
In the pear-tree green and old,  
And my terror seemed to soften  
Through the courage of their glee.

Oh, the birds, the tree, the ruddy  
And white blossoms sleek with rain !  
Oh, my garden rich with pansies !  
Oh, my childhood's bright romances !  
All revive, like Hector's body,  
And I see them stir again.

And despite life's changes, chances,  
And despite the deathbell's toll,  
They press on me in full seeming :  
Help, some angel ! stay this dreaming !  
As the birds sang in the branches,  
Sing God's patience through my soul !

That no dreamer, no neglecter  
Of the present's work unsped,  
I may wake up and be doing,  
Life's heroic ends pursuing,  
Though my past is dead as Hector,  
And though Hector is twice dead.

*E. B. Browning.*

## THE GARRET.

*(After Béranger.)*

WITH pensive eyes the little room I view,  
Where, in my youth, I weathered it so long ;  
With a wild mistress, a staunch friend or two,  
And a light heart still breaking into song :  
Making a mock of life, and all its cares,  
Rich in the glory of my rising sun,  
Lightly I vaulted up four pair of stairs,  
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

Yes, 'tis a garret—let him know't who will—  
There was my bed—full hard it was and small ;  
My table there—and I decipher still  
Half a lame couplet charcoaled on the wall.  
Ye joys, that time hath swept with him away,  
Come to mine eyes, ye dreams of love and fun ;  
For you I pawned my watch how many a day,  
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

One jolly evening, when my friends and I  
Made happy music with our songs and cheers,  
A shout of triumph mounted up thus high,  
And distant cannon opened on our ears :  
We rise,—we join in the triumphant strain,—  
Napoleon conquers—Austerlitz is won—  
Tyrants shall never tread us down again,  
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

Let us begone—the place is sad and strange—  
How far, far off, these happy times appear ;  
All that I have to live I'd gladly change  
For one such month as I have wasted here—  
To draw long dreams of beauty, love, and power,  
From founts of hope that never will outrun,  
And drink all life's quintessence in an hour,  
Give me the days when I was twenty-one!

*W. M. Thackeray.*

## FAIR INES.

### I.

O SAW ye not fair Ines ?  
She's gone into the West,  
To dazzle when the sun is down,  
And rob the world of rest :  
She took our daylight with her,  
The smiles that we love best,  
With morning blushes on her cheek,  
And pearls upon her breast.

### II.

O turn again, fair Ines,  
Before the fall of night,  
For fear the Moon should shine alone,  
And stars unrivalled bright ;  
And blessed will the lover be  
That walks beneath their light,  
And breathes the love against thy cheek  
I dare not even write !

## III.

Would I had been, fair Ines,  
That gallant cavalier,  
Who rode so gaily by thy side,  
And whispered thee so near!—  
Were there no bonny dames at home,  
Or no true lovers here,  
That he should cross the seas to win  
The dearest of the dear?

## IV.

I saw thee, lovely Ines,  
Descend along the shore,  
With bands of noble gentlemen,  
And banners waved before :  
And gentle youth and maidens gay,  
And snowy plumes they wore ;—  
It would have been a beauteous dream,  
—If it had been no more !

## V.

Alas, alas, fair Ines,  
She went away with song,  
With Music waiting on her steps,  
And shoutings of the throng ;  
But some were sad, and felt no mirth,  
But only Music's wrong,  
In sounds that sang Farewell, Farewell,  
To her you've loved so long.

## VI.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines,  
That vessel never bore  
So fair a lady on its deck,  
Nor danced so light before,—  
Alas for pleasure on the sea,  
And sorrow on the shore !  
The smile that blest one lover's heart  
Has broken many more !

*T. Hood.*

## THE FORSAKEN MERMAN.

COME, dear children, let us away ;  
Down and away below !  
Now my brothers call from the bay,  
Now the great winds shoreward blow,  
Now the salt tides seaward flow ;  
Now the wild white horses play,  
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.  
Children dear, let us away !  
This way, this way !

Call her once before you go—  
Call her once yet !  
In a voice that she will know :  
' Margaret ! Margaret !'  
Children's voices should be dear  
(Call once more) to a mother's ear  
Children's voices, wild with pain—  
Surely she will come again !

Call her once and come away ;  
This way, this way !  
' Mother dear, we cannot stay !  
The wild white horses foam and fret.'  
Margaret ! Margaret !

Come, dear children, come away down ;  
Call no more !  
One last look at the white-walled town,  
And the little grey church on the windy shore ;  
Then come down !  
She will not come though you call all day ;  
Come away, come away !

Children dear, was it yesterday  
We heard the sweet bells over the bay ?  
In the caverns where we lay,  
Through the surf and through the swell,  
The far-off sound of a silver bell ?  
Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,  
Where the winds are all asleep ;  
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,  
Where the salt weed sways in the stream,  
Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round,  
Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground ;  
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,  
Dry their mail and bask in the brine ;  
Where great whales come sailing by,  
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,  
Round the world for ever and aye ?  
When did music come this way ?  
Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, was it yesterday  
(Call yet once) that she went away ?

Once she sate with you and me,  
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,  
And the youngest sate on her knee.  
She combed its bright hair, and she tended it well,  
When down swung the sound of a far-off bell.  
She sighed, she looked up through the clear green sea;  
She said; 'I must go, for my kinsfolk pray  
In the little grey church on the shore to-day.  
'Twill be Easter-time in the world—ah me!  
And I lose my poor soul, Merman! here with thee.'  
I said: 'Go up, dear heart, through the waves;  
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves!'  
She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay.  
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, were we long alone?  
'The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan;  
Long prayers,' I said, 'in the world they say;  
Come!' I said; and we rose through the surf in the bay.  
We went up the beach, by the sandy down  
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-walled town;  
Through the narrow paved streets, where all was still,  
To the little grey church on the windy hill.  
From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,  
But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.  
We climbed on the graves, on the stones worn with rains,  
And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded panes.  
She sate by the pillar; we saw her clear:  
'Margaret, hist! come quick, we are here!  
Dear heart,' I said, 'we are long alone;  
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan.'  
But, ah, she gave me never a look,  
For her eyes were sealed to the holy book!  
Loud prays the priest: shut stands the door.  
Come away, children, call no more!  
Come away, come down, call no more!



Down, down, down !  
Down to the depths of the sea !  
She sits at her wheel in the humming town,  
Singing most joyfully.  
Hark what she sings : ' O joy, O joy,  
For the humming street, and the child with its toy !  
For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well ;  
For the wheel where I spun,  
And the blessed light of the sun !'  
And so she sings her fill,  
Singing most joyfully,  
Till the shuttle falls from her hand,  
And the whizzing wheel stands still.  
She steals to the window, and looks at the sand,  
And over the sand at the sea ;  
And her eyes are set in a stare ;  
And anon there breaks a sigh,  
And anon there drops a tear,  
From a sorrow-clouded eye,  
And a heart sorrow-laden,  
A long, long sigh ;  
For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaiden,  
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away children ;  
Come children, come down !  
The hoarse wind blows colder ;  
Lights shine in the town.  
She will start from her slumber  
When gusts shake the door ;  
She will hear the winds howling,  
Will hear the waves roar.  
We shall see, while above us  
The waves roar and whirl,

A ceiling of amber,  
A pavement of pearl.  
Singing : ' Here came a mortal,  
But faithless was she !  
And alone dwell for ever  
The kings of the sea.'

But, children, at midnight,  
When soft the winds blow,  
When clear falls the moonlight,  
When spring-tides are low ;  
When sweet airs come seaward  
From heaths starred with broom,  
And high rocks throw mildly  
On the blanched sands a gloom ;  
Up the still, glistening beaches,  
Up the creeks we will hie,  
Over banks of bright seaweed  
The ebb-tide leaves dry.  
We will gaze, from the sand-hills,  
At the white, sleeping town ;  
At the church on the hill-side—  
And then come back down.  
Singing : ' There dwells a loved one,  
But cruel is she !  
She left lonely for ever  
The kings of the sea.'

*M. Arnold.*

## MY KATE.

SHE was not as pretty as women I know,  
And yet all your best made of sunshine and snow  
Drop to shade, melt to nought in the long-trodden ways,  
While she's still remembered on warm and cold days—  
My Kate.

Her air had a meaning, her movements a grace ;  
You turned from the fairest to gaze on her face :  
And when you had once seen her forehead and mouth,  
You saw as distinctly her soul and her truth—  
My Kate.

Such a blue inner light from her eyelids outbroke,  
You looked at her silence and fancied she spoke :  
When she did, so peculiar yet soft was the tone,  
Though the loudest spoke also, you heard her alone—  
My Kate.

I doubt if she said to you much that could act  
As a thought or suggestion : she did not attract  
In the sense of the brilliant or wise : I infer  
'Twas her thinking of others, made you think of her—  
My Kate.

She never found fault with you, never implied  
Your wrong by her right ; and yet men at her side  
Grew nobler, girls purer, as through the whole town  
The children were gladder that pulled at her gown—  
My Kate.

he knelt at her feet confessed lovers in thrall;  
 my knelt more to God than they used,—that was all;  
 you praised her as charming, some asked what you meant,  
 the charm of her presence was felt when she went—  
My Kate.

weak and the gentle, the ribald and rude,  
 took as she found them, and did them all good;  
 always was so with her: see what you have!  
 has made the grass greener even here . . with her grave—  
My Kate.

dear one!—when thou wast alive with the rest,  
 old thee the sweetest and loved thee the best:  
 d now thou art dead, shall I not take thy part  
 thy smiles used to do for thyself, my sweet Heart—  
My Kate?  
*E. B. Browning.*

## HESTER.

WHEN maidens such as Hester die,  
 Their place ye may not well supply,  
 Though ye among a thousand try,  
With vain endeavour.

A month or more hath she been dead,  
 Yet cannot I by force be led  
 To think upon the wormy bed,  
And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,  
A rising step, did indicate  
Of pride and joy no common rate,  
That flushed her spirit.

I know not by what name beside  
I shall it call:— if 'twas not pride,  
It was a joy to that allied,  
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,  
Which doth the human feeling cool,  
But she was trained in Nature's school,  
Nature had blest her.

A waking eye, a prying mind  
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind,  
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,  
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour, gone before  
To that unknown and silent shore,  
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,  
Some summer morning,

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray  
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,  
A bliss that would not go away,  
A sweet forewarning?

*C. Lamb.*

## ROSE AYLMER.

Ah ! what avails the sceptered race !  
Ah ! what the form divine !  
What every virtue, every grace !  
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes  
May weep, but never see,  
A night of memories and sighs  
I consecrate to thee.

*W. S. Landor.*

## JENNY.

JENNY kissed me when we met,  
Jumping from the chair she sat in ;  
Time, you thief, who love to get  
Sweets into your list, put that in :  
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,  
Say that health and wealth have missed me,  
Say I'm growing old, but add,  
Jenny kissed me.

*Leigh Hunt.*

## THE BLOOD HORSE.

GAMABRA is a noble steed ;  
Strong, black, and of the desert breed ;  
Full of fire, and full of bone ;  
All his line of fathers known ;  
Fine his nose, his nostrils thin,  
But blown abroad by the pride within !  
His mane, a stormy river flowing ;  
And his eyes, like embers glowing  
In the darkness of the night ;  
And his pace as swift as light.

Look—around his straining throat  
Grace and shifting beauty float !  
Sinewy strength is on his reins,  
And the red blood gallops through his veins ;  
Richer, redder, never ran  
Through the boasting heart of man.  
He can trace his lineage higher  
Than the Bourbon dare aspire,  
Douglas, Guzman, or the Guelph,  
Or O'Brien's blood itself !

He who hath no peer—was born  
Here, upon a red March morn :  
But his famous fathers dead  
Were Arabs all, and Arab bred ;  
And the last of that great line,  
Trod like one of race divine !

And yet—he was but friend to one,  
Who fed him at the set of sun,  
By some lone fountain fringed with green :  
With him—a roving Bedouin.  
He lived (none else would he obey  
Through all the hot Arabian day)  
And died, untamed, upon the sands  
Where Balkh amidst the desert stands !

*B. Cornwall.*

### TO FLUSH, MY DOG.

LOVING friend, the gift of one  
Who her own true faith has run  
    Through thy lower nature,  
Be my benediction said  
With my hand upon thy head,  
    Gentle fellow creature !

Like a lady's ringlets brown,  
Flow thy silken ears adown  
    Either side demurely  
Of thy silver-suited breast  
Shining out from all the rest  
    Of thy body purely.

Darkly brown thy body is,  
Till the sunshine striking this  
    Alchemize its dulness,  
When the sleek curls manifold  
Flash all over into gold  
    With a burnished fulness.



Underneath my stroking hand,  
Startled eyes of hazel bland  
    Kindling, growing larger,  
Up thou leapest with a spring,  
Full of prank and curvetting,  
    Leaping like a charger.

Leap! thy broad tail waves a light,  
Leap! thy slender feet are bright,  
    Canopied in fringes;  
Leap! those tasselled ears of thine  
Flicker strangely, fair and fine  
    Down their golden inches.

Yet, my pretty, sportive friend,  
Little is't to such an end  
    That I praise thy rareness;  
Other dogs may be thy peers  
Haply in these drooping ears  
    And this glossy fairness.

But of *thee* it shall be said,  
This dog watched beside a bed  
    Day and night unwearied,  
Watched within a curtained room  
Where no sunbeam brake the gloom  
    Round the sick and dreary.

Roses, gathered for a vase,  
In that chamber died apace,  
    Beam and breeze resigning;  
This dog only, waited on,  
Knowing that when light is gone  
    Love remains for shining.

Other dogs in thymy dew  
Tracked the hares and followed through  
Sunny moor or meadow ;  
This dog only, crept and crept  
Next a languid cheek that slept,  
Sharing in the shadow.

Other dogs of loyal cheer  
Bounded at the whistle clear,  
Up the woodside hieing ;  
This dog only watched in reach  
Of a faintly-uttered speech  
Or a louder sighing.

And if one or two quick tears  
Dropped upon his glossy ears  
Or a sigh came double,—  
Up he sprang in eager haste,  
Fawning, fondling, breathing fast  
In a tender trouble.

And this dog was satisfied  
If a pale thin hand would glide  
Down his dewlaps sloping,  
Which he pushed his nose within,  
After,—platforming his chin  
On the palm left open.

This dog, if a friendly voice  
Call him now to blither choice  
Than such chamber-keeping,  
'Come out!' praying from the door,  
Presseth backwards as before,  
Up against me leaping.

Therefore to this dog will I,  
Tenderly not scornfully,  
    Render praise and favour :  
With my hand upon his head,  
Is my benediction said  
    Therefore and for ever.

*E. B. Browning.*

### THE OPEN WINDOW.

THE old house by the lindens  
    Stood silent in the shade,  
And on the gravelled pathway  
    The light and shadow played.

I saw the nursery windows  
    Wide open to the air ;  
But the faces of the children,  
    They were no longer there.

The large Newfoundland housedog  
    Was standing by the door ;  
He looked for his little playmates,  
    Who would return no more.

They walked not under the lindens,  
    They played not in the hall ;  
But shadow, and silence, and sadness,  
    Were hanging over all.

The birds sang in the branches,  
With sweet, familiar tone ;  
But the voices of the children  
Will be heard in dreams alone !

And the boy that walked beside me,  
He could not understand  
Why closer in mine, ah ! closer,  
I pressed his warm soft hand !

*H. W. Longfellow.*

## TO A CHILD EMBRACING HIS MOTHER.

### I.

Love thy mother, little one !  
Kiss and clasp her neck again,—  
Hereafter she may have a son  
Will kiss and clasp her neck in vain.  
Love thy mother, little one !

### II.

Gaze upon her living eyes,  
And mirror back her love for thee,—  
Hereafter thou may'st shudder sighs  
To meet them when they cannot see.  
Gaze upon her living eyes !

### III.

Press her lips the while they glow  
With love that they have often told,—  
Hereafter thou may'st press in woe,  
And kiss them till thine own are cold.  
Press her lips the while they glow !

## IV.

Oh, revere her raven hair!  
 Altho' it be not silver-grey;  
 Too early Death, led on by Care,  
 May snatch save one dear lock away.  
 Oh! revere her raven hair!

## V.

Pray for her at eve and morn,  
 That Heaven may long the stroke defer,—  
 For thou may'st live the hour forlorn  
 When thou wilt ask to die with her.

Pray for her at eve and morn!

*T. Hood.*

## TO MY GRANDMOTHER.

*(Suggested by a Picture by Mr. Romney.)*

THIS Relative of mine,  
 Was she seventy-and-nine  
 When she died?  
 By the canvas may be seen  
 How she looked at seventeen,  
 As a Bride.

Beneath a summer tree,  
 Her maiden reverie  
 Has a charm;  
 Her ringlets are in taste;  
 What an arm! . . . what a waist  
 For an arm!

With her bridal-wreath, bouquet,  
Lace farthingale, and gay  
*Falbalas*,—  
If Romney's art be true,  
What a lucky dog were you,  
Grandpapa !

Her lips are sweet as love ;  
They are parting! Do they move ?  
Are they dumb ?  
Her eyes are blue, and beam  
Beseechingly, and seem  
To say, ' Come !'

What funny fancy slips  
From atween these cherry lips ?  
Whisper me,  
Fair Sorceress in paint,  
What canon says I mayn't  
Marry thee ?

That good-for-nothing Time  
Has a confidence sublime !  
When I first  
Saw this Lady, in my youth,  
Her winters had, foorsooth,  
Done their worst.

Her locks, as white as snow,  
Once shamed the swarthy crow :  
By-and-by  
That fowl's avenging sprite  
Set his cruel foot for spite  
Near her eye.

Her rounded form was lean,  
And her silk was bombazine :  
    Well I wot  
With her needles would she sit,  
And for hours would she knit,—  
    Would she not ?

Ah, perishable clay ;  
Her charms had dropt away  
    One by one :  
But if she heaved a sigh  
With a burthen, it was, 'Thy  
    Will be done.'

In travail, as in tears,  
With the fardel of her years  
    Overprest,  
In mercy she was borne  
Where the weary and the worn  
    Are at rest.

O, if you now are there,  
*And sweet as once you were,*  
    Grandmamma,  
This nether world agrees  
You'll all the better please  
    Grandpapa.

*F. Locker.*

## THE PEN AND THE ALBUM.

'I AM Miss Catherine's book,' the Album speaks ;  
'I've lain among your tomes these many weeks ;  
I'm tired of their old coats and yellow cheeks.

'Quick, Pen ! and write a line with a good grace :  
Come ! draw me off a funny little face ;  
And, prithee, send me back to Chesham Place.'

## PEN.

'I am my master's faithful old Gold Pen :  
I've served him three long years, and drawn since then  
Thousands of funny women and droll men.

'O Album ! could I tell you all his ways  
And thoughts, since I am his, these thousand days,  
Lord, how your pretty pages I'd amaze !'

## ALBUM.

'His ways ? his thoughts ? Just whisper me a few ;  
Tell me a curious anecdote or two,  
And write 'em quickly off, good Mordan, do !'

## PEN.

'Since he my faithful service did engage  
To follow him through his queer pilgrimage,  
I've drawn and written many a line and page.



' Caricatures I scribbled have, and rhymes,  
And dinner-cards, and picture pantomimes,  
And merry little children's books at times.

' I've writ the foolish fancy of his brain ;  
The aimless jest that, striking, hath caused pain ;  
The idle word that he'd wish back again.

I've helped him to pen many a line for bread ;  
To joke, with sorrow aching in his head ;  
And make your laughter when his own heart bled.

' I've spoke with men of all degree and sort—  
Peers of the land, and ladies of the Court ;  
Oh, but I've chronicled a deal of sport !

' Feasts that were ate a thousand days ago,  
Biddings to wine that long hath ceased to flow,  
Gay meetings with good fellows long laid low ;

' Summons to bridal, banquet, burial, ball,  
Tradesman's polite reminders of his small  
Account due Christmas last—I've answered all.

' Poor Diddler's tenth petition for a half-  
Guinea ; Miss Bunyan's for an autograph ;  
So I refuse, accept, lament, or laugh,

' Condole, congratulate, invite, praise, scoff,  
Day after day still dipping in my trough,  
And scribbling pages after pages off.

' Day after day the labour's to be done,  
And sure as comes the postman and the sun,  
The indefatigable ink must run.

. . . . .

' Go back, my pretty little gilded tome,  
To a fair mistress and a pleasant home,  
Where soft hearts greet us whensoe'er we come !

' Dear, friendly eyes, with constant kindness lit,  
However rude my verse, or poor my wit,  
Or sad or gay my mood, you welcome it.

' Kind lady ! till my last of lines is penned,  
My master's love, grief, laughter, at an end,  
Whene'er I write your name, may I write friend !

' Not all are so that were so in past years ;  
Voices, familiar once, no more he hears ;  
Names, often writ, are blotted out in tears.

' So be it :—joys will end and tears will dry—  
Album ! my master bids me wish good-by,  
He'll send you to your mistress presently.

' And thus with thankful heart he closes you ;  
Blessing the happy hour when a friend he knew  
So gentle, and so generous, and so true.

' Nor pass the words as idle phrases by ;  
Stranger ! I never writ a flattery,  
Nor signed the page that registered a lie.'

*W. M. Thackeray.*

## YOUTH AND AGE.

WHEN all the world is young, lad,  
And all the trees are green ;  
And every goose a swan, lad,  
And every lass a queen ;  
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,  
And round the world away ;  
Young blood must have its course, lad,  
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,  
And all the trees are brown ;  
And all the sport is stale, lad,  
And all the wheels run down ;  
Creep home, and take your place there,  
The spent and maimed among :  
God grant you find one face there,  
You loved when all was young.

*C. Kingsley.*

## STANZAS WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.

## I.

FAREWELL Life ! my senses swim,  
And the world is growing dim :  
Thronging shadows cloud the light,  
Like the advent of the night—

Colder, colder, colder still,  
Upward steals a vapour chill ;  
Strong the earthy odour grows—  
I smell the mould above the rose !

## II.

Welcome Life ! the Spirit strives !  
Strength returns and hope revives ;  
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn  
Fly like shadows at the morn,—  
O'er the earth there comes a bloom ;  
Sunny light for sullen gloom,  
Warm perfume for vapour cold—  
I smell the rose above the mould !

*T. Hood.*

## DAYBREAK.

A WIND came up out of the sea,  
And said, ' O mists, make room for me.'

It hailed the ships, and cried, ' Sail on,  
Ye mariners, the night is gone.'

And hurried landward far away,  
Crying, ' Awake ! it is the day.'

It said unto the forest, ' Shout !  
Hang all your leafy banners out !'

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,  
And said, ' O bird, awake and sing.'

And o'er the farms, 'O chanticleer,  
Your clarion blow, the day is near.'

It whispered to the fields of corn,  
'Bow down, and hail the coming morn.'

It shouted through the belfry-tower,  
'Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour.'

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,  
And said, 'Not yet! in quiet lie.'

*H. W. Longfellow.*

### AS I LAYE A-THYNKYNGE.

*(Last Lines of Thomas Ingoldsby.)*

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,  
Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the spraye;  
There came a noble Knyghte,  
With his hauberke shynynge brighte,  
And his gallant heart was lyghte,  
Free and gaye;  
As I laye a-thynkyng, he rode upon his waye.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,  
Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the tree!  
There seemed a crimson plain,  
Where a gallant Knyghte laye slayne,  
And a steed with broken rein  
Ran free.  
As I laye a-thynkyng, most pitiful to see.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,  
Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the boughe ;

A lovely Mayde came bye,  
And a gentil youth came nighe  
And he breathed many a syghe  
And a vowe ;

As I laye a-thynkyng, her heart was gladsome now.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,  
Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the thorne ;

No more a youth was there,  
But a Maiden rent her haire,  
And cried in sad despaire,  
'That I was borne!'

As I lay a-thynkyng, she perished forlorne.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,  
Sweetly sang the Birde as she sat upon the briar ;

There came a lovely Childe,  
And his face was meek and milde,  
Yet joyously he smiled  
On his Sire ;

As I laye a-thynkyng, a Cherub mote admire.

But I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,  
And sadly sang the Birde as it perched upon a bier ;

That joyous smile was gone,  
And the face was white and wan,  
As the downe upon the Swan

Doth appear,

As I laye a-thynkyng—O! bitter flowed the tear!

As I laye a-thynkyng, the golden sun was sinkin  
 O merrie sang that Birde as it glittered on her b  
     With a thousand gorgeous dyes,  
     While soaring to the skies,  
     'Mid the stars she seemed to rise,  
         As to her nest ;  
 As I laye a-thynkyng, her meaning was exprest :  
     ' Follow, follow me away,  
     It boots not to delay,'—  
     'Twas so she seemed to saye,  
         ' HERE IS REST !'

*R. H. Barke*

### A FAREWELL.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you ;  
     No lark could pipe to skies so dull and grey :  
 Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you  
     For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever ;  
     Do noble things, not dream them, all day long  
 And so make life, death, and that vast for-ever  
     One grand, sweet song.

*C. Kingsl.*

## NOTES.

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PAGE.

7. *Neat* : an ox or cow. *Quintels* : a game in which a post was run at with poles.
8. *Fox-in-the-hole* : a game in which boys hopped and lashed each other. *Cockrood* : probable a run for woodcocks.
9. *The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd* : the balance of conjecture seems to give the authorship of this poem to Raleigh ; but it is right to say that it is given by conjecture only.
15. *Sheaf* : character, disposition.
17. *Mood* : musical accompaniment. *Recorders* : a kind of flute, or flageolet.
18. *Amerced* : deprived.
19. *Charet* : chariot.
20. *Regiment* : rule.
21. *Cur'et* : curiet, cuirass.
22. *Empeach* : hinder. *Resty* : an epithet properly belonging to the horses, restive, ungovernable. *Forlorn* : forsaken, disregarded.
23. *Crapples* : claws. *Brent* : burnt. *Cursed* : i.e., unfortunate, as cursed by fate.
28. *Daffed* : put aside with scorn. *Estridges* : hawks.
31. *Preace* : press, crowd. *Undight* : unbound.
33. *Umbered* : dark, as though stained with umber.
34. *Overbears attaint* : i.e., bears down, dispels any taint or touch of fear by his cheerful look and manner.
36. *Vaward* : vanguard.
37. *Bilbos* : swords.
38. *Ding* : strike, cut down.



## PAGE

53. *Him that left half told, &c.* : Chaucer.
55. *Pale* : any enclosed space.
56. *Mirk* : dark. *Birk* : birch-tree. *Sheugh* : same as *shaw*, a copse, thicket.
57. *Channerin* : fretting. *Skeely Skipper* : a good sailor.
59. *Gurly* : fierce, threatening. *Aboon* : above.
61. *So flew* : i.e., with their lips hanging down in the same fashion. *So sanded* : marked with the same yellow or sand-coloured spots.
63. *Cuprifole* : honeysuckle. *Aminas* : supposed to allude to the death of Spenser's friend, the famous Sir Philip Sidney, who was killed at the battle of Zutphen, in the Netherlands, fighting for the Dutch against the Spaniards, 1586.
65. *Tells his tale* : i.e., counts his flock.
66. *Rebeck* : a fiddle of three strings.
67. *If Jonson's learned sock be on* : i.e., if one of Ben Jonson's comedies is being played. The *soccus* (ἐμβάρις) was the low shoe worn by the Greek comic actors, as opposed to the *colthurnus* (κόθορνος), the high shoe, or buskin, of tragedy.
75. *Crowdy-mutton* : a cant name for a fiddler. *The dealing of the ox* : the distribution of the roasted ox, which was a general feature of festivities in those days.
76. *Keel* : skim.
77. *The northern waggoner* : the constellation known as Charles's Wain, or more commonly now as the Great Bear. *The stedjast star* : the Pole star.
80. *To adulce* : to soften, make easier.
81. *A motley* : a fool, from the many-coloured or motley dress worn by the jesters, the 'fools' of the Shakesperian drama. *Gored* : defiled.
82. *Blenches* : turnings aside from the straight path. *Eisel* : vinegar.
87. *Burd* : maid.
93. *Nature's darling* : Shakespeare.
94. *Nor second he, &c.* : Milton.
104. *Swedish Charles* : Charles XII., King of Sweden, killed, after a life passed in war, in his thirty-sixth year, while besieging Fredericks-hall, a small town in 'Norway, 1718. The poem is a paraphrase of the famous tenth satire of Juvenal.
108. *Zimri* : George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, son of the favourite of James I, whom Felton assassinated at Portsmouth. He did not die, as Pope says, 'in the worst inn's worst room,' but in a farm-house at Kirby-Moorside, on his estate of Helmsley in Yorkshire, now Duncombe Park, the seat of the Earls of Feversham. *Absalom and Achitophel* is a satire against the Earl of Shaftesbury, who was then, November, 1681, in the Tower on a charge of high treason. 'Absalom' is the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, natural son of

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- Charles II., who had been banished by his father for plotting against the Duke of York, afterwards James II., and was consequently regarded by discontented people as the champion of the Protestant cause.
112. *Dennis*: a well-known critic of those days, very poor, very ill-tempered, but not so dull as Pope always wished to make him out. *Stood*: withstood.
113. 'Retaliation' was written in good-natured revenge for the banter, not always so good-natured, that Goldsmith had long endured from Garrick and others of his companions and associates at Johnson's famous Club. The reader who wishes to know all about the matter, and the persons concerned, should read Forster's charming *Life of Goldsmith*.
115. *Furniture*: not used in our modern sense only, but for dress or decoration of any kind.
124. *Mahomet*: a rope-dancer who had performed at Covent Garden Theatre the previous year.
125. *Black joke*: i.e., the black puddings, which probably in those days played a part similar to the clown's sausages in our Christmas pantomimes. *Old Edward's armour*: on the coronation of George II., in 1727, the two theatres, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, each brought out a magnificent spectacle representing the marriage of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn. At Drury Lane, Cibber, who appeared as the Champion, was dressed in the armour of one of the king's of England, borrowed for the occasion from the Tower.
126. *Cato*: An allusion to Addison's once famous tragedy of that name.
133. *The Royal George* overset, through the breaking loose of her guns, and went down when at anchor off Spithead, August 29th, 1782. The ship was crowded with visitors at the time, and, including officers and crew, about 600 persons were drowned.
139. *Woodie*: rope. *Hurcheon*: hedge-hog. *Came*: comb. *Studdie*: a smith's shop, or an anvil. *Stars*: stars. *Yearns*: herns, herons.
140. *Kens*: knows. *Burnles*: little streams. *Wimplin*: wandering. *Stens*: leaps, rushes. *Lin*: waterfall. *Maukins*: hares. *Whiddin*: running. *Clud*: cloud. *Patrick*: partridge. *Rair*: roar. *Craiks*: landrails. *Houlets*: owls. *Eldritch*: frightful, especially as supposed to be haunted. *Waukrife*: wakeful. *Canty*: jolly, spirited.
144. *Brent*: smooth, unwrinkled. *Beld*: bald.
154. *Kubla Khan*: this poem, or more properly fragment of a poem, is said by Coleridge to have been composed in his sleep after reading a story in *Purchas's Pilgrimage*. I could wish to have included *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* in this book, but it was too long to print in full, and I could not interfere with it.
166. *Blate*: ashamed. *Snool*: to cringe. *Dool*: sorrow.

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164. *The Eltrick Shepherd*: James Hogg, a Scotch poet of humble birth and life, 1782-1835. *The Border Minstrel*: Sir Walter Scott. *For her who, &c.*: Mrs. Hemans.
177. *Questing*: hunting. *Scaur*: precipice.
178. *Boosy*: thick, bushy.
179. *Coil*: noise, confusion.
180. *Horsetails*: the horsetail fixed upon a lance was the Pacha's standard, which was set up before his tent. *Skirr*: scour, gallop over. *Janizar*: Janizary, a soldier of the Turkish footguardia. *Commourgi*: Ali Coumourgi, better known in history as Damad Pacha, a famous Turkish general, killed at the battle of Carlowitz, where the Turks were defeated by the Austrians, 1716. This siege of Corinth took place in 1715.
184. *Tinckel*: the circle made by hunters to enclose the deer.
193. *Lochiel*: Donald, son of the famous Sir Evan Cameron, of Lochiel, who fought for James under Dundee, at Killiecrankie, and, at the time of Culloden, was living, old, poor, and in exile, in France. The son was worthy of the father, and it was well known in the Highlands that not a chief would have joined the Pretender's banner had he not led the way.
219. *Atlantis*: America. The drama of 'Hellas' was written in 1821, at the commencement of the final and successful struggle of the Greeks against Turkish rule.
226. *A Serenade*: taken from the novel of *Quentin Durward*.
250. *Galliard*: an old French dance to a lively tune, imported into England in the 16th century.
253. *Bonnisard*: a French priest, born 1496; he was a strong supporter of the Swiss Republic against the Duke of Savoy, for which he was twice imprisoned, the second time in the Castle of Chillon, on the Lake of Geneva.
256. *Correi*: the hollows of the hills where the game usually lies. *Cumber*: trouble, difficulty.
257. *Corinna, from Athens, to Tanagra*: from Landor's *Imaginary Conversations*, 'Pericles and Aspasia.' Corinna was a woman of Tanagra, a town in Boeotia, near Thebes, who is said to have five times won the prize for poetry from Pindar.
260. *Brede*: braid, ornament carved or worked in relief.
263. *Last Lines*: 'On the morning of the 22nd of January, his birthday—the last my poor friend was ever fated to see—he came from his bedroom into the apartment where Colonel Stanhope and some others were assembled, and said, with a smile, "You were complaining the other day that I never write any poetry now. This is my birthday

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- and I have just finished something which, I think, is better than what I usually write.'—Moore's *Life of Byron*. Byron died, April 19, 1824, at Missolonghi, a town in Greece, on the Gulf of Patras, whither he had gone to aid the Greeks in their struggle for independence against the Turks—the same struggle which Shelley, who had died two years earlier, had already welcomed in *Hellas*.
301. *How they brought the good news, &c.*: Mr. Browning says, 'There is no sort of historical foundation for the poem. I wrote it under the bulwark of a vessel, off the African coast, after I had been at sea long enough to appreciate even the fancy of a gallop on the back of a certain good horse 'York,' then in my stable at home.'
304. John Graham, of Claverhouse, Viscount of Dundee (1643—1689) was one of the most remarkable men of his time. He commenced his military career under the famous French general Turenne, but afterwards transferred his allegiance to the Dutch, fought under William of Orange, and saved his life at the battle of Seneffe. In consequence of a quarrel with William, he returned to Scotland, and took service under James II. The estimate of his character will always vary according to the political faith of his critics; but the truth may be said to rest about midway between the *sinner* of the Whigs and the *saint* of the Jacobites. After James's flight he maintained his cause in Scotland with extraordinary vigour and capacity, till, in the Pass of Killiecrankie, near Blair Athol, July 27th, 1689, at the head of some 2,000 Highlanders, he utterly defeated an English force nearly twice as strong, and fell in the moment of victory. *Good Montrose*: James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, a brave and devoted supporter of the Royal cause, was treacherously given up by a friend to the Scotch Covenanters, and, after the most shameful indignities, hanged at Edinburgh, May 21st, 1650. This subject has also been finely treated by Aytoun in his *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*.
305. *Whom butchers murdered*: James Sharp, Archbishop of St. Andrews, was murdered by a party of Covenanters in the presence of his daughter, May 3rd, 1679.
308. *Lord Nairn*: 'of the six peers thus condemned, one, Lord Nairn, is said to have been saved solely by the interposition of Stanhope. They had been at Eton together, and though they had scarcely met since that time, yet the Minister still retained so much friendship for his former schoolfellow as earnestly to plead for his life; and finding his request refused by the other members of the Cabinet, he made his own resignation the alternative, and thus prevailed.'—Lord Mahon's *History of England*, Vol. i., chap. 6.
317. *Hervé Riel*: the Battle of La Hogue, off the coast of Brittany, was

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- fought May 19th, 1692, between the English and Dutch fleets, under Admirals Russell and Roche, and the French under De Tourville, to the total discomfiture of the latter.
322. *Bolivar* : the hero of South American independence, born in the city of Caracas, Venezuela, 1783, and after a life passed in liberating his countrymen from Spanish rule, died at San Pedro, in Columbia, 1830.
339. *Right Canidian* : i.e., very powerful, a spell worthy of Canidia, whom Horace accuses of witchcraft in his fifth Epode.
366. *Youth and Age* : one of the songs in *The Water Babies*.
370. *A Farewell* : written to his niece, Charlotte Grenfell, afterwards Mrs. Theodore Walrond.
378. *An Elisabethan* : this is a general term for the poets who wrote during the reigns of Elizabeth, James and Charles, that is to say from 1558 to 1642.

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THE END.





## CORRECTIONS.

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Page	4,	for	Titn	read	Titan.
"	11,	"	eyebrow's	read	eyebrows.
"	80,	"	sent	read	lent.
"	87,	"	hached	read	hacked.
"	93,	"	said	read	sad.
"	95,	"	Hermes,	read	Hermes'.
"	108,	"	fiddler	read	fiddler.
"	124,	"	metor	read	meteor.
"	133,	"	temptest	read	tempest.
"	256,	"	fond	read	fount.
"	288,	"	noble roan steed	read	noble red-roan steed.
"	306,	"	brachen	read	bracken.

